PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1996 • $4.95

DONNA D'ERRICO THE HOT NEW BAYWATCH BABE

LIAM NEESON INTERVIEW

RALPH REED SMART AS THE DEVIL

SEX IN CINEMA STRIPPED BARE

CAN YOU PASS THE PLAYMATE TEST?

SCOTT TUROW A SHOCKING THRILLER

CHRIS O'DONNELL ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS

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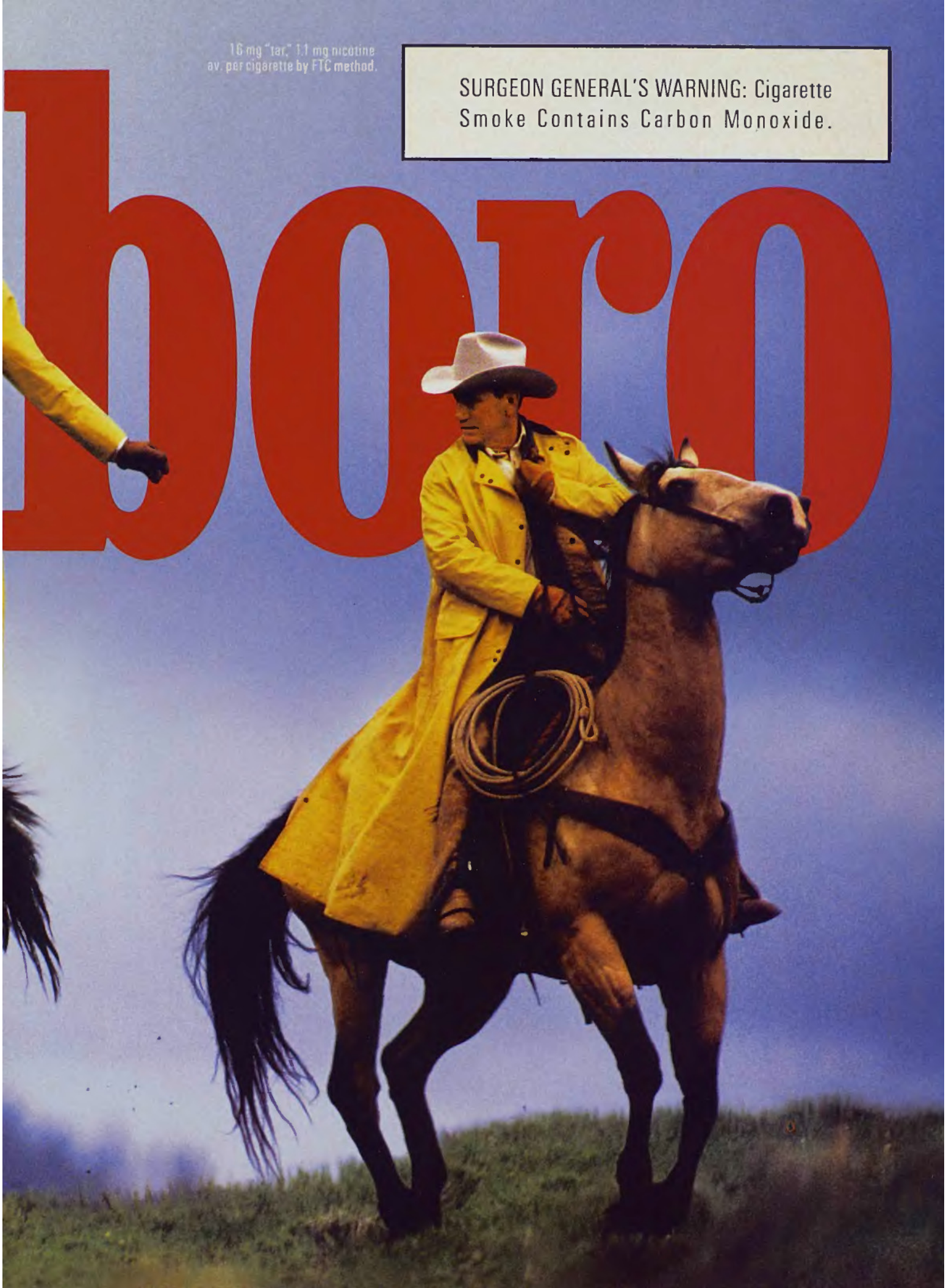
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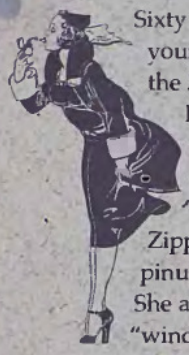

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PLAYBILL

FOR MORE THAN 40 years, they have been the bodies and soul of PLAYBOY. Now we bring you *The Playmate Book: Five Decades of Playmates* (General Publishing Group), a definitive collection of that enduring postwar icon—the PLAYBOY Playmate. As a tribute this month, Assistant Editor **Chip Rowe** provides facts behind the figures in *The Playmate Report*. We also welcome back September 1995 Playmate **Donna D'Errico** in a pictorial by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda.** D'emergence of D'Errico on *Baywatch* and *Baywatch Nights* is delightful.

Remember the 1992 Republican convention? George Bush does. So does **Ralph Reed,** the smiling archon of the Christian Coalition. His efforts to soften the right's position on abortion and homosexuality have helped Bob Dole and swayed the media. However, as **Joe Conason,** executive editor of *The New York Observer*, reveals in *Ralph Reed: Smart as the Devil*, Reed's path to glory has truly disturbing aspects. In the interest of fair play—and wicked humor—we asked **Christopher Buckley,** the hardly anonymous editor of *Forbes' FYI* and author of some wildly funny novels, to think like the president's saber-toothed campaign manager, Dick Morris. His satirical memo, *It's the Election, Stupid!*, is a big October surprise—and it doesn't even mention Vince Foster.

Freedom to dissent is a constitutional privilege. Yet increasingly, terrorists are dissenting with the aim to tyrannize. Forget fears about TWA Flight 800 and the Atlanta bombing: In *Toxic Terror*, **Michael Reynolds** of the Southern Poverty Law Center reports that biological weapons are the new threat—and from a scary source.

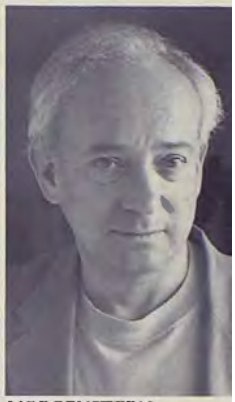
Liam Neeson is familiar with social strife. He grew up in Northern Ireland. His intelligent work in *Schindler's List* and *Rob Roy* set new standards for leading men. **Joe Morgenstern,** movie critic for *The Wall Street Journal,* sat with Neeson for a hypnotic *Interview*. The actor talks about his reign as a boxing champ, life as a father and the struggle for Irish independence—the backdrop for his new movie, *Michael Collins*.

Life in American urban war zones, plagued by crack and Tec-9s, is almost beyond comprehension. In an excerpt from his new book *The Laws of Our Fathers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), **Scott Turow** takes us to the streets for, incredibly, a bike-by. (**Mike Benny** did the equally chilling artwork.) Farther afield in a postcard-ready New Hampshire town, a retiree confronts rural anger in the short story *The Dark Snow* by **Brendan DuBois.** Our pensioner is armed and ready, though—he happens to be a weapons expert. The artwork by **Brad Holland** captures the retiree's subzero mood. For a safe and entertaining look at city life, join **Greg Williams** as he quizzes batpacker **Chris O'Donnell** in a dead-on *20 Questions*. In *Circle of Friends* and *Batman Forever*, O'Donnell has shown he can charm women *and* save the day. Then **David Standish** parades through the final chapter of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock*. Not only does he syncopate past traditions, he also sets the tone for music to come. The accompanying illustration is by **Jim Ludtke.** If you look at this year's *Sex in Cinema*, you'll know why movie critic and Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** enjoys spending so much time in the dark. Call it *Demi Does Dirty Dancing*.

Naturally, sweaters should be part of any good November wrap-up. In *A Knack for Knits*, Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** sees a big push in pullovers and says snowflakes are hot. We finish with two items of import: Swedish Playmate **Ulrika Ericsson** helps you with your Norse code, while Contributing Editor **Ken Gross** gives you the dope on your new Aston Martin sportster. You know, the model sitting on your shelf—next to the spot reserved for *The Playmate Book*.

CONASON

BUCKLEY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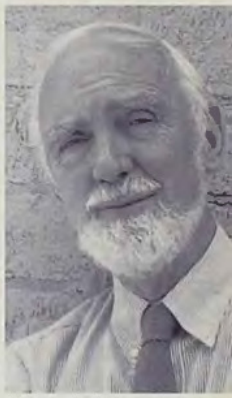
WILLIAMSON

STANDISH

LUDTKE

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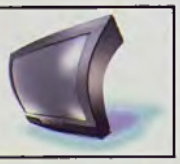

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PLAYBOY

vol. 43, no. 11—november 1996

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COVER STORY

When we introduced you to Miss September 1995, she was driving a limo in Vegas. A year has passed, and while Donna D'Errico can still give you a lift, you won't even have to leave your couch to get it because she's the hot new *Baywatch* babe. Our cover was produced by Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Tutor and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for hair and makeup. Our Rabbit is on cloud nine.

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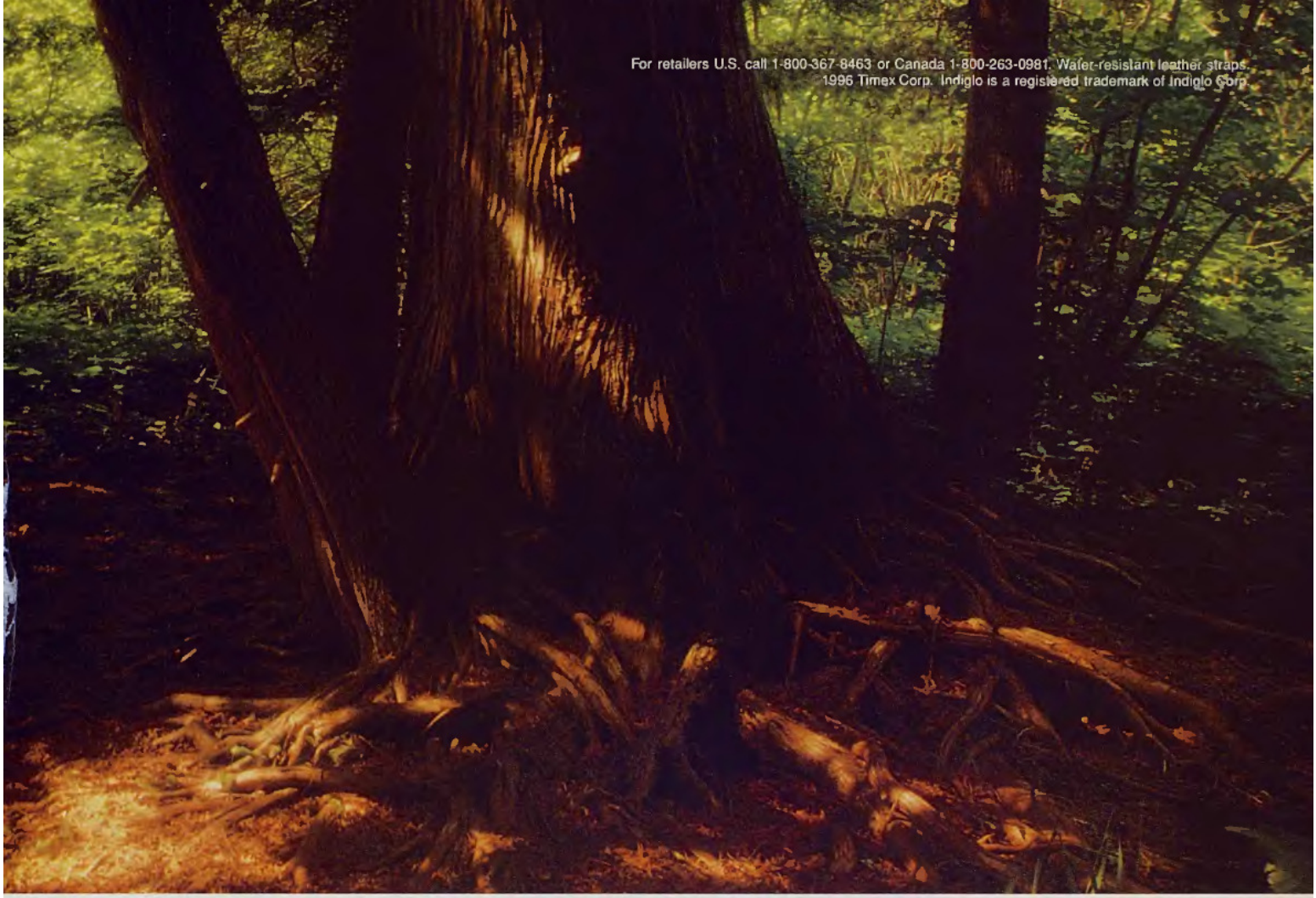

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SHAQ ATTACK

Why is it that people get hysterical about raising the minimum wage, but no one is concerned when athletes make more money than some small countries do? Shaquille O'Neal (*Interview*, August) is overrated, overpriced and overhyped.

Samuel Vardanian
Orlando, Florida

Shaquille O'Neal is young, rich and an Olympian. Is it any wonder that he's suffering a certain amount of backlash? I like the guy.

Don Smith
Los Angeles, California

Why was the Dream Team greeted with less than adoration? Could it be that regular people don't relate to making $100 million? Shaquille O'Neal may be his mother's favorite son, but he's only 24 and he's richer than Rockefeller. Of course it makes people jealous.

David Morris
Chicago, Illinois

URBAN MYTHS

Neal Gabler's article *The Lure of Urban Myths* (August) was timely. Two days before the issue arrived, I heard a story almost identical to the myth about Reggie Jackson and the elevator. This one involved Eddie Murphy and his bodyguards. A woman got on an elevator and became so frightened at the presence of the men that she mistook the word down—as in, "Are you going down?"—for a command and dropped to the floor. Murphy was apologetic, ushered the lady to her room and later sent her a dozen roses, with each stem sporting a $100 bill. Just another urban myth making the rounds.

Eleanor Heyman
Hesperia, California

Not every urban myth is a verbal manifestation of our fears. Some stories are based on truth. The one about the toothbrushes actually happened to a friend of mine in Daytona Beach during spring break. Sometimes, bizarre things do indeed occur.

Chris Clark
Gainesville, Florida

Gabler's article was great. I laughed out loud while reading some familiar stories and passed on a few of them myself. Has the author heard the one about Eddie Murphy in Las Vegas? I believed the story until a co-worker retold it to me. Most of the "facts" were intact, but the story had changed significantly. Urban myths are alive and well.

John Crocker
jcrocker@sat.net
Lufkin, Texas

AMATEUR PORN

D. Keith Mano's piece *"I'm Ready for My Come Shot Now, Dear"* in August was entertaining and informative, but I don't believe bondage is un-American. I think bondage is a female turn-on, and there's very little porn geared toward women.

M.L. Colt
Billerica, Massachusetts

Amateur porn is perfect. You don't have to go to the video store. You don't have to go to the movies. In fact, you don't have to get out of bed.

Laura Martin
Los Angeles, California

HEIDI, HO

Greg Gorman's picture of Heidi Fleiss (*20 Questions*, August) lit my fire. What a pose, what a woman. More pictures, please, before they lock her away from her many admirers.

Huck Aston
caston@erols.com
Ellicott City, Maryland

You folks always seem to get it upside down and backward with the *Playboy Interview* and *20 Questions*. I can't think of

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more than 20 things to ask Shaquille O'Neal, but I can think of hundreds of things to ask Heidi Fleiss. She is a cultural phenomenon.

Chip Elliott
Columbus, Ohio

EARTH ANGEL

I know I'm a little late, but you can't imagine my delight when I opened my golf locker and found that my golfing buddies had taped the full-length centerfold of Miss July, Angel Boris, to the inside of my locker door. Last March, a group of us made our usual sojourn to Bootlegger in Fort Lauderdale, Florida to attend the Hot Body Contest. I was mesmerized by Angel then, and I thought I'd never see her again. Thanks for thinking of me.

Daniel Lordan
North Marshfield, Massachusetts

SUNNY-SIDE UP

Recently, while having lunch at Hooters in Downers Grove, Illinois, I had the privilege of meeting Miss August. Jessica Lee signed her centerfold for me, and yes, it's already in a frame. I know now that PLAYBOY doesn't choose its Playmates for their looks alone. Even though our conversation was brief, Jessica's spirited personality shone through.

Fred Beach
South Elgin, Illinois

LET'S GET PHYSICAL

Being from Tabasco country, I like things spicy, and Amy Fadhli (*Hard Bodies*, August) may be the hottest dish of all. She deserves a pictorial of her own.

Leeann Tweeden

Sean Fluharty
Avery Island, Louisiana

Even though I work a late shift, I rouse myself every morning to watch ESPN2's fitness programs and their beautiful stars. Of course, this also gets my heart rate up before I hit the gym. Thanks for featuring two of my favorite hard bodies, Leeann Tweeden and Jennifer Goodwin.

Eric Aikin
Ridgecrest, California

I first saw Leeann Tweeden several years ago in a Frederick's of Hollywood catalog, posing in a black-and-white-striped bikini. I have been in love ever since.

Spike Whutt
Eliot, Maine

My heart almost jumped out of my chest when I saw your August issue. I stumbled onto *Fitness Beach* while channel surfing several months ago and instantly became a fan of the lovely, pulse-quickening Leeann Tweeden. Since then I have been hoping that she'd be in PLAYBOY. Thanks for making my dream come true.

Stephen Smith III
Enfield, Connecticut

DEATHLOCK

I admire Heidi Fleiss' honesty. The woman has balls. The U.S. Olympic Committee, on the other hand, has no balls. It should have stood up to John du Pont (*Deathlock*, August), an unstable, immature and demented man. Instead, it

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took his money and never looked back. I say we arrest the members of the biggest prostitution ring of all—the U.S. Olympic Committee—and free Heidi.

Michele Dutro
Stuart, Florida

Even with all his money, du Pont couldn't buy the skills he needed. Money kept him from developing those skills.

Scott Long
Beaumont, Texas

I don't know what's more appalling—that du Pont's money kept him from getting help or that the Wrestling Federation continued accepting money after he kicked black men out of Foxcatcher.

Tony Diaz
Quincy, Washington

I'm glad someone has written the truth about this disgraceful situation. There's no place in American sports for men like du Pont. Does the public realize what real Olympic athletes have to do to keep their dreams alive? For every Michael Jordan, there are a hundred Dave Schultzes dreaming of competition.

Bill Savage
Manahawkin, New Jersey

THE OLYMPICS

Charles Plueddeman's *The Real Stuff* (August) was really cool to look at, especially the archery bow. Although track and field is my favorite competition, I watched archery this time just to see the bow go. Who knew Justin Huish, an American kid, would win two gold medals. Maybe archery will get hot, like skateboarding.

Doug Lewis
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SWEET GEORGIA

Those Southern gals from Atlanta (*The Women of Atlanta*, August) are mighty hospitable, parading their womanly charms for us Yankee boys to enjoy. It's possible that the South may rise again, and frankly, my dear, I'm all for it.

Perry Melvin
Sandy Hook, New Jersey

PLAYMATE REVISITED

I loved Kathy Shower (August) when she appeared in 1985. It was cool that she could be a mom and a Playmate.

Donna Ward
Akron, Ohio

MEN

I don't think the idea of charging our children $200 a day is a good one. They have enough problems on their hands just growing up. Who is Asa Baber? Scrooge?

Ralph Moore
Tucson, Arizona

Hillary Clinton's *It Takes a Village* is one of the finest books that I have ever read. It evidently takes someone of Asa Baber's crassness and stupidity to try to mock our first lady's efforts to bring some sort of peace and happiness to the younger generations.

Laura Mason
Washington, D.C.

Baber says: I was just kidding when I suggested we should charge our children money for raising them. Actually, I think we should sell them.

THE BEST PITCHER

Elvis is alive, and his name is Greg Maddux (*Controlling Force*, August). But this time, the King is here to stay.

Clarence Santos
Adelanto, California

Tom Boswell's article applauding Greg Maddux compared him to baseball's best pitchers. How ridiculous. He doesn't compare to such greats as Bob Gibson, Steve Carlton, Walter Johnson or Sandy Koufax. So Maddux stands out in a league full of pitchers who have ERAs higher than their shoe sizes. What's the big deal?

Tom Maton
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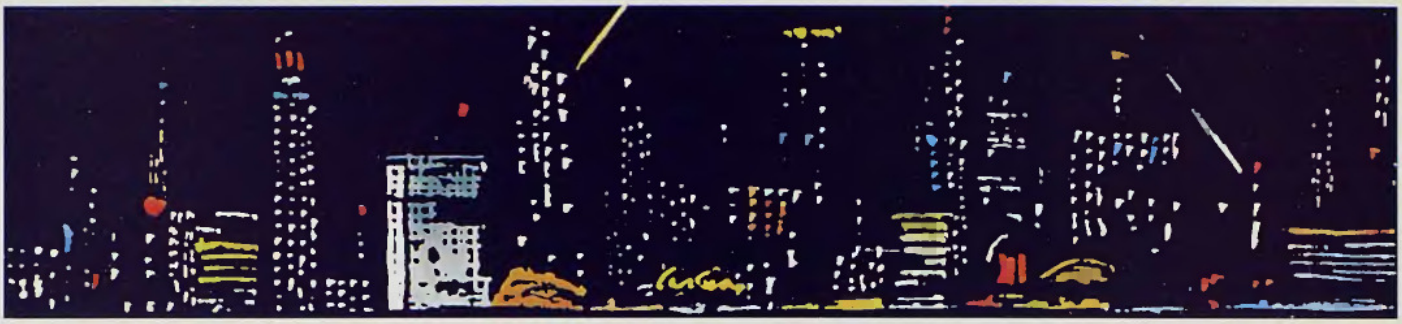


MAKIN' BACON, PART 83

The Fox family of Mahaska County, Iowa has been hog farming for many years. It also has been providing customers with vials of boar semen for the artificial insemination of sows. Recently the family opened a drive-through window for farmers on the go, and since then, Genette Fox has been subjected to many examples of farmers' wit: "'Order of semen and fries.' I've heard that one a million times," she says. Well, of course. The boar has already gotten the shake.

WELL HUNGOVER

Researchers at Penn State's Milton Hershey Medical Center have concluded that managers with hangovers perform no worse on the job than nonhungover managers. Instead, "they just feel lousy." Men given the equivalent of six highballs the night before scored no lower on complex managerial tasks than did a control group given placebo drinks. "The implications are obvious," said the study's director. He admitted that getting drunk tonight may not impair your skills tomorrow, but if you feel miserable you should consider the source. We'll drink to that, though we question his further assertion that "neither the participants nor the servers knew who was receiving the alcoholic drinks." The guys wearing the lampshades knew.

WAN FOR THE MONEY

The student senate at Tufts University cut the budget of the Chinese Culture Club by $600, prompting club treasurer Carol Wan, to cry foul. Part of the cut was an allocation for take-out food earmarked for the club's Chinese New Year party. Wan said the senate "questioned the authenticity of take-out food as part of our culture." The funds were later restored.

REAR GUARD

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, there's a Liberian general who goes by the name Butt Naked and leads his troops into combat wearing only his boots. It's a new twist on an age-old military theme: soldiers following an asshole into battle.

RANCH DRESSING

Harry Goode, a cattle rancher in the English Midlands, protested the decline in beef cattle prices by using some of his animals to carry advertisements. Goode's cattle graze next to the busy M42 motorway, so he draped banners over them. His biggest account so far is Ben & Jerry's ice cream.

RAUNCH DRESSING

A Greensburg, Pennsylvania woman lost her lawsuit against the state's department of transportation for alleged lingering back injuries from a car accident in 1991. Her case collapsed when a video, taped a year after the accident during Biker Week in Florida, showed her wrestling another woman in a vat of coleslaw.

THE EYEBROWS HAVE IT

Dal LaMagna wants to be a congressman in the worst way. He is running as a Democrat from a predominantly wealthy Republican district on New York's Long Island, but is undaunted, because he's an entrepreneur. You probably know some of his products. There's his oversize eyebrow groomer, Tweezerman, which carries the proud legend WE AIM TO TWEEZE. He also makes rotary nose-hair clippers and pinchless eyelash curlers. He mixes his political message with his product pitches. Under his company product ads in *Glamour*, *Self* and *Allure* was the line TWEEZERMAN FOR CONGRESS. Among his early endorsements was the support of *Nailpro* magazine. And whereas John F. Kennedy wrote *Profiles in Courage* as a senator, LaMagna has gathered his entrepreneurial ideas in a collection called *Failing to Get Ahead*. The least you can say is that Tweezerman has a lot of pluck.

JAIL BREAKUP

The Iowa Supreme Court took a hard line on domestic abuse this past April. But that was no help to Prophet Kirk Livingood, who claims he suffers taunts and beatings from his roommate Phillip Negrete. The Supreme Court ruled that their living arrangement does not fall under the state's domestic abuse law, since they are cellmates in one of the state's correctional facilities.

MAD ABOUT U.

Of all the graduation speeches given a few months ago, our favorite excerpt comes from actress Helen Hunt's address to her cousin's class at a private, all-girl Catholic school near Los Angeles. With missionary zeal, she urged the young women to "unfold, be brave, put your hips into it." Sounds like casting-couch advice to us.

Q-TIPS

Do you have trouble starting a conversation? Tired of such lame traditional subjects as the weather, the Cowboys or whither the Magellan Fund? Bret Nicholaus and Paul Lowrie have attempted to spark verbal exchange by writing *The Conversation Piece (Creative Questions to Tickle the Mind)* (Ballantine). Consider

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"It is where your world is going absolutely, fantastically well and you feel so inspired you think you must be ill."—DAVE STEWART, FORMERLY OF THE EURYTHMICS, EXPLAINING HIS BOUT WITH PARADISE SYNDROME, A CONDITION THAT CAUSES YOU TO BE SO HAPPY THAT YOU FEEL MISERABLE

TRASH MOUNTAIN

Pounds of trash cleared by climbers at Mount Everest: 4400. The estimated number of pounds remaining: 33,000. Number of climbers who have reached Everest's summit: 660. Number of climbers who have died trying: 150.

SEX BY THE NUMBERS

According to a survey of 10,000 people in 15 countries, average age for loss of virginity in the U.S. (the youngest): 16.2 years. Global average for loss of virginity: 17.6 years.

NOCTURNAL ADMISSIONS

According to Harlequin Enterprises, publisher of romance books, percentage of women who say a good night's sleep is better than sex: 46.

LOTSA LUCK

Odds of winning the *Reader's Digest* Sweepstakes' top prize of $5 million: 1 in 206 million. Odds of being hit by a baseball at a major league game: 1 in 300,000. Odds of being struck by lightning: 1 in 9100. Odds of being audited by the IRS: 1 in 100.

NAKED TRUTH

According to a *Mademoiselle* survey of women aged 18 to 20, percentage who are at ease being naked with a lover: 71. Percentage who are at ease being seen nude by a girlfriend: 61. Percentage who say trying on clothes is a positive experience: 53. Percentage who say trying on clothes leaves them disappointed or disgusted: 33.

FACT OF THE MONTH

In 1968, the length of the average political sound bite on network news: 42.3 seconds; today: 7.3 seconds.

CONGRESSIONAL BUDGETS

Number of candidates for Congress who spent $100,000 or more of their own money on their election campaigns in 1988: 63. Number in 1994: 131.

CLASS OF 1996

The percentage of graduating college seniors who did not know that Japan and Italy were allies of Germany in World War Two: 75. Percentage who did not know that Harry Truman was president when the Korean War began: 84. Percentage who did not know that Martin Luther founded Protestantism: 71.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Amount of money that Ted Giannoulas, the former San Diego Chicken, said that he earned for his appearances: $2 per hour in 1975. Amount that court documents show Giannoulas was paid for a single appearance at a Chicago Bulls game in 1991: $8500.

ABOUT FACE

According to a Pentagon survey, percentage of black men expressing interest in 1995 in enlisting in the armed forces: 32. Percentage six years ago: 54. Percentage of white men interested in serving: 23. Percentage six years ago: 26. Advertising budget for the Army in 1993: $35 million. Current budget: $70 million.

TRADING DOWN

Size of surplus in U.S. trade with Mexico during 1994, the first year of the North American Free Trade Agreement: $1.3 billion. Size of deficit of U.S. trade with Mexico in 1995: $15.4 billion. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

the following: "In your opinion, which animal is the most beautiful?" Or "If you could have any building named after you, which one would you choose?" Or "If you had to choose one icon to serve as the symbol for the word kindness, what would it be?" Or "If you could buy any rare collection in the world, which would you choose?" There are 316 more. We are left with this question: If you could read just one worthwhile book this year, what would it be?

THE LIAR'S CLUB

From the Oracle Online humor service comes a book excerpt from the *Lexicon of Intentionally Ambiguous Recommendations*. Crafted by Professor Robert Thornton of Lehigh University, LIAR is a collection of deliberately misleading recommendations meant to mollify inept job candidates who insist on personal references. The line for a lazy candidate: "In my opinion, you will be very fortunate to get this person to work for you." For someone who is completely incompetent: "I most enthusiastically recommend this candidate with no qualifications whatsoever." For a prickly co-worker: "I am pleased to say that this candidate is a former colleague of mine." For an impossibly unproductive person: "I can assure you that no person would be better for the job."

ROYAL ROTO ROOTER

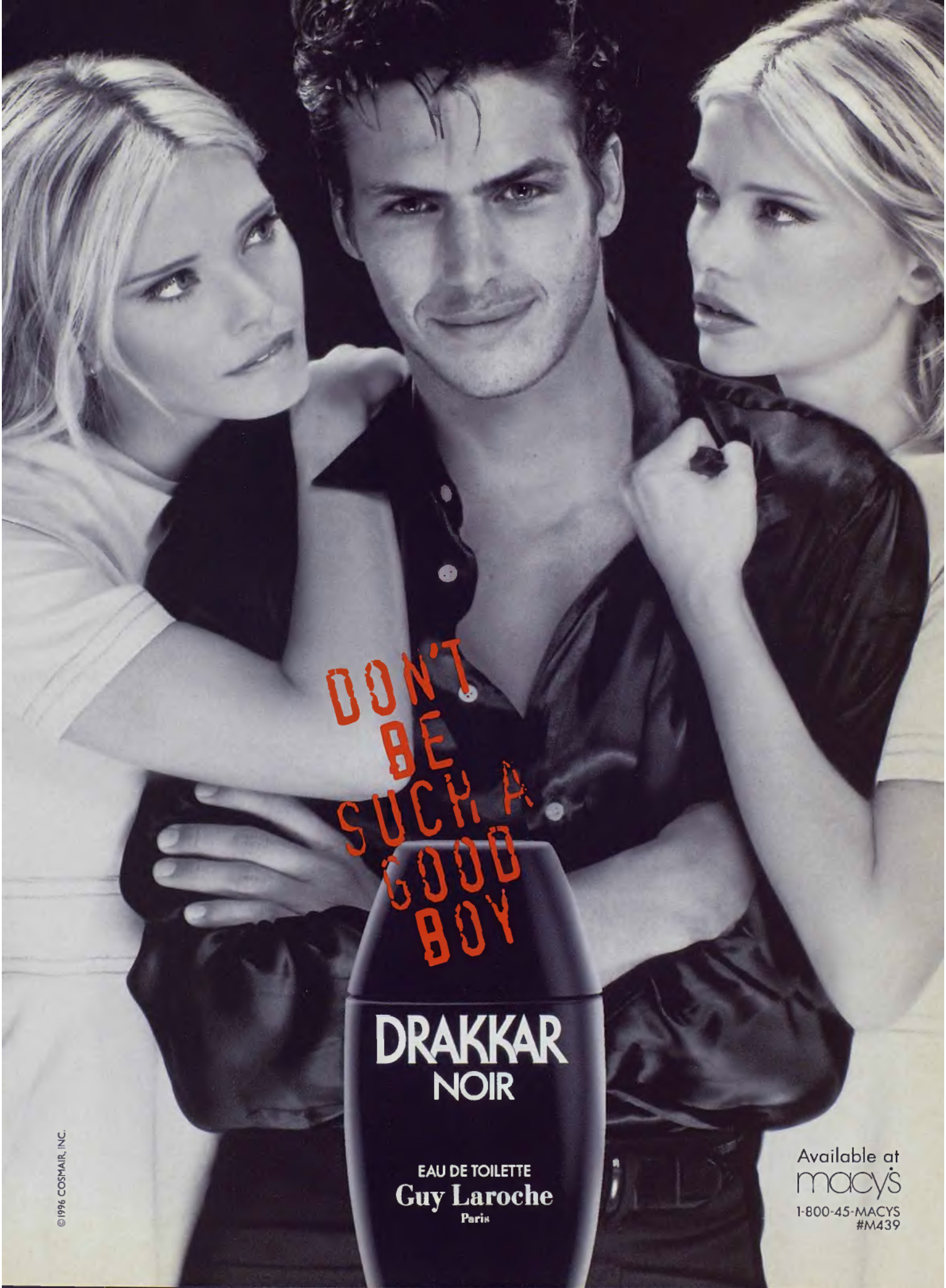
And we thought Charles got reamed: According to the International Association for Colon Hydrotherapy, demand for colonic irrigation has increased dramatically since Princess Diana praised the procedure. As a past president of the IACH said, "Things get tacky in the colon. There's probably macaroni and cheese in there from 1978." And maybe a little wedding cake, too.

LET THE RECORD SHOW

The album *Pre-History* is a collection of the earliest recordings made by Michael Jackson and his brothers. Given the King of Pop's legal tribulations, it's surprising that his producers didn't pick up on some song titles, which, however innocent at the time, now seem eerily prophetic: *Big Boy, Let Me Carry Your Schoolbooks, We Don't Have to Be Over 21 (To Fall in Love), I Never Had a Girl.*

ATHLETIC RECTITUDE

Even though we've put the Olympics behind us, sports historians will want to note a new development in sports conditioning. Worried about the Atlanta heat, a number of Olympic athletes practiced for their events with rectal thermometers inserted to monitor their body temperature. This technique was not used by anyone in the equestrian competition.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ELECTION WATCH

If you're looking for a last-minute presidential primer, the Web is a smart source for separating campaign facts from fabrications. Start your research at Project Vote Smart (www.vote-smart.org). In addition to providing a connection to Bill Clinton (www.whitehouse.gov) and Bob Dole (www.dole96.com), this nonpartisan site offers a comprehensive index of campaign-related links as well as a refresher course on how our government is supposed to run. To find out what your fellow citizens are thinking, dial up PoliticsUSA (www.politicsusa.com/PoliticsUSA/). Here, a "voter's booth" polls you on issues of national interest and offers instant access to the most current results. We also like Netizen (www.netizen.com/netizen/) for its wry political commentary and Choose or Lose 1996 (www.mtv.com/chooseorlose/) for the MTV generation's perspective. And for a government-approved interpretation of election-year politics, check out Elections '96: The Official Guide to U.S. Elections (www.usia.gov/elections/index.html). Created by the U.S. Information Agency, this Web hub features transcripts from the Voice of America radio network, critiques of foreign media campaign coverage and links to various other resource sites, such as the CBS News Election Map.

CALEF BROWN

DIGITAL SLAVE

A new IBM Aptiva computer with an option called Home Director could be the next best thing to hiring a butler. The first PC to integrate software and electronics for home automation, the Aptiva can wake you up with lights, TV news and fresh coffee brewing, or set the hot tub bubbling for your evening return. Taking advantage of the computer's ability to kick-start with an incoming phone call, Home Director can be programmed to manage the household from across town via a telephone keypad. It can also learn and then imitate your patterns of light switching and television use to give the house a lived-in look while you're away. Another smart PC-based home solution, in the works at Microsoft, uses infrared technology to control household electronics. In this case, special codes built into updates of Windows 95 will allow you to beam instructions to a variety of remote-controlled appliances—from a stereo to a TV to an answering machine. The first Aptiva computers with Home Director are available at Radio Shack for about $2500 and $2800, depending on the processor. The Microsoft system is expected to debut sometime in 1997.

DID YOU GET MY BUDDHA?

If you think faxing a 50-page report with graphics is tedious, imagine what it's like to transmit a Buddha sculpture over the phone lines. That's what Marc Levoy and his colleagues at Stanford University's Graphics Lab did in their efforts to create the world's first three-dimensional fax machine. Using a high-end computer setup, the team scanned the six-inch Buddha into a PC and piped the digital data through the Internet to a site 350 miles away. There, they focused lasers on special plastic to "grow" a facsimile of the object in almost-perfect 3-D detail. This technology, known as 3-D shape digitization and reconstruction, can produce copies of items in plastic, vinyl or wax. (Next up is metal.) The creators expect it to be used in a variety of fields, including scientific research, medicine and architecture. According to Levoy, it may be possible to scan, fax and re-create cars, buildings and industrial sites in the future. And although it sounds Trekkish, Levoy says it's feasible that home shoppers will one day be able to download copies of products from the Internet and test them out before buying, or that archaeologists will view ancient ruins without contributing to their degradation. Just make sure you have plenty of room in your office for the Great Pyramids—and lots of time. The Buddha fax took about 15 hours.

DAN PICASSO

WILD THINGS

One of the most sought-after computer peripherals among musicians and filmmakers these days is Iomega's Jaz drive. Priced at $500 for an external version (pictured) or $400 for an internal one, the two-pound Jaz is an economical and slick way to add storage to your computer system. Why slick? Because the device uses removable cartridges that are slightly larger than a 3.5-inch floppy disk yet store up to one gig of info and data. That means you can put eight hours of CD-quality audio or a full movie on a single Jaz cartridge. No wonder the Sundance Institute, Don Was and Herbie Hancock are all jazzed by Jaz. • Another excellent electronic accessory is Terk Technologies' Leapfrog Remote Control Range Extender. A pager-sized gadget that connects to RCA's DSS remotes, Leapfrog uses infrared- and radio-frequency technology to jump the system's 175 channels of digital programming to multiple televisions in your home. Prior to Leapfrog, you had to purchase expensive individual receivers for every TV. At $70, Leapfrog is a steal.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

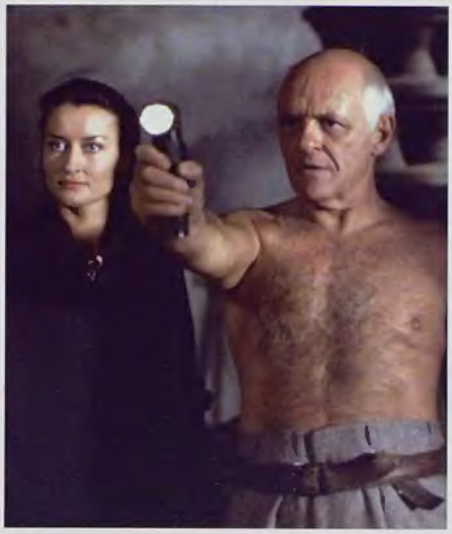
LIAM NEESON, with the title role in ***Michael Collins*** (Warner), plays the Irish patriot credited as the father of modern guerrilla warfare. Imprisoned after the historic Easter Uprising of 1916, Collins later formed a militia of freedom fighters who forced Britain to accept an Irish Free State, partitioned in a manner that alienated some of his followers and that remains a source of bitter controversy today. Written and directed by Neil Jordan (whose screenplay for *The Crying Game* won a 1992 Oscar), the movie has an A-team supporting cast: Aidan Quinn as Harry Boland, Collins' close friend and romantic rival; Stephen Rea as an informant aiding the rebels; and Alan Rickman as Eamon De Valera, Collins' mentor and future prime minister of the Free State of Ireland. Julia Roberts portrays Kitty Kiernan, the colleen whose shift of affection from Boland to Collins fuels the ultimate rift between them. The love story adds negligible interest to an epic that is essentially about patriotism, friendship and betrayal. Filmed on a grand scale by cinematographer Chris Menges, *Collins* is a fascinating slice of history that ends with most of the good guys dead, while the others carry on Ireland's awful struggles. ¥¥¥½

•

Not quite in the familiar Merchant–Ivory tradition, ***The Proprietor*** (Warner) is directed by Ismail Merchant and stars France's Jeanne Moreau, a legend who gives any film a lift. Here, Moreau plays Adrienne Mark, a world-famous Jewish writer who returns to Paris to reclaim the life she left during World War Two. No longer the pacesetter of her youth, she tries to buy at auction the apartment once owned by her mother, a dress designer taken captive during the Nazi era. Between flashbacks, Adrienne confronts her past, present and future with a former husband (Christopher Cazenove), her longtime housekeeper (Nell Carter), a fan (Josh Hamilton), an art dealer (Sam Waterston) and a pushy Hollywood producer (Sean Young) trying to mount a trashy remake of one of Mark's novels. *The Proprietor* occasionally drifts into charming but irrelevant asides, though Moreau smooths over the rough patches with her invincible élan. ¥¥½

•

Writer-director Tom Noonan's ***The Wife*** (Artistic License) does for marriage what his first feature, *What Happened Was*, did for dating. His own apt summary of the movie's plot: "People come to your house uninvited, won't leave, get drunk, say things they will probably regret forever, take off their clothes and dance to weird music." Noonan himself plays the host, a devious shrink, with Julie Hagerty as his skittish wife, plus Wallace Shawn and Karen Young (Mrs. Noonan offscreen) as the guests. Think *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and you get the idea. It's a kinky, confrontational foursome that serves as grounds for divorce. ¥¥¥



McElhone and Hopkins: *Surviving.*

Rebels and rivals in Ireland, married pairs in jeopardy and unwed couples exposed.

•

The language and life of working-class England seem to come naturally to director Mike Leigh. His blue-collar dramas—from *High Hopes* to *Naked*—transform domestic truth into sheer poetry. He does it again with ***Secrets and Lies*** (October Films), winner of the prestigious Palme d'Or at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Brenda Blethyn is a revelation as an achingly lonely, unloved and unmarried factory worker named Cynthia, alienated from her married brother Maurice (Timothy Spall) and constantly quarreling with her grumpy daughter Roxanne (Claire Rushbrook). Cynthia comes to life again when she meets her long-lost first child, whom she gave up for adoption at birth. That daughter is a successful young optometrist with a yen to find her birth mother after her adoptive parents die. The movie never says much about the father of Cynthia's firstborn but reveals everything about Cynthia and her dysfunctional family. "Life isn't fair," notes brother Maurice at a family party that turns into a harrowing truth game. "Someone always draws the short straw." Spall's showstopping portrayal of an overweight photographer with a bitter wife (Phyllis Logan) is just one more high mark in a brilliantly played ensemble piece. Too long by a half hour but well worth your indulgence, *Secrets and Lies* has underlying humor, honesty and compassion that shore up its position as the year's top tearjerker. ¥¥¥½

•

Directed by James Ivory from a screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (the usual Merchant–Ivory team) ***Surviving Picasso*** (Warner) is an elegant, uncompromising biography of the late great painter as a cruel, self-serving womanizer. Portrayed by Anthony Hopkins with his usual flawless style, the artist is no role model as a human being. The movie is a reminiscence told in frequent flashbacks based partly on the life of Picasso's longtime mistress Françoise Gilot (played with warmth and grace by movie newcomer Natascha McElhone). Gilot spent a decade with Picasso and bore him two children (Claude and Paloma) but was never quite able to fulfill his definition of the perfect woman: "passive and submissive, as a woman should be." The rest of the film is episodic, recalling other women used and abused by Picasso, from his two wives (played by Jane Lapotaire and Diane Venora) to his colorful consort Dora Maar (Julianne Moore, in the movie's most striking performance). This is a portrait of a genius who demands loyalty from his women and gives back little more than reflected glory. ¥¥¥

•

Being young, single, new to New York and eager to meet a girl—that's virtually the whole story of ***Ed's Next Move*** (Orion Classics), an unassuming but winsome comedy by first-time writer-director John Walsh. The title role of Ed Brodsky, a geneticist, is played with buoyant spontaneity by Matt Ross, who won the role while reading with other actors as a production assistant. Ed moves in with a handsome make-out artist named Ray (Kevin Carroll), who can't fathom Ed's hesitant way with women. Ed ultimately meets Lee (Callie Thorne), who sings and plays—none too well—with an East Village alternative band. Their innocently awkward encounters almost make you forget that it's all been done a few hundred times before. ¥¥

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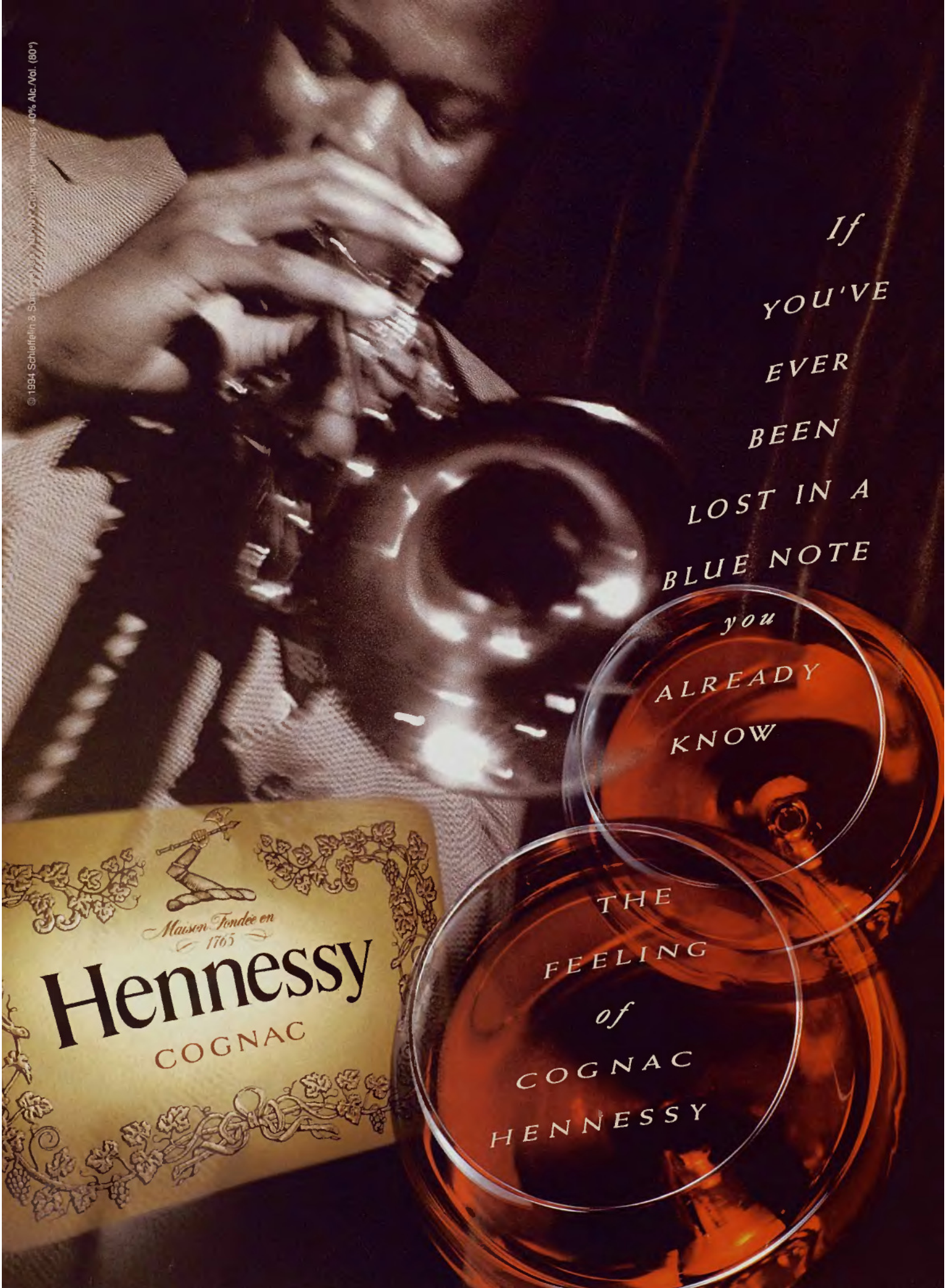
The only thing wrong with the screen version of ***Jude*** (Gramercy Pictures) is that it may cause deep depression. Director Michael Winterbottom (whose



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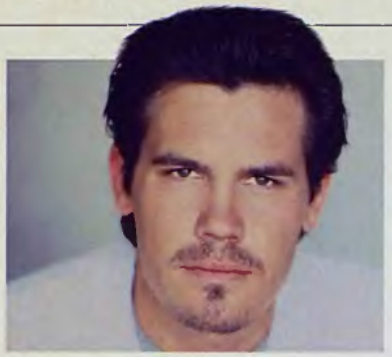

Brolin: He's not joshing.

OFF CAMERA

The buzz is that **Josh Brolin,** 28, is a scene-stealing sensation in the imminent thriller *Nightwatch*, co-starring Nick Nolte and Ewan McGregor. Which means he won't be remembered only as the gay government agent who licks Patricia Arquette's armpit in *Flirting With Disaster*. "That made me the brunt of a few jokes," Brolin recalls. "It's just something we came up with. It started out with me kissing her toes. Being funny is a very neurotic business. It can be quite serious."

The son of actor James Brolin, Josh grew up "during that punk-rock era in the Eighties" and survived his rebellious youth to become professionally ambitious. After five years of summer stock in Rochester, New York, he feels he honed his talent onstage. "But I don't buy that bull that you have to be a stage actor to be any good. I know plenty of bad New York actors."

Josh has a warm relationship with his father. "He's very humble. As actors, we're totally different types—he took one route, I took another. I don't even think about being a second-generation actor. Sometimes it's a handicap."

Divorced but living with his ex-wife and their two children on their California ranch, Brolin takes a dim view of matrimony. "We're not married but extremely happy, so why fuck with it?" If Josh has a role model, it's Robert Duvall. "Such simplicity, I totally respect him. He makes me remember that some great people are doing what I do." Having just turned down a role in a major movie because it didn't feel right, Brolin comments, "My fear is being crappy in a part, but I have to feel challenged. When I get scared enough to say, 'Oh shit, how can I do this?' then I know I have to do it. In 20 years, I want to be able to look at my résumé and say, 'Wow—that's diversity.'"

recent feature debut was the grim *Butterfly Kiss*) upgrades his credentials with a splendidly scenic 19th century story of doomed love, adapted by Hossein Amini from Thomas Hardy's classic novel *Jude the Obscure*. Christopher Eccleston is excellent as Jude, the susceptible stonemason who looks up his cousin Sue (Kate Winslet, Emma Thompson's co-star in *Sense and Sensibility*) after being deserted by his wife, Arabella (Rachel Griffiths). Although Sue marries the kindly schoolmaster Pillotson (Liam Cunningham), she leaves him to live out of wedlock with her beloved cousin Jude. Scorned wherever they go, the illicit lovers have two children—and raise Jude's young son from his first marriage—before their years-long love affair ends in disaster. The intensity of the performances of Winslet and Eccleston, combined with the pictorial sweep of the tale, make *Jude* a tragedy to remember. ¥¥¥

•

Fact and fiction mingle powerfully in ***Some Mother's Son*** (Castle Rock), another treatment of the endless strife in Northern Ireland. Directed by Terry George, the movie explores the hunger strike of 1981, when the mothers of 21 condemned Irish Republican Army prisoners had to decide whether to intervene on their sons' behalf, or to let the lads die for their convictions. Helen Mirren, as an apolitical teacher, faces the excruciating decision, joined by a farm wife (Fionnula Flanagan) who makes no secret of her ties to the IRA. How these two cope with a hopeless situation makes for high drama. The young firebrands behind bars include Aidan Gillen as Mirren's son, David O'Hara as Flanagan's and John Lynch as Bobby Sands, the doomed IRA leader. It's a poignant human story regardless of your political agenda. ¥¥¥

•

Life in today's Cuba gets low marks in ***Bitter Sugar*** (First Look) by co-author and director León Ichaso, shooting on the cheap in black and white. Set in Havana but filmed mostly in Santo Domingo, the movie takes a dim view of the way politics destroys any chance of happiness for two great-looking young lovers, Yolanda (Mayte Vilán) and Gustavo (René Laván). She is a street-smart dancer who wants a better life, he's an avid communist who naively believes he'll be awarded a government scholarship to study in Prague. Gustavo ignores both his rebellious brother—a musician who infects himself with AIDS-tainted blood as a protest against Castro's regime—and his unhappy widowed father, a psychiatrist reduced to playing piano in a tourist hotel. Although the ending is pure melodrama, *Bitter Sugar* is a passionate ode to beautiful people who are in the wrong country. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Basquiat (Reviewed 10/96) A kinetic montage of the art world wonder who lived fast and died young. ¥¥¥½

Beautiful Thing (Listed only) Gay schoolboys in a British burb. ¥¥½

Big Night (10/96) Tasty comedy set in lively Italian eatery. ¥¥¥½

Bitter Sugar (See review) In Cuba today, young lovers have trouble finding a way. ¥¥½

Bound (9/96) The Mafia's millions swiped by lesbian pair with ambitious plans. ¥¥¥

Caught (10/96) Lusty drifter snares a New Jersey fishmonger's wife. ¥¥¥

Ed's Next Move (See review) Young couple meet in Manhattan. ¥¥

Feeling Minnesota (10/96) Cameron Diaz is definitely worth the trip as a bad blonde. ¥¥¥

Foxfire (9/96) Sexually harassed teens turn on their tormenters. ¥¥¥

Girls Town (10/96) Lili Taylor masterminds an active gang of vengeful feminists. ¥¥

Infinity (10/96) The love life of a scientist, deftly directed by Matthew Broderick, who co-stars with Patricia Arquette. ¥¥¥

Jude (See review) Downbeat but fine adaptation of Thomas Hardy's durable classic about illicit lovers. ¥¥¥

Kansas City (9/96) Altman's mélange of crime, politics and vintage jazz. ¥¥¥½

Killer: A Journal of Murder (10/96) James Woods sizzles as a death-row inmate. ¥¥

Michael Collins (See review) Liam Neeson is the Irish rebel. ¥¥¥½

Nothing to Lose (10/96) Bad-luck young man can't do anything right. ¥¥½

The Proprietor (See review) Famous writer Moreau traces her roots. ¥¥½

Secrets and Lies (See review) Cannes' winner about a single white mom and her long-lost black daughter. ¥¥¥½

Some Mother's Son (See review) Yet another look at the troubles in modern Ireland. ¥¥¥

The Spitfire Grill (10/96) It's a Maine restaurant with a great big helping of sentimentality. ¥½

Surviving Picasso (See review) Pablo, adored by women, played by Anthony Hopkins. ¥¥¥

Trainspotting (9/96) Stomach-churner about Scottish lads on a binge of drugs, sex and violence. ¥¥¥½

The Wife (See review) Two miserable married couples play fast and loose with the truth. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

Hot Hurt

If sex in cinema is your thing (see page 128 for our yearly roundup) but adult videos aren't, you'll be happy to know that steam heat comes in a variety of ratings. Here's a guide to some searing movie scenes on video, featuring your favorite celebrities between the sheets—and elsewhere:

SEX, STARS AND VIDEOTAPE

CLASSICS

Body Heat (1981): In Lawrence Kasdan's erotic film noir, William Hurt is the perfect sucker to leggy Kathleen Turner's mystery woman. The scene: Hurt jumps Turner's bones after tossing a lawn chair through a door.

Risky Business (1983): Most remember the El scene. We prefer De Mornay and Cruise in front of the French doors, with the wind lifting up her dress. No panties.

Don't Look Now (1973): Spooky plot gets sexy when Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie get down to some hauntingly erotic lovemaking in their hotel room. Twenty-three years later it's still a turn-on. (They say the bootleg features hotter outtakes.)

ROUGH-AND-TUMBLES

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981): Drifter Jack Nicholson rolls married Jessica Lange in flour on a kitchen table—and then they really start to cook.

Basic Instinct (1992): Stone calls her on-camera sex acrobatics—with full backbend at orgasm—"the fuck of the century." Then she pulls out the ice pick. What a way to go.

Fatal Attraction (1987): The things sexual gymnast Glenn Close does to married man Michael Douglas in an elevator—then all over the kitchen—make the hell he endures afterward seem almost worth it. Almost.

About Last Night (1986): New lovers Demi Moore and Rob Lowe get it on like new lovers do: on the beanbag chair, in the tub, even on the bed. Graphic.

CLIMBING WOMEN

Breathless (1983): Kaprisky straddles Gere in the shower, then kicks down door. Gere's butt a plus for the ladies.

The Last Seduction (1994): Notice how seductress Linda Fiorentino puts her spiked heels through the links in the fence to get better traction on Peter Berg. Our kind of gal.

SEX WITH DICKS

The Big Easy (1987): Detective Dennis Quaid and assistant district attorney Ellen Barkin are in bed. His hand is under the sheet. She says, "Stop that." He asks, "Stop what? That, or *that*?" Proof that you needn't see everything to see everything.

Sea of Love (1989): Barkin again, this time as sexy suspect of cop Pacino. Look for the fuck against the wall, with Barkin's gun visible throughout.

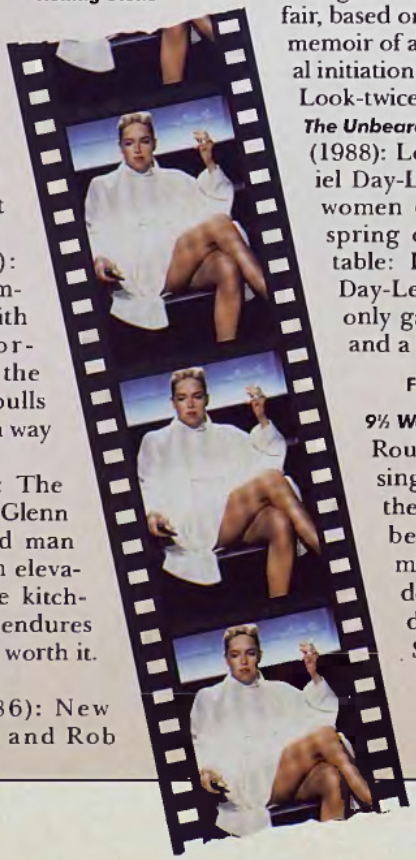
EUROSEX

Last Tango in Paris (1973): Paunchy Brando raised cinematic stakes when he coaxed young Maria Schneider to "bring the buttah" from the kitchen in this Bertolucci zipless-schtup classic.

The Lover (1992): Jane March and Tony Leung headline this sweaty affair, based on Marguerite Duras' memoir of a French teen's sexual initiation by a Chinese dandy. Look-twice soft-core action.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being (1988): Lothario-doctor Daniel Day-Lewis and his many women during the Prague spring of 1968. Unforgettable: Lena Olin seduces Day-Lewis while wearing only garters, black undies and a bowler.

Rolling Stone



FOR ROURKE FANS

9½ Weeks (1986): Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger do it in front of the fridge—with strawberries, Jell-O and milk. Runner-up: They do it in the rain in a darkened stairway. Second runner-up: Kim does herself while watching a slide show.

Angel Heart (1987): This time Rourke gets wild with Lisa Bonet. The notoriously graphic bed scene (the dish is that the sex was for real) is offset by creepy, explicit voodoo stuff.

Wild Orchid (1990): Rio rake Rourke gets under skin of prissy attorney Carré Otis (his real-life girlfriend) during Carnival. The grand finale is like Busby Berkeley on hormones.

FOR SARANDON FANS

Easy Ellen

The Hunger (1983): Susan Sarandon and Catherine Deneuve get naked—where's that rewind button?—in this erotic vampire saga.

White Palace (1990): The older woman Sarandon gives James Spader the best Hollywood blow job ever captured on film. A toe-curler.

Atlantic City (1980): Sarandon and the lemons. Amen.

FOR THOSE WHO WATCH

Sliver (1993): William Baldwin gets a running start from across the room to take the unsuspecting Sharon Stone from behind. What a marksman.

sex, lies, and videotape (1989): Soderbergh's Cannes winner about a voyeuristic washout and his VCR draws most of its sexual energy from the explicit dialogue—and Laura San Giacomo's voice.

OUCH!

Damage (1992): Excedrin headache number ten: As Jeremy Irons nails his son's fiancée, Juliette Binoche, he rattles her head against the wooden floor. And she loves it.

In the Realm of the Senses (1976): The film is one long sex scene, as a Japanese woman tries to sexually possess her husband—and chops off his dick.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

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MUSIC

R&B

TONI BRAXTON debuted as the cute black woman next door—very much tailored to appeal to the vast majority of women who are neither ghetto nor glamour. She backed up the marketing with strong, heartfelt singing.

On Toni's sophomore effort, ***Secrets*** (LaFace), she transforms herself into a pop queen. Where Braxton's first album placed her in the black mainstream, most of these 12 songs are as color-blind as anything sung by Whitney Houston. Only *I Love Me Some Him*, produced by the team of Soul Shock & Karlin, is in keeping with Braxton's original direction.

But most of the material, including the seven songs produced or co-produced by Babyface, are pop artifacts. This album's signature song is the big, lush *Unbreak My Heart*, a power ballad that will receive standing ovations from married couples. —NELSON GEORGE

Multimedia CDs have yet to find the disc that can do for that medium what *Sgt. Pepper* did for stereo LPs. In fact, with marginal exceptions such as Bob Dylan and B.B. King, most multimedia releases are a waste. But ***Crossroads, Southern Routes: Music of the American South*** (Smithsonian Folkways) takes a big step in the right direction. The disc is an interesting survey of Southern music ranging from Delta blues to the Allman Brothers, civil rights to Cajun, *Blue Suede Shoes* to tejano, gospel to Mardi Gras tunes. Slip it into your CD-ROM drive and *Southern Routes* explodes. It may be the best introduction to the music of the South ever put together. The elements include a map, glossary, time line and biographies—all buttressed with a wide selection of photos, audio clips and a few video pieces. This is clearly a primer, but you can't understand much about American music without a solid background in the culture of Dixie. —DAVE MARSH

ROCK

The Shangri-Las were the Riot Grrls of their era. They were gum-snappers who wore their hair so high it would embarrass the B-52's. They sang contrived but convincing scenarios of juvenile delinquency and conflict that defined the tragicomic in rock. On ***The Best of the Shangri-Las*** (Mercury/Chronicles), *Leader of the Pack*, *Remember (Walkin' in the Sand)*, *Out in the Streets*, *Give Us Your Blessings* and, above all, *Give Him a Great Big Kiss*, have more good dialogue than a Quentin Tarantino script. —DAVE MARSH

Some neorockabilly bands sound as if they're on downers and some sound as if they're on uppers. Reverend Horton Heat proves on ***It's Martini Time*** (Interscope) that this is the foremost practitioner of the second type of band. Playing music at the speed of punk but with real finesse in the guitar, the group creates an aura of demented sexuality amid psychedelic frenzy. Jim Horton Heath, vocalist and guitarist of the Rev., also knows how to do way more cool stuff with his voice than the usual howling. He acts out his stories and observations with a compelling combination of ennui and intensity. I particularly enjoyed his sense of humor in *Generation Why*, which quotes the riff from *My Generation* to ask this question: "Generation A, Generation Z/Who the hell are you to put a label on me?" Heath also gets it right in *That's Showbiz*, a catalog of the humiliations endured nightly by performers who haven't quite made it. I hope he doesn't have to endure them much longer. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

PETER PALOMBI

Toni Braxton's *Secrets*.

Southern Routes, rockabilly, trucking songs and George Jones.

Crowded House should have been contenders. The New Zealand trio fronted by Neil Finn has been writing bittersweet pop masterpieces, including their American hit, *Don't Dream It's Over*, for a decade. But now that their superb Beatlesque compositions are fashionable, the band has decided to call it quits with the release of ***Recurring Dream: The Very Best of Crowded House*** (Capitol). Gems such as *Fall at Your Feet* and *Better Be Home Soon* display a Lennon–McCartney melancholy in the verses that's resolved in the choruses. Even the three new tracks included here display a haunting vulnerability that's light years beyond Oasis and the rest of the Britpop pack.

Guitarist Richard Thompson has done his finest work with the two most dynamic female vocalists in English rock, Sandy Denny and Richard's ex-wife, Linda Thompson. Rykodisc/Hannibal has rereleased Denny's superb three-CD retrospective, ***Who Knows Where the Time Goes?,*** featuring earthy but ethereal folk-rock classics from her Fairport Convention days with Thompson and from her solo work. The same label has also issued a Linda Thompson collection, ***Dreams Fly Away,*** filled with grace and passion. Half the tracks are often-superior versions of her work with Richard, such as *Shoot Out the Lights*. Others are live takes and selections from unreleased work. Now afflicted by a voice problem, Linda may never record again, which makes this collection a treasure. —VIC GARBARINI

In the seven years since De La Soul made a splash with daisy-age hip-hop, they've struggled successfully to affirm their racial loyalties without surrendering their defiant sense of play. And despite a few personnel changes, they sound confident on ***Stakes Is High*** (Tommy Boy). Tough, smart and densely grooved, the new album is both uncompromising and familiar—solid music from veterans who no longer worry much about their image. They cast a cold eye on what gangstas claim is reality, most tellingly in a mean satire on Kurtis Blow's *The Breaks*, rewritten for the age of crack and AIDS.

However, I get a bigger charge from a slighter record by De La Soul's former producer Prince Paul. ***Psychoanalysis (What Is It?)*** (Word Sound, 129 N. 11th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11211) includes a series of skits, trifles and sick jokes that flirt with full-fledged social psychosis. This is not music designed to go pop. Rap-haters may even whine that it's not music at all. But, in fact, it recalls the genre's innocent early days.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

Anchored by the first Buck Owens recording in this decade, a convoy of country rockers have gathered for ***Rig Rock Deluxe: A Musical Salute to the American Truck Driver*** (Diesel Only/Upstart Records). Owens' curled drawl still sounds fine on *Will There Be Big Rigs in Heaven?*, a new honky-tonker written by his keyboard player, Jim Shaw. Other highlights are Sixties hitmaker Kay Adams linking up with Nashville's BR5-49 on

Mama Was a Rock (Daddy Was a Rolling Stone), Dan Baird and the Yayhoos' high-strung truck anthem, *Highway Junkie*, and the white-line fever of Rosie Flores, Toni Price, Dale Watson, Kim Richey, Wayne Hancock, Jon Langford and Lou Whitney trading off on the 1963 Dave Dudley classic *Six Days on the Road*. Is it *We Are the World*? Not quite. It's We Are the Wired. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

George Jones is the greatest male country artist since Hank Williams Sr. Hell, he's arguably the most soulful singer in American music. Jones' latest album, ***I Lived to Tell It All*** (MCA) is most satisfying. It was named after his autobiography, in which Jones' life resembles an old-fashioned country song. He spent decades lost in booze and drugs before being saved by the love of his wife. His new album tells Nashville to take its big hats and shove 'em. This is a therapeutic collection of tearjerkers and drinking songs that prove there are no answers at the bottom of a bottle, and every note rings true. —VIC GARBARINI

JAZZ

A Danish jazz guitarist with avant-garde leanings studies in Gambia, returns to Copenhagen, forms a small orchestra to combine his interests and voilà: Pierre Dorge's New Jungle Orchestra. In Dorge's hands, the guitar becomes a jazz-mad African gourd harp. The music suggests a dialogue between Thelonious Monk and Charles Mingus, Frank Zappa, King Sunny Ade and, of course, Duke Ellington—who led the first Jungle Orchestra in the Twenties. Dorge finally has an album in the U.S., and it's among this year's best: ***Music From the Danish Jungle*** (dacapo). —NEIL TESSER

WORLD

The magic of Pakistani devotional singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, who is currently in the running for world's greatest vocalist, has never been clearer than on the prolonged improvisations of ***Intoxicated Spirit*** (Shanachie). Recording in Pakistan for his core audience, he lets loose as he rarely does in the West. In case you wondered, this is what the fuss is about. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FOLK

Dave Soldier has named his band and album ***The Kropotkins*** (Koch), and I approve of all bands who name themselves after Russian anarchists. In this case, I also approve of their anarchic approach to folk music, as they reinvigorate tradition with a looseness that borders on chaos and harkens back to the great jug bands of the Sixties. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Toni Braxton *Secrets*	8	5	7	7	7
Crowded House *Recurring Dream*	4	8	7	9	8
Prince Paul *Psychoanalysis*	8	1	7	7	6
Reverend Horton Heat *It's Martini Time*	4	5	6	5	8
Various artists *Crossroads, Southern Routes*	7	10	9	9	7

WEIRD BAND NAMES DEPARTMENT: Just in case you Web surfers aren't having enough fun, check out http://204.254.248.7/~chelle/bandname.html for a list of more than 600 unusual band names, including **Sinus Envy** and **Yams From Outer Space.**

REELING AND ROCKING: The **Spin Doctors' Chris Barron** has a role in the **Howard Stern** movie. . . . **Mark Wahlberg** is expected to co-star with **Albert Brooks** and **Julianne Moore** in *Boogie Nights*, a movie about pornography during the disco era. . . . **Little Richard** is making a comedy called *Chairman of the Board*. . . . Former **4 Non Blondes** member **Linda Perry** is producing a movie, *Pink as the Day She Was Born*, a musical about a young girl who will do anything to be a rock star. . . . A documentary on **Scotty Moore, D.J. Fontana** (of **Elvis'** original backup band) and **Bill Black** will be out next year. A jam session will include **Keith Richards,** members of the **Band, Marshall Crenshaw** and **Graham Parker.** An album and Moore's biography will accompany the movie.

NEWSBREAKS: Expect *Pavarotti & Friends* to be in stores by Christmas. Produced by **Phil Ramone** from the War Child benefit, the CD includes performances by **Eric Clapton, Sheryl Crow, Joan Osborne** and **Elton John.** . . . **Styx** played with the Atlanta Symphony this past June and had so much fun they may do a recording and tour next summer. . . . **Martha Reeves** hosted the first hour in a new 26-hour series produced by the Rhythm and Blues Foundation. National Public Radio began airing it in July. The show, *Let the Good Times Roll: The Real Story of Rhythm and Blues*, will offer firsthand commentary from 50 legendary R&B artists. . . . And speaking of R&B, **Berry Gordy** and **Smokey Robinson** are working together again. The sessions will include new material and new versions of some of Smokey's hits. . . . **Fishbone** and **Los Fabulosos Cadillacs** have cut a version of **Tom Jones'** *What's New Pussycat?* in both English and Spanish for *Red Hot + Latin*, a compilation disc to benefit AIDS research. It will be in stores in early December. . . . Look for a live album and a VH1 concert from **Alice Cooper** this year. . . . The first three episodes of *Zoo TV* are ready and may air on MTV in time for the release of **U2's** new album. Although U2 funded *Zoo TV*, the band doesn't appear in any of the shows. . . . Music Direct and its New Music Series is a record club that on a bimonthly basis sends directly to each subscriber a new CD or cassette sampler with tracks from pop, rock, folk, jazz, country and New Age categories. For more info, call 800-567-MUSIC. . . . **Paul Allen,** the Microsoft co-founder, hired architect **Frank Gehry** to design the **Jimi Hendrix Museum,** which is scheduled to open in 1999. Gehry is studying rock equipment—guitars in particular—for inspiration. The museum will also have multimedia exhibits on other Northwestern musicians, from the **Kingsmen** to **Nirvana.** . . . Rap pioneers **Public Enemy** have reunited to release *Afraid of the Dark* in 1997. . . . Last, the great **Grace Slick** duets with Linda Perry on her recent solo album *In Flight*, but what she wants to talk about is **Alanis Morissette.** Slick says she'd like to be reincarnated as Morissette: "If anyone had asked me when I was 24 who I would want to be—and if I had known about Alanis back then—I would have said her."—BARBARA NELLIS

SQUARE DEAL

When it comes to shoes and boots this fall, it's hip to be square—square-toed, that is. Perfect with a pair of flat-front "skinny" pants, this sharp footwear look comes in several forms. If you like to walk on the wild side, for example, Kenneth Cole offers $145 square-toed penny loafers in faux reptile-and-animal finishes such as crocodile and snakeskin (center). Salvatore Ferragamo makes a square-toed loafer in dark-brown leather with contrast stitching ($365, bottom) as well as a lace-up oxford in calfskin leather ($310). For a dressier look, try To Boot's loafer in shiny brown, black (top) or burgundy leather ($245). Dolce & Gabbana squares off too, with both Chelsea boots and leather monkstraps in taupe, brown, black, burgundy and green ($380). Bruno Magli's brown and black square-toed oxfords come two ways: as lace-ups in grainy leather with rubber soles ($325) and in slick calfskin leather with perforated toes ($345). And if status counts, nothing tops Gucci's brown suede loafers with a metal horse bit ($325). Patrick Cox' line includes a suede square-toed style that comes in such accent colors as pumpkin and olive, as well as a weathered leather version in rust, mustard and black. Both retail for about $225.

MAD ABOUT PLAID

In past years men favored bright plaid pants for weekends on the links. Now plaid has found its way into casual jeans and dressy club pants. At the classic end, Nautica offers yarn-dyed glen-plaid pants with cuffs and a pleated front ($69). Guess' menswear lineup includes a pair of slim five-pocket jeans in blue-and-white cotton denim plaid ($62). British designer Nicole Farhi goes funky with khaki, purple and cream plaid velvet corduroy jeans ($175). And John Bartlett puts a Seventies twist on his wool plaid bootleg and side-buckle variations. Designed hip-hugger-style with wide front pockets, both looks come in red, polar gray and chocolate brown (about $310). And if Bartlett's looks aren't bold enough, there's Gaspar Saldanha's plaid cigarette pants ($255) or Klurk's slim-cut wool pants in windowpane plaid ($160). DKNY's plaid flat-front pants come in three different color choices, black and orange, charcoal and blue, and dark gray with red ($285). Fashion tip: Plaid bottoms work best when paired with a low-key top such as a solid-color turtleneck.

HOT SHOPPING: PHOENIX

Phoenix' downtown is rising again, just like the mythological bird for which the city is named. And what better time than now—with the temperature cooling and the sun shining—to check out the scene? Precinct (10215 North 28th Drive): Sharp alternative threads—including rockabilly shirts, comfy cords and jackets in flannel, canvas or twill. • Peter Glenn (2102 East Camelback Road): High-end skis, in-line skates. • Yippie-ei-o (455 North Third Street): Western-themed goods ranging from nightshirts to hot-and-spicy salsa. • Jetaune's Fine Sports Art (455 North Third, Suite 230): Prints, paintings and lithographs of various sports heroes. • Lazy Bones (455 North Third, Suite 238): Fun stuff for the great outdoors, including wind chimes, hammocks and boomerangs.

CLOTHES LINE

Dallas Cowboys quarterback **Troy Aikman** has the ultimate fashion accessory—a Super Bowl ring. Although he admits he doesn't wear it often ("It's enough to know it's there"), he does enjoy drawing attention to the rest of his wardrobe. "I went to Dallas with only one suit, which I bought at Nordstrom," Aikman says. Now he has a collection of 20 suits and 20 sports jackets, plus an expansive supply of neckwear. The QB's favorite tie—a Serica—has a vibrant blue-and-gold kaleidoscope pattern. And he loves his light silver custom-made suit from Lombardo in Dallas—so much so that he wore it with a Donna Karan black silk banded-collar shirt on *The Tonight Show*.

EYE LIKE IT

Wearing specs may be considered hip, but contact lenses are making a comeback. Aside from being more comfortable than earlier versions, some of the newer contact lenses are also hassle-free. Take one-day Acuvues. These barely-there lenses are designed to be worn once and then tossed—no cleaning required. Bugged by the eye-irritating effects of contacts? Check a brand called Soflens66. By holding their shape, these lenses are easier to insert, and they contain 66 percent water for a more comfortable fit. Occasions multifocal contact lenses give bifocal wearers a break from glasses. And you can turn your dark eyes lighter with Freshlook Colors or intensify your baby blues with Freshlook Color Enhancers.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

COATS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Tailored; single-breasted; slim fits; tighter armholes; knee lengths	Bulky raglan sleeves; oversize styles; ankle lengths
COLORS AND FABRICS	Camel, black and gray; shearling; cashmere; wool and double-faced wool	Real and faux fur; large patterns; heavy tweeds; green tones such as moss and olive
DETAILS	Uncluttered, minimalist styling; notched lapels; epaulets; flap pockets	Shawl collars; exaggerated peaked lapels; belts; inverted back pleats; hoods

Where & How to Buy on page 160.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of ENGAGEMENT RING anxiety?

1. Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say, "Son, let's talk diamonds."
2. But it's still your call. So read on.
3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.
4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.
5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress and Diamond Discounters.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

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TRAVEL

CD-ROAMS

With the right software, you can use a computer to plan every detail of your next trip. Some discs are so graphic and fact-packed that you may be tempted to stay home with your PC. *Travel & Leisure's* Great Cities of Europe, for example, lets you preview London, Paris and 13 other European cities—complete with 360-degree panoramas, hundreds of photos and video clips, street maps and loads of text-based tourist info. Frommers' equally thorough Interactive Travel Guides highlight major U.S. cities and feature a planning function so you can customize and print an itinerary. Fodor's Interactive Sports and Adventure Vacations provides the lowdown on the nation's top spots for snowboarding, white-water rafting, mountain biking and other athletic pursuits, and Travel Guides of North America offers individual titles on golf, tennis, ski and spa resorts, as well as on fishing and hunting lodges.

If you're Maui-bound, Exploring Hawaii Today combines hundreds of photos with comparison charts of hotels, bed-and-breakfasts, restaurants, beaches, snorkeling sites and more. It even has a Hawaiian dictionary. (Other titles in this series include Exploring the Pacific Northwest and Exploring the Great Cities of China.) And finally, if you're traveling across country by car, Rand McNally Trip Maker 1997 is a comprehensive CD-ROM package that covers popular U.S. destinations—and gets you to them with detailed directions and maps that you can print. It also provides a link to Rand McNally's Web site, where you'll find updates on road and weather conditions. These and other travel CD-ROMs range from $20 to $50.

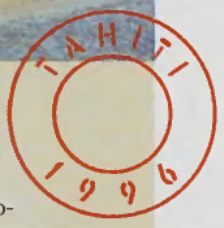
NIGHT MOVES: BUENOS AIRES

Although New York tags itself the city that never sleeps, Buenos Aires never even rests. Come midnight, the chic Recoleta section is thick with *porteños* (as the residents of this city call themselves), who rarely dine out before ten P.M. Restaurants don't open until eight, and at the trendy Caballeriza in Puerto Madero, some patrons are just sitting down to order steaks and ribs as the clock strikes two. Women are everywhere—in the sidewalk cafés of the Recoleta, at the bars in Puerto Madero and along the Costanera strip. If your taste runs to honky-tonk, head downtown to Corrientes Street. Funky eateries in the area include the Palacio de la Papa Frita (known, as the name suggests, for its french-fry soufflés) and around the corner on Montevideo, the bohemian Pippo, where a carafe of wine and a bowl of linguine with pesto won't cost much more than five dollars. (Caveat: Trouble can await you in the tougher neighborhoods of Buenos Aires, so limit your midnight rambling to the popular areas.) For discos, try the Hippopotamus on Junin, or El Cielo at Costanera Norte and Sarmiento. But don't worry, the tango is more a performance art than a participatory one. You can see it executed at a show palace, such as El Querandi (Peru 302), or on the streets of San Telmo when the flea market opens on Sunday.

GREAT ESCAPE

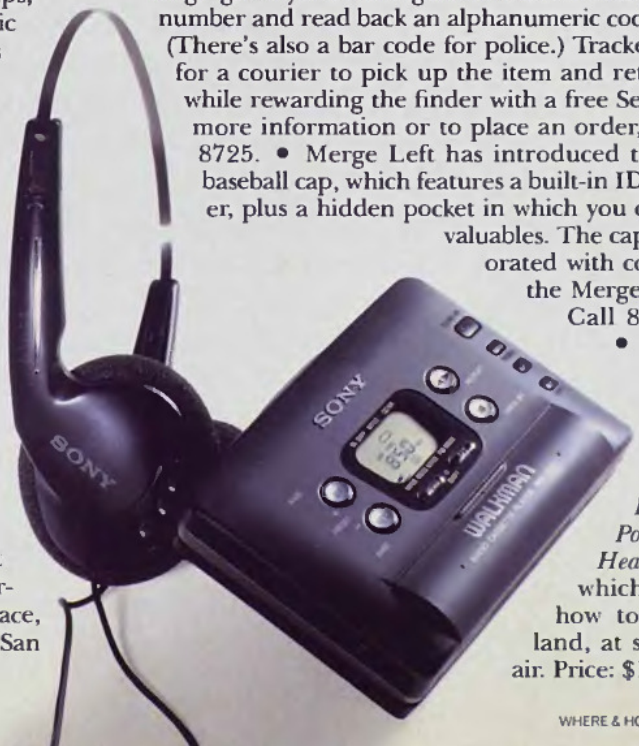
VAHINE ISLAND

Yes, there still is an island in the South Pacific so tiny and romantic that you can wade the perimeter of its powder-sand beach in about 30 minutes, dine by candlelight on local seafood prepared by a French-trained chef and dwell in a Polynesian hut that might have been decorated by Ralph Lauren. Vahine Island is a private resort 25 minutes by speedboat from the island of Raiatéa's airport, where there are three flights a day from Tahiti and Bora Bora. There are only nine thatched huts on the island and a central house where guests meet for cocktails and meals. Scuba diving, snorkeling, big-game fishing, sailing and a catamaran cruise to Bora Bora are just some of the activities available. Or if you want to privately explore the small islets of the lagoon in which Vahine is situated, the resort will provide a motor canoe and a picnic lunch. Daily room rates range from $300 to $450 per double. Fax Vahine Island at 689-656770 for more information.



ROAD STUFF

For those 14-hour flights from New York to Tokyo, pack Sony's new digital AM-FM cassette Walkman (pictured here), which delivers 15 hours of tape playback on just one AA battery (look for model FX511). Price: about $180. • Tracker, an identification and recovery service, is a great new way for travelers to retrieve items left behind, from eyeglasses to luggage. To use the service, purchase a Tracker Security Kit for $29.95 and affix the appropriate labels and tags to your belongings. Anyone finding an item is instructed to call an 800 number and read back an alphanumeric code on the label. (There's also a bar code for police.) Tracker will arrange for a courier to pick up the item and return it to you, while rewarding the finder with a free Security Kit. For more information or to place an order, call 800-361-8725. • Merge Left has introduced the Pro-Pocket baseball cap, which features a built-in ID and key holder, plus a hidden pocket in which you can store small valuables. The cap's peak is decorated with college logos or the Merge Left emblem. Call 800-500-MERG. • To keep fit on the open road, read Dr. Lawrence Bryson's *Travel Health Clinic Pocket Guide to Healthy Travel*, in which he discusses how to stay well on land, at sea and in the air. Price: $13.95.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

PAUL THEROUX, prolific novelist and adventurous travel writer, sparks controversy and speculation with his new novel, ***My Other Life*** (Houghton Mifflin), the fictional memoirs of a man named Paul Theroux. This is a literary curiosity that falls somewhere between Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself* and Clifford Irving's fraudulent autobiography of Howard Hughes.

The "fiction" matches Theroux's distinctive biography exactly: born in Massachusetts, Peace Corps worker in Africa, teacher in Singapore, author of *The Great Railway Bazaar*, *Half Moon Street* and *The Mosquito Coast* and longtime resident of London with a wife and two sons. Yet the narrative is filled with apparently fictional stories, including a memorable run-in with Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, a hilarious dinner with Anthony Burgess (Theroux's ex-wife has publicly denied it happened) and conversations with an elderly German writer, a doppelgänger whose life mirrors Theroux's all too precisely.

The mixture of real and unreal gives *My Other Life* several powerful advantages. Strung together by the thread of autobiography, this otherwise loosely connected group of tales and observations becomes a novel. But the fascination we have about the hidden lives of others is made more compelling by the sense that this is some sort of confession. Did he really have sex with a teenage African leper in her tribal hut while frenzied dancers writhed to pounding drums just outside the entrance? Without the reader's delighted belief that this really happened to a young Peace Corps volunteer named Paul Theroux, the scene would be an embarrassing cliché in a potboiler.

Hollywood Kryptonite (St. Martin's), by Sam Kashner and Nancy Schoenberger: The Hollywood thumbnail biographies of *Superman* star George Reeves say he committed suicide in 1959. The authors make a convincing case that the official biographies are dead wrong. Reeves, they claim, was murdered.

The Erotic in Sports (Columbia University Press), by Allen Guttmann: Although modern educators have downplayed the link between athletics and horniness, the carnal aspect of sports has been appreciated by both the ancient Greeks and modern athletes. Arnold Schwarzenegger calls the athlete's "pump" better than an orgasm. The author traces the history of well-toned bodies, athletic activity and our uneasy relationship with its sexual overtones.

Girlie Collectibles (St. Martin's), by Leland and Crystal Payton: Raunchy decks of playing cards, female torso beer steins, revealing pin-up calendars and nudie salt-and-pepper shakers are just a few of the politically retro keepsakes described by the Paytons. The militantly non-PC pair has lovingly cataloged them, not as objects demeaning to women but as relics of America.

Theroux's *Other Life*.

Is Paul Theroux writing fiction? Are girlie collectibles offensive to women? Is the NFL erotic?

Style and the Man (Harper Style), by Alan Flusser: Even men who like being well dressed hate shopping, which is a task Flusser says shouldn't be left to wives and girlfriends. This is a Baedeker on what a man should look for in selecting clothing, and it includes an international city-by-city guide to the best shops.

Icon (Bantam), by Frederick Forsyth: Set three years in the future, this is Forsyth's saga of a post-Communist Russia caught in the grip of anarchy. When a dangerous Nazi-like leader threatens to impose his own brand of order on the chaos, former CIA agent Jason Monk is sent to Russia to derail his plans.

We Were the Mulvaneys (Dutton), by Joyce Carol Oates: This extraordinary literary family album follows the downfall and redemption of a seemingly blessed Irish clan in upstate New York from 1955 to 1980.

Footsucker (Overlook Press), by Geoff Nicholson: The unnamed narrator of this black comedy is a foot fetishist in search of a woman with the perfect pair.

Unmentionables (Simon & Schuster), by Elaine Benson with John Esten: A brief history of underwear, interspersed with photography, art, film stills, ads and trivia. Victorians called undergarments unmentionables, yet they wore more of them than people of any other era.

Prayers for the Dead (Morrow) is Faye Kellerman's tenth Peter Decker–Rina Lazarus mystery. It features a famous heart surgeon, his six complex children, his strange weekend biker friends and some drug company espionage. The book zooms along engagingly, but we miss Kellerman's usual peek into Orthodox Jewish life.

The Hottest State (Little, Brown), by Ethan Hawke: If Keanu Reeves can have a band, Ethan Hawke can have a novel. And he does.

BOOKMARKS

Do the superstores make you dizzy? If you're not looking for a cappuccino or a date, can you find the book you want? No? Well, click on Amazon.com and enter a cyberstore that features a database of 1 million titles, including the hard-to-find ones that leave human clerks frustrated. The real excitement here is the free personal notification service. Subscribe and the folks at Amazon will notify you of new titles in your category of interest or tell you when a new book by a favorite author comes out. The speed of the search will knock your socks off. . . . For fall books in your hand, not on-screen, look for **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's** *Black Profiles in Courage* (Morrow), **Jay Leno's** *Leading With My Chin* (Harper Collins), **Waylon Jennings'** autobiography (Warner) and what is touted as the most objective book thus far on the Simpson trial, *The Run of His Life: The People vs. O.J. Simpson* (Random House), by *New Yorker* writer **Jeffrey Toobin**. . . . Thrills pay: The occult thriller *Dark Debts* (Random House), by **Karen Hall,** has been bought by **David Brown** for $800,000 and a screenplay deal for Hall. **Harrison Ford** may be in the wings for this one. Producer **Scott Rudin** reportedly paid **David Ignatius** $1.1 million for screen rights to his next suspense tingler, *The Man in the Mirror* (Random House), for **Tom Cruise.** . . . Journalism also pays: **Jeffrey Katzenberg** optioned *Dirty Laundry*, a one-page essay in *The New York Times* about cleaning other people's houses, which Dreamworks may adapt as a TV series. . . . **Richard Gere** hopes to make a movie about **Victoria Woodhull,** who ran for U.S. president in 1872. A great beauty and a spiritualist, she became a stockbroker and published a broadside advocating free love. **Lois Underhill's** biography, *The Woman Who Ran for President: The Many Lives of Victoria Woodhull*, could end up on the big or small screen.

MEN

By ASA BABER

This *Men* column will tell you how to attract ravishing women for the rest of your life. But first, let me ask you a question that gets to the point: What did you eat yesterday?

You can't remember everything you ate, right? To you, food is fuel and nothing more. You had some pizza last night. Or was it the night before? You had a burger for lunch. Or maybe it was beef tacos. "Who the hell cares?" you ask. But that cavalier attitude explains why you spend so many nights alone.

If you ask any woman what she had to eat the day before, she will remember to the last sliver and crumb. She will describe it for you in loving and tender tones. Yet there you are, lost in selective Alzheimer's when it comes to the details of your caloric intake.

Get my point? The one thing guaranteed to intrigue a woman is not sex or money or precious gems, but food, food of all nations and cultures and seasonings. Women are crazy about food. Crazy as in obsessed, haunted, manic, orgasmic and mesmerized. But have you taken advantage of that?

Listen to women talk. They have endless conversations about food. What do they read? Books about the history of food, as well as restaurant reviews, menus, cookbooks and recipes. What do they watch on television? Shows on cooking and other food-related topics.

Women yearn for a state of grace based on gastronomic reverie, a hypnotic condition that allows them to float like spirits from their ideal kitchens to their ideal dining rooms, and are always dreaming of the perfect meal, the perfect table setting, the perfect dessert—and, of course, the perfect chef. He's a strong and sympathetic and sensitive man who can toss a mean Caesar salad while he serves up pheasant under glass.

This man's name is Chef Charming. He is Prince Charming's brother. For a fantastic sex life, you must learn how to be like him, because Chef Charming knows that the way to a woman's affections is through her stomach, her dominant sex organ. Eating or fasting, purging or slurping, gorging or starving, every woman's belly screams for fulfillment and enrichment at all times. If you can remember that fact, your sex life will blossom like a flowering vine on the banks of the Amazon.

Growing up, most women are taught

MITCH O'CONNELL

HER DOMINANT SEX ORGAN

to be cautious about sex, and rightly so. After all, there are rogues like you and me looking for fun, and sometimes fun can lead to great trouble. So women are trained to sublimate their sexuality from an early age. But this river of sexual energy that flows through women has to go somewhere (note that we are talking about creatures who can have more orgasms in an hour than we can have in a day). Desperately, women search for a safe place to channel that raging river, and, inevitably, their tummies call. "Here I am," the stomach says. "I won't get you pregnant or diseased. I will comfort you. I might make you gain more weight than you would like, but let us eat, drink and be merry without those yucky boys around." Thus the eternal female romance with food begins. And thus arrives the male's opportunity to sneak into that mix and prosper like a bandit.

To become a Chef Charming, take the following steps:

(1) Be sure to tell the woman you are pursuing about what you eat, and woo her with your words. For example, you didn't have spaghetti last night. You had semolina gnocchi. You didn't have steak and eggs and hash browns for breakfast this morning. You had pan-seared Colorado open-range filet mignon, prehatch baby hen sautéed lightly in Normandy butter, and organic new potatoes. Watch her as you talk: She will lick her lips and breathe heavily, I promise.

(2) Be audacious. Understand that you don't really have to know what any of this jargon means. Use the terms "hand-turned" and "line-caught" and "farm-raised." Why? Because she will think she is dating a walking menu, and she will love you for it. As you fuss over your crème brûlée, you will seem exceptional to her. Don't forget that she has seen men stuff uncooked hot dogs down their gullets and call it a meal.

(3) Exploit the subject of food with any woman you want to meet. And continue to use it throughout the relationship. Food talk is sex talk to her. Compare your diet with her diet. Go grocery shopping together. "That Julia Child sure is funny, isn't she?" is always a good line. And if the conversation lags after that, don't panic. Simply ask her for her favorite recipe, and write it down. She will get all squishy.

(4) In a bookstore, don't hang around the sports section. Go over to the cookbooks. Pretend you are interested. Ask questions like, "What is your favorite cookbook on French cuisine?" or, "Can anything compare to northern Italian cooking?" Memorize a recipe—the recipe for Lady Baltimore cake works well, I find—and ask women what they think of it. And don't feel guilty about it. You are simply using a shrewd tactic in the perpetual war between the sexes. Women, of course, have many clever devices of their own.

(5) To become an effective Chef Charming, carry the right equipment. Nothing works better than an apron and a chef's hat. Wear them everywhere. And always have access to a small bag of white flour. Keep sprinkling your face and hands with flour—it will look like you just stepped out of a hot kitchen. Act busy and exhausted. Tell her you need her phone number now, before you go back to the bakery.

(6) Have a catering service deliver an exquisite meal to your home and pretend that you cooked it. She may sense that you are putting her on, but if the food is good, she won't care. If the food is lousy, take her out to the best restaurant in town. Then bring her back to your pad. Because full girls are easy.

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Bowling Green

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

GEORGE DICKER

WOMEN'S INTUITION

Do women have a special locus in the brain, possibly a node or even a nodule, that gives them a greater power than men to see the concealed, hear the mute, grasp the unfathomable? Is there really such a thing as women's intuition?

No.

Thank you and goodnight.

You know the kind of day when you can't decide whether to shoot yourself or have a pedicure? When your actual elemental self is exposed and vulnerable, and you know that everything you do is critical to the entire future of your sanity? So that a wisp of a thread dangling from a shirt cuff has insanely crucial ramifications, but you don't know what they are so you compulsively play computer solitaire?

That's intuition knocking at the door, demanding to be let in with some kind of new fresh hell of insight. Men have it, just not as often as women. Because intuition isn't extrasensory, genetic or magical. It's the product of adaptive behavior. And in this society, women have had to adapt more than men. Oh, yes, they have.

Look, please, at traditional childhood conditioning. Say we are at any playground. Little Freddie, who is a hothead, smacks another boy with his Frisbee. Freddie's mom gets annoyed and tells Freddie to stop that right now. The other parents shrug with a "whaddya gonna do? You don't want no sissy" expression. Freddie's mom smiles ruefully and goes back to her mystery novel.

Later on, little Emily smashes another kid in the knee with her shovel. Emily's mom grabs her and hisses out a big lecture, the gist of which is, "Little girls don't behave that way." The other parents look away, embarrassed at the spectacle of the pint-size hoyden. When Emily and her mother leave, the term bad seed hangs in the air.

Little Freddie, censured for his behavior, has a still-intact sense of self. Little Emily is not criticized for her behavior but for who she is.

This is a big deal.

Emily (I'm becoming attached to my creation) is systematically taught to deny her aggressive, greedy side. It doesn't matter if she just hates the sight of some boogerhead kid and wants to show him who's boss or if some stupid bully steals her crayons. Tough shit, Emily. Little girls don't hit and punch. Little girls are made of sweetness and spice and candied violets and puppy breath. No bone, muscle or grit. Tell your mommy, your daddy or your big brother. They'll take care of you.

Thus does a girl learn passivity and helplessness. (Before you start sending me angry e-mail, I know little Em is a stereotype cooked up by my brain. Mileage varies in actual lives. Yet the vast majority of children were in fact raised with these notions. If you're a guy, take a poll of your sisters, female pals and girlfriends—if you're a woman, just think back.) If the girl is taught never to be direct, the woman will be intuitive. She is intuitive so she can learn how to manipulate people.

What the hell else is she supposed to do, cross her fingers and pray that jobs, mates and happiness fall into her lap? If you've been brainwashed by your parents and your culture to never show aggression and to never simply go out and take what you want, you have to be sneaky. You play people. You figure out how to get them to do what you want without asking them.

Which means that you become really good at picking up the teeniest clues, the subtlest innuendos. A slightly averted glance or a twitching finger can mean volumes. You know precisely what that crossed ankle indicates. After many years of practice, you don't even have to think, you just know all kinds of stuff about that guy over in the corner at the cocktail party.

And the more repressive and narrow the upbringing, the more a woman or a man is equipped with the capability to read minds. Psychics, I'm guessing, were brought up in sealed cardboard boxes. And plenty of us had appalling childhood incidents that jump-started the intuitive process.

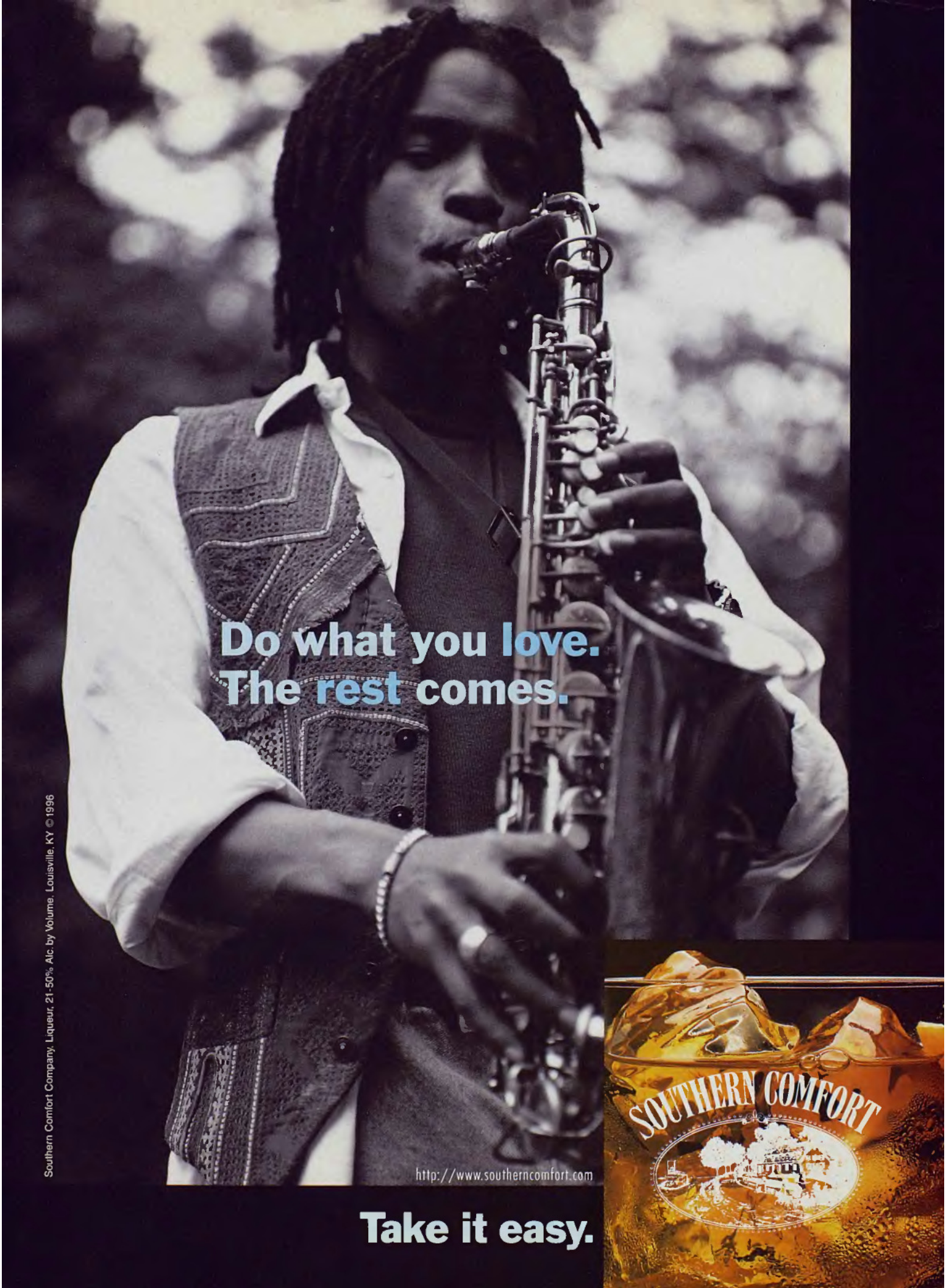
Say, for example, you're me. You go to some kind of allegedly enlightened summer camp where nobody's supposed to have any hang-ups, and the counselors—Aryan teenagers—force you to undress in front of everybody and ridicule and abuse you if you attempt to hide or cry or do anything besides what they tell you to do, and you do not fight back. The fucking sadistic bastards. I hope that they're living lives of desperate misery somewhere. Oh, sorry. But you see what I'm saying.

And men who've had lousy childhoods are the most intuitive bastards I know, even more than women, because men do not, as a rule, share and therefore assuage bad feelings. But even average men have fleeting intuitions. They call these "gut feelings." Gut feelings may often be ignored, because they don't jibe with surface realities. If your accountant suddenly gives off a shifty vibe, you figure you're just being paranoid: Mavis is a good gal, she's been doing my taxes for years! But follow that paranoia, see where it leads. Maybe Mavis is just having troubles at home, but maybe she is building up a nice bank account in the Cayman Islands.

Feelings and hunches are always valid in some way. Pay attention. Follow where the thought goes for a minute. Probe the queasy spot in your psyche. It's not just a random tic, it's real information. The more you dig, the more truth will come to the surface.

It may be ugly, it may crash your system for a while, but the truth is a good thing to know—even if the truth is that your mate is unfaithful, or you were routinely ridiculed, humiliated and abused as a child.

The truth will set you free. Lah-di-fucking-dah.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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Last week my boyfriend and I were invited to a party. We were already late when he became quite amorous. I eased him away, saying we'd continue later. He agreed, but asked me for a favor. Hoisting up the hem of my short dress, he removed my panties and slipped them into his jacket pocket. Surprisingly, being pantyless really excited me. Over the course of the evening, my boyfriend constantly flirted with me. The public foreplay made me feel more horny, especially when he put his hand in his pocket. Whenever he looked at me, I felt as if I were being undressed. When I was so wet I couldn't stand it anymore, I whispered to him to take me home. We didn't make it to the bedroom, and I never got my panties back. What do you make of this?—C.M., New York, New York

Sounds like you need some new panties.

I've always heard that bottled beer should be poured down the center of a glass. Yet I often see people tilt the glass and pour it down the side. Which is the proper method?—T.M., Albuquerque, New Mexico

How large a head do you want? About the width of two fingers is common, but customs vary. For example, in southern England bitter is usually poured with little or no head; in the north you'll get ½ to ¾ inch. If you're going for a larger head, pouring the beer down the middle of the glass will release more CO_2 (which also releases more of the beer's aromatics). Pouring it down the side makes it easier to control the size but creates a smaller amount of foam. John Lock of the online Beer Info Source (http://www.beerinfo.com/~jlock) notes that it's not unusual for bartenders in the U.S. to upend the entire bottle into a glass and remove it before the beer overflows. This makes for a dramatic presentation but bruises the beer by releasing too much carbonation and will leave you flat by the end of the glass. As important as how you pour is what you pour into. A clean glass is essential. And try rinsing the glass with cold water, which reduces the number of bubbles clinging to the side and offers a sparkling, clear presentation of pale beers.

No matter what I do, I can't seem to keep a girlfriend. I give them flowers. I take them to Maui or the Virgin Islands. I buy them expensive gifts. Most of all, I give my heart. I thought women were looking for a nice guy. What's going on?—O.L., Tampa, Florida

Consider the order in which you list your contributions to these short-lived relationships: expensive flowers, expensive trips, expensive gifts, you. Trying to buy something? It sure looks that way to us—and certainly to the women you're attempting to dazzle. Slow down. Let some romantic tension build and keep your wallet in your pocket until things develop further. If she doesn't want to meet you at the corner coffee shop, don't take her to one in Maui.

For the first time in my life, I was pulled over and given a ticket (for speeding). The disconcerting part was that as the state trooper walked to my car, I began to get out and he said abruptly, "Stay in your car." Is there some sort of law about getting out of your automobile when you're pulled over?—B.R., Atlanta, Georgia

Only the law of self-preservation. Put yourself in the cop's boots. You're approaching a car and the driver opens his door. Does he have a gun? Is he coming at you? A police officer's job is stressful enough, so if you're pulled over, don't leave the vehicle unless he or she asks. Here are some other tips from Eric Bryant's "Arrest Me Not" ($7 from P.O. Box 08685, Cleveland, Ohio 44108): Put your hands on the steering wheel and, if it's dark, turn on your dome light. Don't unbuckle your seat belt until after the officer has approached—you may get cited for not having it on. Don't offer any excuses or bribes. Don't admit guilt or pull out your license without being asked. Let the officer explain why he or she stopped you. For what it's worth, ask for a verbal or written warning. If you feel you were mistreated, file a report. If not, say thank you. Eventually we all get caught.

My husband can ejaculate almost endlessly and never seems to lose his erection. We have intercourse as many as seven or eight times a night. Is this that unusual? My girlfriends tell me how lucky I am, but it's too much sometimes. Should I find him a second wife, or maybe look into making him a porn star?—D.A., Cleveland, Ohio

It's good to see you're keeping your sense of humor about the situation—especially since there are many worse places to find yourself. It's possible your husband is injecting his penis with medication used to treat impotence—not a smart move. But some men are multiorgasmic. To play it safe, your husband should see a urologist or other specialist, especially if he feels pain or has lost his ability to detumesce. His stamina could be nothing more than a natural reaction to outside stimulus—we'd need to see some nude photos of you to be sure.

When my boyfriend and I make love, I get so turned on I dig my nails into his back and draw blood. I hate the fact that I'm hurting him and leaving scars, but he doesn't want me to cut my long nails. We've thought about having him tie me up, but I think I would get too frustrated. Do you have any suggestions?—S.J., Chicago, Illinois

It doesn't sound like your boyfriend minds, so why worry? He may be kinkier than you think. If it makes you uneasy, ask him to tie your hands to the headboard and see what you think. (Clip your toenails to be safe.) Frustration turned on its head is anticipation, and you may be surprised at how erotic it can be not being able to touch him. Short of that, rounding your nails or changing positions (you on top) will still allow you to hang on. Better yet, play the stripper during foreplay, but leave on the satin gloves.

Should a car be "taken out and run" during the winter? If so, how fast, for how long, and how often?—B.S., Trenton, New Jersey

If your car isn't driven much, taking it out for 20 or 30 minutes once a week on a dry day can't hurt. The conventional wisdom these days is that you shouldn't warm up your engine by sitting in park. Instead, give it 15 seconds to let the oil circulate and then drive slowly until the temperature gauge reaches normal. And never rev a frozen engine. The best bet, as always, is to check your owner's manual for specifics.

I recently broke up with my first girlfriend. Since then, I have found that I don't enjoy masturbating nearly as much as her hand jobs. Surely a hand is a hand, right? And you would think I know exactly what turns me on and could compensate for the loss of her company.—A.A., Los Angeles, California

That's the theory. But your ex was doing all the work, leaving you to concentrate solely on your pleasure. No matter how much you enjoy masturbation as a hobby, it will

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

never top an enthusiastic woman stroking your cock. If it did, we'd all be in a lot of trouble—or at least a lot more independent.

In regard to the letter in July about variations in taste between two bottles of the same wine, while it does occur, usually the differences are barely noticeable. The technology now available to winemakers makes bottle-to-bottle consistency the norm. The second bottle may have tasted odd because of trichloranisole on the cork, which can form during the finishing process and makes the wine taste like moldy cardboard. (To avoid this, many wineries are experimenting with plastic closures.) As for wine service, every bottle should be tasted by the host. This may seem like a dog and pony show, but it prevents bad wine from being poured into everyone's glass (many of which may still be half-full from the first bottle).—Tim Gaiser, Master Sommelier, Virtual Vineyards (http://www.virtualvin.com)

Good point. If the host feels the wine doesn't taste quite right, he or she should not hesitate to send it back. Consider the bottom line: It costs a restaurateur four times as much to get a new diner into his or her establishment as it does to make the diner already there happy. And wine that is bounced is rarely a total loss. Unless they were purchased at auction, bad bottles can usually be returned to the wholesaler for credit. Bottles that aren't flawed are sold by the glass or consumed by the chef.

I am meeting a woman for lunch, a blind date arranged by a mutual friend. Who picks up the tab? How do we depart? Kiss? Hug? Handshake? If I care to see more of her, how can I communicate that? If I don't want to see more of her, should I just come out and say it?—R.R., Oakland, California

The ideal situation would be for your friend to come along and introduce you, then play matchmaker after you've had a chance to size each other up. In this case: (1) Pick up the tab. (2) Offer a handshake. (3) If you like her, ask her to lunch again. (4) If you don't, spare her the "I'll call" routine. Instead say, "It was great to meet you. Maybe we'll run into each other again."

The July letter from the husband who wanted to suckle his wife's breasts while she was lactating prompted me to write. I've been lactating since I was a teenager—my dates never went past kissing because I was afraid the guy would get a handful of milk. Then I met my husband. The first time he touched my breasts, the milk flowed over his hand, my bra, my blouse. I began to cry, but he said he didn't see anything wrong with it. I realized how special our relationship is after reading R.T.'s letter. I long ago stopped taking medication to control my lactation; instead my breasts have been caressed and sucked every day of our 32-year marriage. You have to wonder about R.T.'s wife. She lets her kid suckle the same breast for milk that she refuses her husband.—S.S., Dallas, Texas

We agree, although the issue in R.T.'s letter was more that he had asked and she had answered—twice. Your lactation may stem from an overactive pituitary gland, which produces the hormone chiefly responsible for milk production. Your husband's daily feed could be a factor as well, since regular stimulation can also encourage milk production. But who's complaining? You're dry, your husband's getting his daily vitamins and you've found a recipe for a satisfying sex life.

Lately I've been traveling with a laptop, so I was happy to see your advice about getting connected at hotels. I thought I should send a word of caution to other business travelers: Apparently there's a new scam at airports. Two people position themselves in front of a mark as all three wait in line to pass through the metal detector. The first two people stall until the mark places the laptop on the conveyor belt. The first person passes through without a problem. The second person sets off the detector, however, and makes a fuss of emptying his or her pockets and taking off jewelry. Meanwhile, the laptop has moved through the detector, where it is picked up by the first person and spirited away.—B.P., New York, New York

Thanks for the warning. According to one report, 208,000 laptops were stolen in the U.S. last year, and another 19,000 were "lost" in transit. We suspect those numbers will go up.

Your advice about the classic blow job, where the woman looks into your eyes while giving you head, was a hit in my bedroom. Then my girlfriend went one better. We were having coffee in bed one morning when she started giving me a blow job. She would stop once in a while to take sips. Best head I've ever had. Have you heard of this?—C.M., Tallahassee, Florida

Sure. It's one of the tricks in "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life." Have her go one better again: alternate between hot and iced coffee. She could also stack doughnuts.

I'm a 25-year-old male who has not had a relationship since I graduated from college. My girlfriends always asked me out, so I've never had to approach anyone. Each of my past relationships developed through school or summer jobs where a woman got to know me over time. Do you have any suggestions to help me meet someone?—C.C., Miami, Florida

Many men find it more difficult to meet women in the postgrad world simply because there aren't so many ready-made social situations. You work, you eat, you sleep, you eat, you work. That's why matchmaker services, social clubs and coed recreation leagues are popular. They offer a way to connect, and from that relationships form. Although it's nice when women take the initiative, we prefer the proactive approach. Asking someone out is only a big deal if you make it one, and rejection is only a big deal if you take it personally. Unless someone knows you well, why would you do that?

This may sound stupid, but I'm lacking in the lore of winking. I go from office to office fixing electrical equipment. The other day I was talking with a receptionist when I noticed she winked at me. On my way out, she said goodbye and winked again. I wouldn't mind knowing her better, but I don't know what to make of this. Do winks mean anything anymore?—K.B., Phoenix, Arizona

Unless she's the type of girl who winks around, she's flirting with you. Keep both eyes open when you ask her to lunch or she may think you're kidding.

Ever since my girlfriend went on the pill, she's gotten really horny. Is it me, or could it be the drug?—T.S., Trenton, New Jersey

It's you—maybe. Your girlfriend may just be more interested in sex because a big risk—pregnancy—has been all but eliminated. Her interest might also depend on what type of pill she's taking. While past research has shown that the pill lowers the hormones thought to affect sexual desire, a recent study of 364 women suggests that certain types of pills may inhibit them less than others. Writing in the "Archives of Sexual Behavior," researchers at San Francisco State University found that users of triphasic pills, which vary the level of progestin released during the pill's 21-day cycle, reported more sexual thoughts, fantasies and arousal than those taking monophasic pills, which maintain a consistent level of the hormone. Surprisingly, women taking triphasics also reported more sexual thoughts and interest than women who weren't using oral contraceptives, but pill users may be hornier to begin with. Another interesting finding: Women not taking the pill reported more and better anal sex.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

KEEP THE SIN IN SIN CITY

one woman takes on the mayor

By RACHEL HICKERSON

I am sitting in the Blue Angel—my favorite New York strip joint—watching the slender blonde onstage step out of her G-string. The Blue Angel is intimate and smoky. Male and female patrons crowd together at small tables where flames wobble on colored votive candles. A curtain of veils separates the busy lap-dancing parlor from the main room of the club. This is where I relax.

By the time you read this, the Blue Angel will have been shut down.

A bit farther uptown, on Times Square—where the Sony video screens dwarf tourists, souvenir kiosks and the marquees of Broadway—various adult establishments have been silently disappearing, the victims of a new moral crusade.

Overnight, 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues has become unrecognizable. The long line of theaters is boarded up and painted in bright colors. A flurry of renovations is under way. What is happening? Where have all the sex shops gone?

On October 25, 1995, after a lively two-year battle pitting Feminists for Free Expression, the New York Civil Liberties Union and other free-speech groups against Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and the New York City Council, the city council overwhelmingly voted in a zoning law that severely restricts New York's sex-related businesses.

Under the new law, which is scheduled to go into effect this month, sex-related businesses will be forced out of Times Square and into outlying manufacturing areas designated by the city. The law targets "adult establishments"—a term that is meant to cover bookstores, theaters, eating and drinking establishments and video stores that in "substantial" measure contain material depicting or describing "specified anatomical areas" or "specified sexual activities."

During the two years of open hearings, the city offered various rationales for the repression of sex. It suggested that adult businesses contribute to secondary crime. But no studies support this claim, and reports commissioned by the city found the opposite: "Land uses other than adult entertainment establishments (e.g., subway station access) appear to have a far stronger relationship to criminal complaints. It was not possible to isolate the impact of adult uses relative to criminal complaints." One police officer speculated that if more adult businesses were to come to an area, crime would probably increase, but he also noted that "more bars, cinemas or theaters, or video stores or bookstores of any kind, would effectively increase crime."

This ban comes not from reason but from good old-fashioned moral posturing. On the heels of his election in 1993, Giuliani launched a zealous campaign to "improve the quality of life" in New York. Ah, the quality of life. Does that mean the city's homeless population will have safe, warm places to sleep? Does it mean the subways will become dependable, affordable and clean? Will the public school system provide students with uncontaminated lunches? No.

Instead, the mayor has focused on the welfare of women to justify his quality-of-life agenda. Whenever politicians want to eradicate adult-oriented material, they trot out the delicate disposition of women as the reason.

But has the mayor asked women what they want? He assumes that I want the Blue Angel, Runway 69, Billy's Topless and an array of other thrilling adult entertainment venues taken away.

I do not need the mayor—or anyone else—to protect me. As a feminist, I believe I have the right to read, hear, view and produce what I choose.

According to *Adult Video News* magazine, of the 609 million adult videos sold or rented in 1995, approximately one quarter were sold to or rented by women. Where will these women shop if the mayor's law goes into effect? The mayor's proposal will drive sex into the slums.

As a consumer of erotic videos, I am terrified by the prospect of traveling to remote areas of the city (where public transportation is practically nonexistent) to make my purchases. Dark streets and sparsely populated neighborhoods (the areas proposed by the mayor for the housing of adult businesses) are the last places women will go. It is for this reason that Feminists for Free Expression et al. have filed suit to block the mayor's initiative.

There are rumors that the mayor cut a deal with Disney: Clean up Times Square and Mickey Mouse will move in. Make the world safe for such sexpots as Pocahontas and Esmerelda. Some trade. The world of Disney may be a fine place, but it's not the only place.

Mayor Giuliani may think that he knows what's best for women, but FFE plans to show him he's wrong. All the way to the Supreme Court.

READER

SCHOOL SPIRIT

A large part of San Francisco's First Offender Prostitution Program ("The School for Johns," *The Playboy Forum*, July) is to convince its compulsory students that they are the culprits and that to stop prostitution, they must reform. I find this whole argument morally repugnant. As practiced in Nevada, prostitution does not involve anything close to slavery or abuse by pimps. It does not involve degrading work conditions, arrests or humiliation. With carefully monitored health practices, it is even relatively safe from venereal disease. Simple prostitution does not involve compulsion. Both prostitutes and clients walk away from their transactions enriched. The only force involved is in the form of brawn introduced by states that insist on legislating morality.

Glade Ross
San Juan Capistrano, California

The customers of prostitutes have traditionally been treated leniently by the criminal justice system, with most enforcement efforts aimed at the prostitutes. Your "School for Johns" article implies that San Francisco is moving away from the double standard. Yet, it is only the johns who have the opportunity to take the class and thereby expunge the arrest from their record. Why aren't such schools also available to prostitutes? Arrests of customers in San Francisco are nowhere on a parity with those of prostitutes. Only one fifth of the city's prostitution-related arrestees are customers.

Ron Weitzer
Washington, D.C.

The "just the facts, ma'am" style of reporting in "The School for Johns" impressed me. The problems confronting street prostitutes and their customers are obvious, but I can't help wonder how many of the problems created by street prostitution are due to its illegality. I am not alone in believing that prostitution should be decriminalized; the original charter of NOW calls for the decriminalization of prostitution, and this clause has never been rescinded. As the Webmaster of the Legal Prostitution in Nevada Web site (www.paranoia.com/~bashful), I would suggest that the students of the School for Johns make a trip to a legal brothel near Reno.

Jack Cole
Phoenix, Arizona

Alan Deutschman vividly describes the horrors of prostitution in America but fails to mention one sad fact: These San Francisco–style education programs will never admit that America's war on prostitutes and johns fosters crime, degradation and disease. It also squanders our tax dollars and steers the police away from their true mission. Must our society continue to persecute these people, especially in light of the strides taken by the state of Nevada?

Mark Sethre
San Jose, California

FOR THE RECORD

SHELF LIFE

"It struck most of us that the biggest harm reduction we could see would be to stop putting people in jail for drug use."

—DR. JOHN MORGAN, WHO WAS COMMISSIONED BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION TO DRAFT A REPORT ON HARM REDUCTION, COMMONLY DEFINED AS HELPING DRUG USERS MINIMIZE THE CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR BEHAVIOR. THE CONCLUSION RATTLED THE AMA, WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY SHELVED THE REPORT

CLOAKS OF CRIME

I am writing in response to "Paper Tigresses" (*Newsfront*, *The Playboy Forum*, July). If, in Costa Mesa, a woman's clothing can be used as evidence in a prostitution charge, how will this affect rape cases? There must be a wardrobe list available to police. Does a rape victim come under this same scrutiny? Already, women in rape trials are questioned about their clothing to determine if they "provoked" their assailant. Could a rape victim who wore something incriminating be tried for prostitution? Any conviction of a prostitute based on her clothing sets a dangerous legal precedent.

David Stone
Boston, Massachusetts

INVISIBLE WOMAN

You have my most heartfelt gratitude for running Ted Fishman's "The Invisible Woman" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I was initially disappointed with President Clinton's veto of the later-term abortion bill. I, along with much of America, fell victim to the agenda of the anti-abortion lobby. Its descriptions of the later-term abortion procedure were horrific, and my emotional response was predictable. However, in a lucid moment, I asked myself, "How many of these procedures are being performed and why? Can there be that many women who are electing to abort their pregnancies the day before their due date? Have I been conned?" Thank you for providing the answer.

Michael Lambert
Greenfield Center, New York

I went to my local precinct meeting after the local primary elections and watched in amazement as self-righteous Republicans voted an absolute edict against abortion for the party platform. Sadly, most pro-lifers would agree with that position. The so-called do-gooders behind the pro-life movement are advocating the destruction of people's lives. Maybe God wants us to have a choice so that we can choose him. The problems in this country do not begin or end with the abortion issue. If we remove the choice

RESPONSE

of the many, we remove the choice of the few.

Christine Long
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I looked at the facts of late-term abortions. By the ninth week of pregnancy, the fetus has brain-wave activity—the current measure of whether someone is alive or not. If a geneticist were to examine the DNA from a fetus and a two-year-old, he would be able to tell you that both were human but not which one had already been born. I can only conclude that we are killing 1.5 million human beings a year because someone finds their existence inconvenient.

Charles Perry
Northville, Michigan

Ted Fishman responds: "Far from being a convenience to coldhearted women (and men), late-term abortions are a measure of last resort for people who had pegged their best hopes on parenthood but were denied it by tragic and unwelcome circumstances."

Editors' note: Neuroscientist Dominick Purpura of NYU stated: "Any electrical activity recorded from the brain is called a brain wave. One can record all kinds of electrical oscillations from the second or third week of embryonic life, but one can record all kinds of oscillations from a couple of nerve cells sitting in culture, too. The presence of electrical activity is common to virtually all cells."

(concluded on page 46)

It began with a hit man's handbook. When a hired murderer, James Edward Perry, was convicted of killing a woman, her disabled son and the son's nurse, court documents revealed that the murderer had followed instructions provided in the book *Hit Man: A Technical Manual for Independent Contractors*. The family of the mother and son, plus the nurse's family, sued the publisher. This seems to have started a trend.

In suburban Chicago, the family of a 13-year-old girl filed suit against the producers of the 1972 adult film *The Devil in Miss Jones*. The girl and two teenage companions had gotten together to hang out for the evening. As the evening progressed the three started drinking and watching the pornographic tape. The girl eventually passed out. During the viewing, the boys became aroused and attacked the girl. They were subsequently convicted on sex charges. The girl's attorney claimed that since there was a conscious decision to play the tape and the boys' arousal stemmed from watching it, the tape was "a contributing factor" to the crime.

And consider John Grisham, author of such blockbusters as *The Client* and *The Firm*. Grisham claims that Oliver Stone, by way of his film *Natural Born Killers*, should be held responsible for a crime spree that resulted in the death of one person and the permanent paralysis of another. The murdered man was a friend of Grisham's. The couple charged with the attacks had taken LSD and watched the videotape more than 20 times before they went on the rampage.

In a burst of inspiration that harks back to his days as a practicing attorney, Grisham proposes a new standard for liability:

"Think of a film as a product. Something created and brought to market, not too dissimilar from breast implants. Though the law has yet to declare movies to be products, it is only one small step away. If something goes wrong with a product, whether by design or defect, and injury ensues, then its makers are held responsible. . . . It will take only one large verdict against the likes of Oliver Stone and his production company, and perhaps the screenwriter and the studio itself, and then the party will be over."

Under this argument, Grisham himself could be held responsible for countless acts of fraud, adultery and illegal wiretapping. Sadly, the backlash is already in motion at Warner Bros., the studio that produced *Natural Born Killers*. Production heads have quietly relinquished the right to distribute the director's cut on video.

This type of rationale makes for juicy headlines, and it is not new. Dan White blamed Twinkies when he was charged with murdering San Francisco supervisor Harvey Milk and mayor George Moscone. Serial killer Ted Bundy claimed pornography drove him over the edge. John Hinckley was under the *Taxi Driver* spell when he took a shot at Ronald Reagan, and John Lennon's assassin, Mark David Chapman, had a thing for *The Catcher in the Rye*.

Then there's the alleged link between author Joseph Conrad and Unabomber suspect Theodore Kaczynski. Authorities believe Kaczynski read Conrad's novel *The Secret Agent* many times, presumably drawn to the logic of the book's protagonist, who looks upon his bombings as the only way to achieve "a clean sweep and a clear start for a new conception of life."

Apparently, we walked away from those cases none the wiser, still willing to shift guilt from individuals to ideas.

Millions of people read books and watch movies (and, yes, indulge in a fantasy or two) without discarding their moral compasses. Restricting the right to creative expression because of a few panders to society's lowest element. Worst of all, it ignores an obvious fact: The perpetrators of copycat crimes are capable of committing dangerous acts without a script. —TERRY GLOVER

FORUM

SOPHISTICATED SEX

what college students can teach us about sexual experimentation: more findings from playboy's college sex survey

By Marty Klein and James R. Petersen

"The most recent time I had sex," said one 22-year-old woman in Ohio, "my fiancé and I watched an X-rated video. While it was on we also read erotic stories to each other. While I was reading to him he began to massage me and kiss me tenderly all over my body. Soon he was performing oral sex on me. After I had an orgasm, I performed oral sex on him. After he came, we watched the rest of the movie and ended up having vaginal intercourse. Having multiple orgasms was quite invigorating for both of us."

As we reported last month in our *College Sex Survey*, we were impressed by the variety of sexual styles we discovered were practiced on campus. Contrary to the stereotype that students are innocent or ignorant, we found a generation devouring sexual experience. Our students were doing, thinking and talking about things in ways that challenge long-standing myths about sex. This is a generation that surrounds itself with sexual imagery. Whether these students use X-rated videos as background music, read erotica aloud or collect sex toys and fantasies, they have a sexual repertoire that their parents might envy.

"My favorite part is undressing and caressing," said one 18-year-old coed, "because I love watching my boyfriend get naked. I love staring at and caressing his body, especially his legs. He has the most beautiful legs. I'm also very proud of my own body, so I love when he watches me get naked. The last time we had sex, after we undressed, we just held each other for a while. I love to have my breasts nibbled, pinched, squeezed and pulled, and I also like them bitten pretty hard. So he spent a lot of time focusing on my breasts. Then he stimulated me with his hands and next with his mouth. I love to be bitten between my legs—my clit, labia and mons. It took me 25 minutes to reach a fantastic orgasm orally. Next I made him have an orgasm by oral sex. We both took a nap and then started the whole thing over again by him insisting on a 69."

"We bought a book of massage techniques," said one California coed. "I was looking forward to it. We also bought massage oil. I feel this contributed to our being more aroused than usual. We gave each other massages for about 40 minutes. After a while we were both really turned on. The actual intercourse lasted only a few minutes, but the orgasms seemed to last all night."

COLLAGE BY POLLY BECKER

College today has an unwritten curriculum: This is where you learn about sex. This is where you develop your sexual style and learn your sexual limits. It almost seems as if students go to bed equipped with a checklist. They want sex in a glass elevator, on a kitchen table, in front of a mirror, on a beach, in a hot tub—and to explore specific positions.

Last month, we gave you the figures on who had tried what. Students' feelings about experimentation were as interesting as their actual behavior. We asked questions designed to map sexual learning: "Is there a sexual act that you have not yet tried but want to? Why do you want to try it? Have you ever discussed this with a partner? If yes, what was your partner's response? If no, what keeps you from bringing it up?"

We also asked about negative experiences: "Is there a sexual act that you have tried but will never try again? What? Why?"

We noticed one thing immediately. Our male students—with the exception of acting out fantasies about threesomes—felt they had tried almost everything and regretted nothing. Women, on the other hand, had more fantasies they'd kept to themselves and were much more likely to have set limits on future behavior. What motivates students? It is not just a taste for variety (they are too young to be bored). We were struck by the desire to feel competent.

"I would like to try oral sex with a guy once," said one 22-year-old woman. "I sort of tried it, but I threw up. I want to learn how to do this because a friend told me it drives men crazy, that they love when a woman does it to them. I haven't discussed this with my partner because I feel embarrassed to say, 'Can I practice blowing you till it's perfect?'"

Said another woman: "My least favorite part of sex is going down on a guy, because I'm forever wondering if I'm doing it right. I also don't particularly like swallowing when he comes, but when I don't, I think some of the mood is lost for him." One guy had his own fantasy of taking competence to the level of exhibition: "I would love to have sex with a woman in a restaurant right in front of everybody. If I were with a really great woman, I would

want everyone to see it."

Some of the answers reminded us that sexual exploration does not always begin at the fringe. We were touched by how timid some lovers were: "The last time I had sex it was great at first, but then my boyfriend asked me to get on top and I was too scared to. So we switched positions again, and the rest of the time I was thinking, When will I get enough courage to do it? I'm scared that I will do it wrong. I'm scared of what he will think of me. Most of all, I'm scared I won't do it as well as his past partners."

For most of our students the fringe was at the very heart of their conversations. More than a third of the men and women we surveyed had tried some form of domination or bondage. In fact, 85 percent of the men and women mentioned S&M in their essay answers, indicating that the fringe is a subject of near universal interest.

If they haven't actually done kinky things, many of our respondents have talked about them with partners, or considered how they might respond to suggestions by future partners. Some of the most interesting answers pertained to drawing the line. One woman said:

"I set limits on anything that makes me uncomfortable, like watching people or being tied up, spanked or videotaped."

To set limits, you must have considered the menu. We were fascinated by the range of students' conversations—of the frankness in some relationships and the reticence in others.

According to one man: "We have done everything that we can do and still call ourselves heterosexual and monogamous."

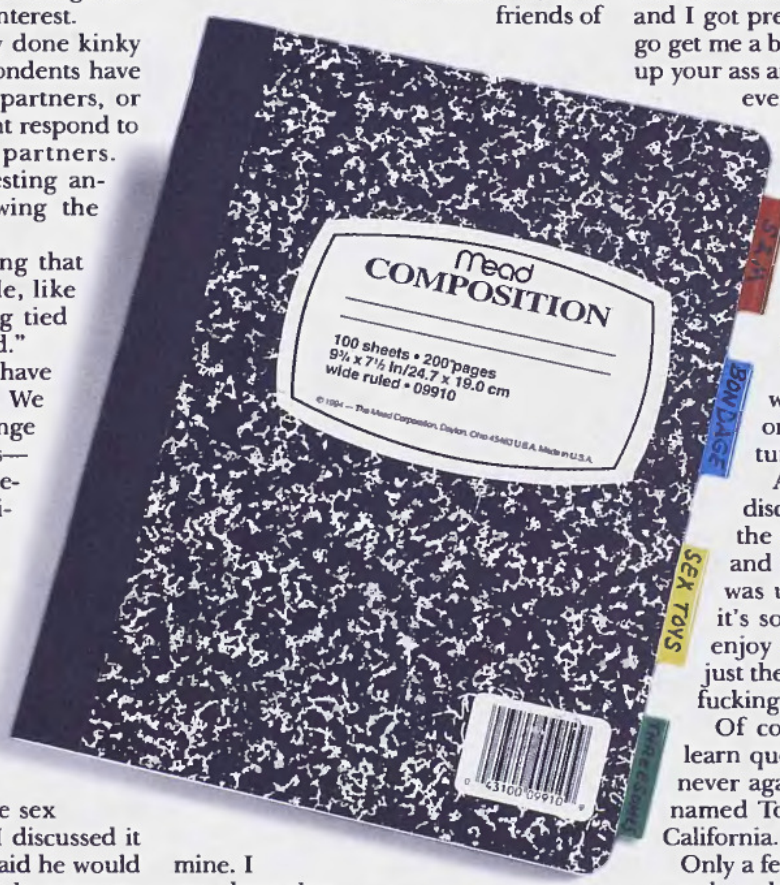
On the other hand, this woman had to balance curiosity and security: "I would like to have sex with two men at a time. I discussed it with my partner, and he said he would do it. But I will never do it because my partner and I were virgins when we met and I would not want to ruin what we have—being each other's first and only."

For some, sexual experimentation invokes a kind of double standard—wild sex is for strangers, not intimates. "I have discussed things with my lover," says one New York coed, "but not with my boyfriend. My lover is more open about sex. My boyfriend would have a heart attack if he knew all the things I want to try."

This was evident in discussions of threesomes. "I will never again share a serious boyfriend with another girl," one female student noted. "I don't mind a platonic three-way, but when it involved someone I loved, it made me very jealous."

One woman, describing her desire for a threesome, ruled out her boyfriend: "I wouldn't want a partner I am emotionally involved with in the threesome. I wouldn't feel comfortable. I'm currently single and I'm looking for a partner to experiment with. I want someone who respects me but who isn't in love with me. It seems hard to find a balance."

This woman described a satisfying encounter: "Coincidentally, my last sexual experience was a threesome with two men, both friends of mine. I met them about two years ago in my dorm. I had been drinking in a bar with my roommates when the two men propositioned me. My roommates began egging me on. Of course, I couldn't pass up the offer. So we left the bar around midnight and began our escapade in their car. I actually had intercourse with only one of the guys while the other massaged my breasts, kissed and spanked me. I later gave oral sex, then received anal sex. It was nice to feel wanted by both men. I felt beautiful and excited that two of my close friends wanted to participate. It's interesting to note that one of the guys was engaged and the other had a steady girlfriend. I feel bad that they feel guilty now, but we are all still close, and I plan on being discreet about the incident."



Two things seemed to guide sexual experimentation—pain and the opinion of a partner. When we asked students if there was anything they had tried that they would never do again, most cited anal sex. Not because they thought it was degrading, immoral or a possible route to infection, but simply because it hurt.

One woman who had experienced anal sex had the perfect image to describe her feelings to a former lover: "An ex-boyfriend once tried to have anal sex with me (without asking first) and I got pretty pissed. So I said,'OK, go get me a broomstick, let me shove it up your ass and then you can do whatever you want.' I guess that was my way of setting a limit."

Many students have allowed one bad experience to close down the shop: "I will never again have sex standing up," said one man. "It's too uncomfortable."

Another man told us, "I will never again have sex on a piece of antique furniture. It broke."

A few women went past discomfort to the meaning of the act. "I tried 'doggy style' and I will never do it again. It was uncomfortable. But also, it's so cold and impersonal. I enjoy sex and its intimacy, not just the act. To me, doggy style is fucking."

Of course, sometimes people learn questionable lessons: "I will never again have sex with anyone named Tom," said one woman in California.

Only a few students let preexisting moral codes inform their sexual choices. One male student declared: "Just because two people consent does not imply that God consents. No act is ever truly done in private. There are lots of things I will not do. I will not perform oral sex on my wife, nor will she on me. Sex should be beautiful and should contain nothing degrading—no bondage, no whips, no toys. Yes, I set limits: If it degrades one partner or both it is wrong. Consent does not

remove the degradation. What is wrong is wrong."

The most frequently cited obstacle to experimentation was fear of what one's partner might think. Women who wanted to try something new implied that their boyfriends controlled the sex or thought it was their job to come up with the sexual ideas. The flip side of the double standard is this: If you don't do it with a stranger, you are stuck with the person you care for. Listen to three different women:

"I want to be on top, but backward. I have not discussed this with my partner because he always determines what we do. If I asked him, I think he would wonder where I got the idea."

"I don't discuss sexual acts with my current partner because he usually makes me feel stupid or nasty."

"I would like to try a vibrator or dildo to stimulate myself before engaging in coitus in order to bring me to orgasm faster and maybe have more orgasms, and to get my boyfriend sexually aroused and keep him participating in foreplay a little longer. I haven't discussed this with him, but I want to. I keep hoping that maybe he'll bring up the subject first. It isn't that I don't feel comfortable asking about it. I am already pretty satisfied with our sex life and don't really believe we need to try it. I just think it would be fun, new and erotic."

"I want to be tied up and blindfolded because I think it would be stimulating to feel powerless."

But men also run into recalcitrant partners. "I have discussed threesomes with my girlfriend," says one California man. "However, I do it in a jokey fashion. I know she finds the idea repulsive."

These answers suggest that what is at issue is not so much wildness or curiosity as control. Some students did show their understanding of bondage games. They are sophisticated enough to realize the aphrodisiac of total surrender, or total control. One woman had this wish: "I want to try being restrained and restraining someone to see how it affects the issue of control. I want to be blindfolded to know what it's like not to be able to use my sight. I don't open my eyes during sex by choice, so I would like to pretend to have sex without choice."

Another woman said simply: "My favorite part of sex is when I'm being dominated or I am able to dominate—having orgasms, not knowing what new things he is going to try."

We heard from many women whose boyfriends controlled sexual experimentation through inertia, or who did not realize an opportunity when it was presented.

"I want to have sex in a library because it's quiet and the risk of getting caught is high. When I mentioned it to my partner he laughed and said I was crazy."

"I would like to try tying up my partner and performing oral sex on him. And vice versa. I think it would be exciting to have someone else in total control. I have brought this up. He said it would be great, but I don't think he thought I was serious."

Some women evidently believed that if their boyfriends couldn't take a hint, perhaps they would at least reciprocate:

"I want to be tied up and blindfolded because I think it would be stimulating to feel powerless. I've mentioned it to my boyfriend and even done it to him. He says he enjoyed it and that he'll have to try it on me. But he keeps forgetting."

If he keeps that up, he may forget himself right out of the relationship.

Once students enter a relationship, we find many of them acquiescing to a partner's timetable or emotional script. Some leave behind the bold stance they took with a stranger. "My first time with my current partner was out of control—we were all over the place in my apartment, talking dirty, being brazen. Since then it's still exciting—even better, but not so rough-and-tumble."

How to keep the wildness alive—that's a course that we would all sign up for.

READER RESPONSE

(continued from page 43)

CONGRESSIONAL SEX COPS

David Friedman loses his credibility and his theme by shaking his finger only at Republicans ("Congressional Sex Cops" *The Playboy Forum*, August). Unfortunately, there are Phyllis Schlaflys on both sides. Too bad Friedman got derailed. He had a good thing going.

Ed Parkison
Santa Rosa, California

Here in Chappaqua, as part of the local high school curriculum, all sophomores take health class. The class covers everything from drugs to homosexuality to birth control. Earlier this year, a number of parents accused the teacher of perverting the children. It was said that she and her class were responsible for making kids gay and that much of the birth control information and many of the videotapes shown in class were inappropriate for kids that age. These parents went to the school board and demanded the teacher's firing and massive curriculum changes. They also objected to the use of Magic Johnson's book about sex education and AIDS. Though this book has been approved by a number of reputable organizations and is used in many states, its bluntness was apparently too much. The book was not banned—it is still in the school library, though no longer in the health class. For now, the class remains virtually unchanged and the teacher is still a member of the faculty. A parental advisory board has been created to look over the curriculum. What will happen in the future is anybody's guess. I took this class and it served me well. Now that I'm in college, I understand even more how valuable it was that the class did not shy away from sensitive issues. Thank you for your continued fight against those who would keep children ignorant and intolerant.

Mark Richards
Chappaqua, New York

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BURGLAR BONER

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—*Thieves who broke into a health clinic stole dozens of bottles of drugs used to treat impotence, including some medications that can cause*

erections lasting up to five days. The drugs can cause "extreme discomfort," a police spokesman told Reuters. "We are looking for someone who is very embarrassed or very tired."

SUM OF THE SHAPES

STUART, FLORIDA—*A circuit judge threw out 32 felony child-porn charges filed against a 38-year-old businessman after ruling that prosecutors failed to prove the man had viewed the images. The defense lawyer argued that unconfigured data stored on a computer is not the same as a photo or movie. If you call the image onto your screen or hit the* PRINT *button, that's a different story, he said, "but there's no evidence he did that." In his ruling, the judge also noted that the images in question could have been images of adults digitally altered to resemble teenagers.*

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Senator Orrin Hatch (R–Utah), chairman of the Judiciary Committee, heard testimony this past summer in support of his Child Pornography Prevention Act, which has been introduced in the Senate. The proposed law would hand out prison terms of up to five years for possessing digital images that "appear to" involve minors or are described in a way that "conveys that impression." (Could typing "girls" instead of "women" put you in the slammer?) The American Library Association and other groups expressed concern that, if passed, the vaguely worded act could be used to censor artwork depicting nude children or images such as the Coppertone girl.*

EARLY WARNING

TORONTO—*The Ontario government is setting up a computer system that will automatically phone crime victims before offenders are released, or if they escape. The computerized victim notification system will dial victims, who must register their phone numbers, until it gets a human on the line. After the person punches in a code number, the computer plays a taped message. Similar victim notification systems are in place or being developed in 135 U.S. counties, including cities such as Louisville (where it debuted in 1993), Detroit, Miami, Tampa, Fort Worth, San Antonio, San Jose, Oakland and Atlanta.*

CARTOON COPS

GAFFNEY, SOUTH CAROLINA—*A state trooper ticketed a couple for indecency during a traffic stop after he spotted a sticker on their car that showed the cartoon character Calvin of "Calvin and Hobbes" urinating on the letters IRS. The trooper based his $47 citation on a 1990 state law banning any vehicle display that "describes, in a patently offensive way, sexual acts, excretory functions or parts of the human body." The ticket came two months after another driver in the area—a woman driving her daughter to a birthday party—was stopped and warned to remove a similar decal from her car.*

SWEEPING REFORM

BOSTON—*A state judge ordered 12 men who were arrested for soliciting an undercover policewoman to return to the scene of the crime—with brooms. As community activists and reporters watched, the eight men who showed up to complete the sentence spent two hours cleaning Chinatown alleys littered with used condoms and old mattresses. Critics say that "John Sweep" and similar programs designed to shame criminals are publicity stunts and offer nothing to deter offenders.*

SEX CRIME

EMMETT, IDAHO—*Saying he hopes to curb teen pregnancies and STDs, the county prosecutor dusted off a 1921 state law that bans sex outside marriage. One of his first catches was a pregnant teenager who was fined $10 for "fornication" and handed a 30-day suspended sentence, three years' probation and parenting classes. (As if she didn't have enough problems.) Her 16-year-old boyfriend received a similar sentence. "The judge said my case wasn't about sex," the girl told the Religion News Service. "He said it was about welfare and how much it costs taxpayers." Protesters carried picket signs outside the courthouse during her sentencing, including one that read,* IS LOVE A CRIME?

EARLY TO RISE

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—*Researchers who surveyed 198 couples in eastern and central Kentucky calculated that 10:34* P.M. *is the precise time when those polled were most likely to have sex. The couples, who were all having fertility problems, reported having sex most frequently between 10:01* P.M. *and 11:07* P.M., *with the average occurring at 10:34. "It has nothing to do with TV," the study's lead researcher*

says. "It's just the time that's most convenient." Predictably, younger men reported getting more action than older men: The 23-year-olds had sex an average of 14.8 times per month, for example, while 47-year-olds scored 4.6 times.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

AIDSWATCH

good news at last

Call it whiplash.

Within the space of a month, the nation's media went from hyping the latest AIDS scare ("How Dangerous Is Oral Sex?"—*Time*) to heralding the best news of the decade ("New Drug Cocktails Mark Exciting Turn in the War on AIDS"—*The Wall Street Journal*).

The range of stories shows the schizophrenic way America has dealt with the epidemic. We have fought the disease on two fronts—risk reduction through education, and the search for a cure or treatment.

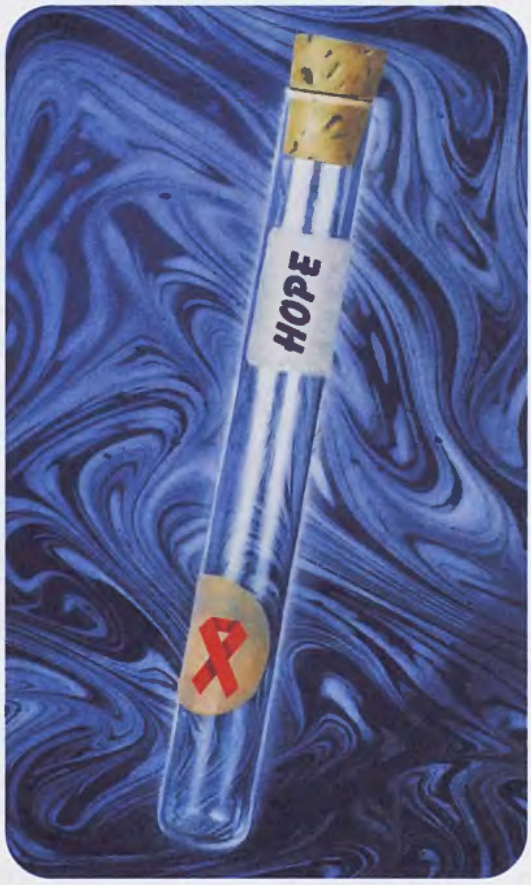
The oral sex story turned an odd piece of science into an overreaching bit of sex ed—and proved again that nothing sells like anxiety. Scientists studying simian immunodeficiency virus found that when they used a hypodermic needle to drop pure virus onto the tongues of macaques, the monkeys contracted the AIDS-like disease. The study found that oral administration was 830 times less efficient than direct injection (shared needles are still a primary route of infection among humans).

The scientists were startled to find that the dose required to infect a monkey orally was 6000 times smaller than the dose required to infect via the rectum.

What do these numbers really mean? When we read the study we were sympathetic—for the macaques. The research taught us to be wary of researchers in white coats approaching with needles. Sucking on a hypodermic is not oral sex. Humans do not usually transmit pure virus (the infectious agent is carried in cells). Also, human saliva contains substances—protease inhibitors—that guard against infection.

We have known for more than a decade that anal sex transmits the virus far more easily than vaginal intercourse does. Field studies of men who practiced only oral sex indicate that oral sex is a very unlikely route of infection. *Time* took the monkey study and tried to destroy faith in experience. Avoiding unprotected anal sex was not the be-all and end-all: "In other words, it's not enough to switch to oral sex; it's best to use a condom too."

Within a matter of weeks, news arrived from the second front. Trials of drugs based on protease inhibitors had demonstrated remarkable results—reversing the course of AIDS in patient after patient, and in some apparently eliminating the virus. By combining different drugs, AIDS patients could possibly come back from the edge of death.



PAMELA HODGES

"If the cure for AIDS was one glass of clean water, most people in the world today would not have access to treatment."

The stories that poured out of the 11th International Conference on AIDS in Vancouver were heartening. The treatment costs between $12,000 and $16,000 a year, which is still a huge savings compared with the costs of hospitalization. And further research is necessary to determine if the "cocktail" of drugs offers a maintenance therapy (similar to taking medicine for hypertension) or if it is a flat-out cure (researchers are looking for sanctuary sites where the virus might hide).

How did the world react to this news? AIDS activist groups used the numbers to criticize drug companies. They demanded to know how prices were determined, and questioned the ethics of profit taking when lives are at stake. Other groups stressed that these drugs are out of reach for Third World nations (where most citizens can't even afford condoms). At least one study at the AIDS conference predicted that simply treating other venereal diseases reduces the rate of HIV infection, but again, this approach is limited to countries that can afford it. Said one doctor, "If the cure for AIDS was one glass of clean water, most people in the world today would not have access to treatment."

The news raised basic questions about behavior. We read stories about AIDS patients suddenly having to plan for the futures they thought they'd never have. The news came just as reports surfaced that young gays are ignoring safe-sex lessons and engaging in the same behaviors that killed a generation of their elders. They had become fatalistic about the risk and, accepting that they were sentenced to death by their sexual orientation, defiantly embraced a fatal lifestyle. If sex doesn't kill you but instead destines you to an expensive form of assisted living, how do you make sexual choices? Will their behavior change?

Will yours?

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LIAM NEESON

a candid conversation with the feisty irish actor about political turmoil, his controversial new film and why he gave up boxing for fly-fishing

Exceptional actor and eloquent Irish talker that he is, Liam Neeson has described his profession as an "ancient craft of rogues and vagabond make-believers." The fact that he can toss off such a phrase sets him apart from most of today's actors, not to mention today's movie stars, who are apt to define ancient history as their last flop, agent or spouse. But Neeson's distinctions encompass more than his silver tongue, his massive physique—once a promising amateur boxer, he stands 6'4"—and his lightly ironic, slightly rueful sense of himself as a working stiff–cum–certified celebrity. His moving portrayal of Oskar Schindler, the flamboyant yet complex hero of Steven Spielberg's "Schindler's List," earned him an Oscar nomination. He won the role after Spielberg saw him in the 1993 Broadway revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie"—opposite Natasha Richardson, who is now his wife—and was struck by his powerful, lyrical presence as the drunken, seafaring coal stoker Mat Burke.

Neeson, a native of Northern Ireland, has made his presence felt in American entertainment for a decade. He played the deaf-mute Vietnam vet in "Suspect" as a passionate soul trapped in a damaged body, then brought a similar quality to the older, crippled Ethan Frome in the PBS adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Devotees of stylish pulp cherish "Darkman," a fantasy-thriller in which Neeson's supersmart scientist, Peyton Westlake, turns into a supertwisted avenger after being disfigured by an acid bath. Starring opposite Jodie Foster and Natasha Richardson in "Nell," he is a country doctor who discovers and tries to protect a young woman who has been raised apart from civilization. In Woody Allen's "Husbands and Wives," his romantic, plainspoken Irishman clearly tells the truth when he proclaims to the woman he loves: "I'm from a different era." Romantic passion also rules the roost in "The Good Mother," in which he plays an Irish sculptor opposite Diane Keaton. His appearance earlier this year as an American sculptor—and Meryl Streep's husband—in "Before and After" lent authority to a thinly written flop. The same is true of his work as an honest sheriff in "Leap of Faith," a comedy about a phony evangelist. The movie, with Steve Martin and Debra Winger, was supposed to be a big hit, but no one told the audience.

"Rob Roy," the story of the swashbuckling Scottish Highlander, displays Neeson's physical and dramatic gifts to greater advantage. That movie was one answer to the question of what an actor can do to follow an artistic and commercial success such as "Schindler's List." The next answer has come with "Michael Collins," a large-scale biography of the Irish Republican hero, which opened in theaters this fall.

Neeson was born in 1952 in Ballymena, Northern Ireland. His father, now deceased, was a school custodian, and his mother worked as a cook in the public school system. Neeson had planned to teach school and studied physics, computer science, math and drama at Queen's University, Belfast. But drama carried him off from a career in academia. In 1976 he joined the Lyric Players Theater in Belfast. Two years later he moved to the venerable Abbey Theater in Dublin, where he appeared in Brian Friel's "Translations." He won an acting award for his work in Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars" at the Royal Exchange Theater.

Neeson's screen work started when director John Boorman saw him playing Lennie in a Dublin production of John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" and cast him as Sir Gawain in the 1981 "Excalibur." That led to a string of performances in TV movies and TV series in the United Kingdom and the U.S., then to roles in such feature films as "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson's remake of "Mutiny on the Bounty"), Andrei Konchalovsky's "Duet for One," "A Prayer for the Dying" with Mickey Rourke and Bob

"Before college, I had been a model student. But at university, I just went to pieces. I didn't drink, didn't smoke, didn't date girls. I just sat in my room or went to physics lectures. My whole system just shut down."

"The trouble with both Protestants and Catholics is that we always look to the past instead of to the future. In Ireland, politics is talked about daily. Maybe that's the trouble—it's talked about too bloody much."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"As melancholic as I can be, I can turn on a sixpence and be absolutely ecstatic, which is a very Irish thing. I tend to gloat over the bad things with a lot more ease than I do over the good things."

Hoskins, and Roland Joffe's "The Mission," in which he plays a Jesuit priest. But his American career didn't take off until the mid-Eighties, when he made the fateful decision to move to Hollywood.

Success has transformed Neeson's life, but not so much as have marriage and fatherhood. He and his wife have a one-year-old son, Micheal, who is named after both Collins and Natasha's grandfather, Sir Michael Redgrave (her mother is Vanessa Redgrave, her father the late director Tony Richardson). They were expecting another child as this interview was being prepared. A few short years ago Neeson was a loner in the movie business with a house in Laurel Canyon, a reputation for solid professionalism and a powerful way with women, especially women who were smart, beautiful and/or famous. Gossip columnists linked him romantically to Helen Mirren, Brooke Shields, Sinéad O'Connor, Barbra Streisand and Julia Roberts.

Today he's a devoted family man who makes his home in Manhattan. He still has a reputation for solid professionalism, but in his movies also conveys sex appeal and such rare intangibles as kindness and decency.

We asked **Joe Morgenstern,** *film critic for "The Wall Street Journal," to meet with the actor in New York. Here is his report:*

"Liam Neeson has certainly accepted his success, even embraced it. For all his old-country dislike of Hollywood excess, I sense that he gets a kick out of turning up at Morton's for Oscar festivities, in Las Vegas for prizefights or at the White House for adventures in the politics of culture. At the same time, he seems to be searching for some sort of bump-up in professional status. It has nothing to do with conventional ambition but with a yearning, perhaps, for wider acceptance than he imagines he has achieved. He seems compelled to explore questions rather than spin or deflect them. Not that this makes him eager to talk with reporters. He's been burned in the past by things he's said about various women in his life, or by things he never said but that were attributed to him all the same. When we discussed getting together for this interview, he insisted that the subject of women was off the table; he's a husband and a father now, a man who speaks lovingly of his family.

"On one of our two days together we had a late lunch in an elegant restaurant on the Upper West Side. By the time our conversation wound down it was almost four o'clock, at which point two women came in for tea. They filed past our table without a glance, unaware of Neeson's presence. As soon as they sat down they started talking about movies, and during a lull in our own conversation we heard one of them say: 'I don't want to be entertained. That's why I loved "Schindler's List."' Neeson grinned wryly but said nothing."

PLAYBOY: You are playing Michael Collins. Who was he, and who did you think he was when you were growing up in Northern Ireland?

NEESON: He was a figure who was talked about in hushed conversation. You have to understand how it was then. I remember visiting my grandparents when I was eight years of age. They lived in Waterford, which is Republic of Ireland, and I lived in the North. I'd want to play with the kids in the street, but there were occasions when they wouldn't play with me because I was from the "Black North," as it was known. Because I "paid homage to the Queen."

PLAYBOY: They thought that you were English?

NEESON: They thought everyone from the North was English. I was staggered by that. I would tell my grandmom, "They're not playing with me because I look a queen or something." It was around that time when I started hearing about Michael Collins and Eamon De Valera, who became president of the Irish Republic. When I got into my teens, and especially after my one year at university, I started studying Irish history on my own and found out who Michael Collins was. I was immediately attracted to him because his potential had been cut off in the prime of life. He was so capable and so dynamic.

I'm proud of the fact that actors come from rogues and vagabonds who were shunned from time to time.

PLAYBOY: How old was he when he died?

NEESON: He was shot on August 22, 1922; he would have been 32 that October. He was the first man in Ireland's history to sit down and negotiate a treaty with England. And at that time the English cabinet was the crème de la crème of politicians: Winston Churchill, David Lloyd George, these staggering men! And in comes this big country lad from west Cork who brought the British Empire to its knees in Ireland through a series of master espionage strokes.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a hero right out of the movies.

NEESON: In Dublin you can buy posters of Michael Collins dressed as the commander in chief of the Irish Army. He looks like a typical hero in his uniform with his gun in a holster hanging low. But he was a statesman, a pen pusher. That's where his brilliance was, in financial organization. When he became leader of the government after the Anglo-Irish treaty was signed in 1921, he wore that uniform I think six more times in his life. And he was the opposite of De Valera, who produced, I feel, an Ireland that was conservative, very Catholic and quite inward-looking. Collins wanted to put Ireland in the world.

PLAYBOY: Yet the paradox is that Collins was the one who agreed to the partition.

NEESON: Well, he was hoodwinked by a masterful British cabinet. They were going to appoint a boundary commission a few months after the signing, but it never happened. So he was hoodwinked. Brilliantly so. But he got a free state that eventually did become a republic. Even though his friends turned against him and called him a traitor and said, "You should have come back with a republic," he said, "Look, the republic was never on the negotiating table. They would never have given us that, but what we have is freedom. These people, these occupying forces, are going to leave. We're going to have autonomy, and from there we can achieve a republic. Please see it as a stepping-stone." He was perfectly right, and he did this all at the age of 31.

PLAYBOY: He was always controversial, wasn't he?

NEESON: He was the most wanted man in Europe. Dublin back then, in the Twenties, was basically a big village. There was a curfew from ten at night until seven the next morning. Yet Collins always insisted on wearing steel toe caps on his shoes so that when he walked there was a loud click.

PLAYBOY: So he'd be noticed?

NEESON: Yes. He was inspired by a book by G.K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, about an organization that meets out in the open and is about to overthrow the government. He read the book and said, "That's the way—don't be covert and sneak around in shadows." So he dressed as a civil servant and rode around on a bicycle, and he whistled and stopped at checkpoints. He would talk with soldiers and offer them cigarettes—and he was the guy that they were looking for!

PLAYBOY: So it wasn't just a matter of defiance or megalomania, it was political consciousness.

NEESON: Absolutely. And it was a superb strategy that worked. I mean, he avoided capture.

There's a great story about when he went to Number 10 Downing Street for a meeting. Everybody was taking his photograph and it really pissed him off. He said, "Now we have no ace up our sleeve. Before this I was the Scarlet Pimpernel. Nobody knew what I looked like. Now my fucking face is all over the place. So these talks have to succeed."

PLAYBOY: How was he received by the British?

NEESON: Most cabinet members wouldn't shake hands with any of the Irish delegates, but Lloyd George did. He stood at

the entrance to the cabinet room and shook their hands and showed them where they were to be seated. That was the gesture the delegates were happiest with, shaking hands with the prime minister and not having to shake hands with the rest of them. But once they all get seated and they're all eyeing one another and wondering who's who, Collins asks, "Where's the men's room?"

As a butler shows Collins where the men's room is, Winston Churchill, who was at that time the minister of armaments, says, "So that's Michael Collins?"

Churchill goes out to have a pee too, and while he's at the urinal, he says, "So you're Mr. Collins."

"You're Mr. Churchill."

At that time, there was a price tag on Collins' head for £10,000, which was a fortune. And Churchill said to him, "Why, when I was your age, Mr. Collins, there was a price tag on my head of £20,000."

And Collins, without missing a beat, said, "I'm sure, Mr. Churchill. Everyone knows you're twice the man I am."

And left the men's room.

PLAYBOY: Yet many people would say that Collins had a price tag on his head because he was a terrorist and a murderer.

NEESON: But he actually worked for peace. When the treaty was ratified by the people of Ireland, he fought tooth and nail for peace. Of course, then the civil war started. He had to race all over the country meeting groups of men to try to stop the spread of war, because that was the time to build. That's what I love about him, and that's what I feel really comes across in the film. His detractors think he was an out-and-out terrorist, a thug, a brutal murderer. I don't believe that. He fought a war that he felt had to be fought, on principle, and once it was over he wanted to get on with the economy of the country.

PLAYBOY: Here we are, 74 years later, and again there's violence and terrorism involving the IRA.

NEESON: I'm very upset that that kind of mayhem has broken out again.

PLAYBOY: Is the situation hopeless?

NEESON: No. For two years, the people of Northern Ireland, both Protestant and Catholic, tasted a kind of freedom and peace, and they will not allow it to go back to what it was.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been threatened because of your visibility?

NEESON: I've had journalistic threats written in a very weird way because publicity I had done for *Schindler's List* was taken out of context. Someone asked me a question about Gerry Adams, and I said something to the effect that at least he's breaking the stalemate, something is being done, you know.

PLAYBOY: This was on his first trip to America?

NEESON: Yes. Of course, this was picked up in Europe, and the *Belfast Telegraph*, which is our local newspaper, printed something that made me sound like a big supporter of Adams. And a journalist said something like, "Mr. Neeson must now be scared for his life, for if Protestant paramilitaries read this or hear about this, he will be a legitimate target."

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

NEESON: I faxed a letter to the lord mayor in Ballymena saying how proud I was to be from there, that I went to schools with Protestants and Catholics and had a really good upbringing. My letter was published in various newspapers in Northern Ireland.

PLAYBOY: Does that make you reluctant to talk in public?

NEESON: No. That doesn't mean I refuse to talk about Anglo-Irish politics. I will obviously be getting into that one way or another.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a solution?

NEESON: The trouble with both Protestants and Catholics is that we always look to the past instead of to the future. Protestants and Catholics have so much in common in Northern Ireland. Unemployment, for one thing. Housing, for another. In Ireland, politics is like the weather. It's talked about

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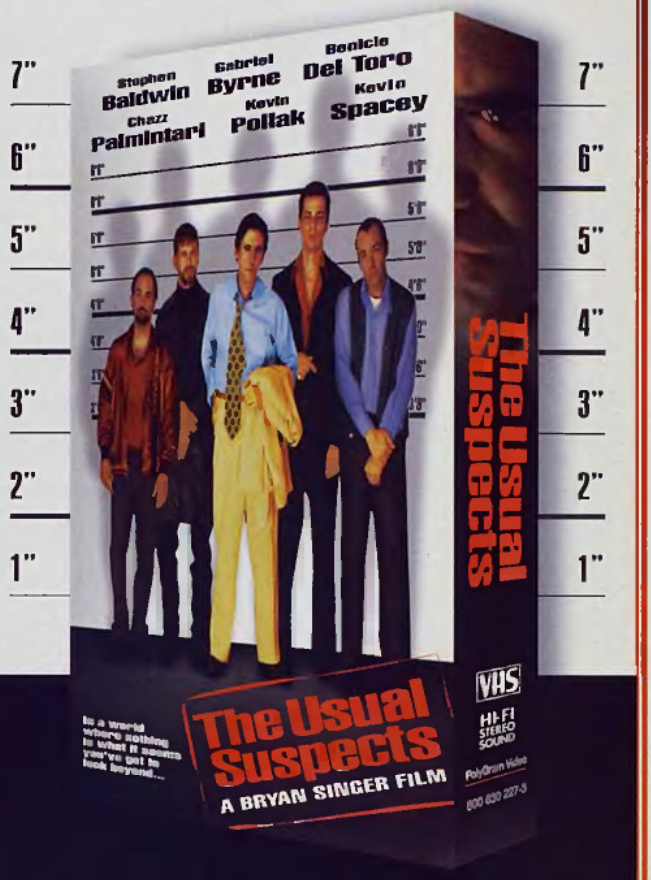

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daily. Maybe that's the trouble—it's talked about too bloody much.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in fairly modest circumstances.

NEESON: We were very working-class. I don't want to say we were poor, but there were certainly years when money to pay bills was a huge issue. That's not putting my mom and father down; that's just the way it was. But we had brilliant schooling. That's the other thing Northern Ireland is famous for—a fantastic level of education and literacy, which is actually the highest in the British Isles.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for that?

NEESON: In Ireland, education has always been of prime importance. For many years, Catholics were deprived of any kind of schooling. From those roots grew a passion to get an education because it was a ticket to a better life. And when the trouble was at its fiercest in the early Seventies, you didn't dare go out in the streets. All you did was stay in and do your homework.

PLAYBOY: What kind of student were you?

NEESON: I had one aborted year at Queen's University in Belfast. Before college, I had always been a model student. I respected my teachers. I always worked to get my homework done. But that was over when I went to university. There, nobody gives a damn if you go to your lectures or do your homework. And I just went to pieces. I didn't drink, didn't smoke, didn't date girls. I just sat in my room or went to physics lectures. My whole system just shut down. I wasn't ill. One of my sisters was there at the same time, and I used to go to her apartment. She only recently admitted that when she'd look out the window and see it was me at the door, she'd pretend she wasn't there. Because I would come in and just sit and not contribute anything.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you missed the structure you had in your earlier days.

NEESON: Yeah, that's true. That same year, something happened that affected the bowels of my soul. I went to a physics lecture, and in my catatonic state didn't notice that there were hardly any students about. The lecturer was very subdued, and there were maybe three other students in a class that normally had 20 or 30. I walked home after the lecture and was suddenly surrounded by a hundred students with placards, shouting, "Scab, scab, scab!" It was absolutely terrifying. I had no idea what they were talking about. I didn't know what the fuck I'd done. It turned out there were 13 people murdered in Derry the day before by British paratroopers. A wave of shock had gone through Northern Ireland, but not me.

PLAYBOY: You may not have been much of a student, but you were quite a boxer, weren't you?

NEESON: I was amateur, of course. I started when I was nine, though I couldn't enter competition until I was 11. I was a good classical boxer. I loved the science of the sport. I had a really good left jab, but I wasn't a crowd-pleaser because I hated to mix it up with the other guy. I'd sooner do the right thing according to the science of it.

PLAYBOY: How well did you do?

NEESON: I was Northern Ireland champion for three years, and I was a diocese champion for six years. I loved the training, I loved the paraphernalia of the sport. I know it sounds like a cliché, but it gave me a lot of respect for virtues such as dedication and discipline and respecting your fellowman.

PLAYBOY: After Lennox Lewis won an unpopular decision over Ray Mercer this past May, you were quoted as saying that Lewis was trying to follow too much of an American style of boxing. What did you mean?

NEESON: Boxing judges in America tend to give fights to boxers who are aggressive. In Europe, they tend to reward really good defense work and footwork; you know, if somebody throws a killer punch and the other guy blocks it in a classic way. That gets points. In this country it doesn't: The guy who throws

the punch, even though it may land with the inside of the glove, gets extra points because he's more aggressive. In that Lewis-Mercer fight I got hoarse from shouting "Stick and move! Stick and move!"

PLAYBOY: Stick and move?

NEESON: Stick with the left and move out of trouble. Just keep doing that. Because the other guy had shoulders like a brick shithouse and was a very good fighter. But Lewis always wanted to go in and prove to the audience, as a lot of boxers do, that "I can take this and I can give it as well." That's usually how they get beat. Take Ali and Frazier—Ali is a classic example of someone who should have stuck and moved.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Mike Tyson?

NEESON: I've seen him live three times. I saw the first Frank Bruno fight and a couple others that I can't even remember, they were over so fast. I think he's a wonderful heavyweight. I've never seen a fighter come into the ring who scares you like he does. But he's going through something in his own life, and he's growing up.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

NEESON: Well, at the age of 14, which wasn't that many years ago, this guy apparently was mugging people. But I see a real sweetness and goodness in the guy, too. I hope it doesn't get hammered out of him, and I don't mean by an opponent. He's lethal in the ring, and it will be exciting when he eventually goes against one of the classic heavyweights out there. There aren't that many of them, but I sense a showdown in the air.

PLAYBOY: Was there a showdown that ended your boxing career?

NEESON: I must have been 15, and it was in Ballymena. I think the competition was Northern Ireland Boys Clubs, and if you won you went on to the British Boys Clubs Federation. It was a big championship, and I was fighting a guy whose last name was Liggett. I remember there were three tough rounds. I lost the fight. I actually thought I won, but I lost the fight, and when I came out of the ring I didn't know who I was or where I was. I hadn't been knocked out, I was functioning. But my father came over to me and said, "Go to the dressing room and get changed," and I didn't know what that meant—"dressing room," "get changed." I must have looked catatonic. I started moving toward a doorway, then had to go downstairs. Everything gradually came back as I negotiated those stairs, holding on to the banister. It lasted maybe three minutes, but I got really scared. It's not as if I'd taken a hammering, but I thought, Well, that's fucking it.

PLAYBOY: You're essentially a working-class guy who married into an acting aristocracy, almost a royal family of the theater. Do you ever marvel at this turn of events?

NEESON: I don't, because aristocracy is a term my wife and I hate.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEESON: When you use words like that you think of tea on silver served on the croquet lawn at 2:30. We jokingly talk about us royals. It provides a good laugh. Natasha and her sister, Joely, had a tough upbringing, with Vanessa filming somewhere and their father making a film somewhere else.

PLAYBOY: Jodie Foster said of Natasha and you, "She's a cosmopolitan, socialized cynic like me, a brain. He lives in the messy world of instinct."

NEESON: Oh, yeah, "He doesn't have the stuff of words," or something.

PLAYBOY: True?

NEESON: It sounds very Jodie, but it's not true.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEESON: Well, to say that Natasha lives in her brain couldn't be further from the truth. She's the most sensual woman, in touch with everything that's real. That actually may be a description of Jodie, to tell the truth.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Natasha work differently? Do you have different styles?

NEESON: No, I think we're very similar in

our way of working. But she's much more meticulous than I am. She is always her own harshest critic. She would say, "I didn't get that moment." Or she would say, "You know, that moment is starting to get a bit flabby between us." She's a great one for keeping an eye on that. She'll probably be a very good director.

PLAYBOY: How are you both as actors?

NEESON: I think Natasha is more fearless than I am, actually.

PLAYBOY: Is that the heritage?

NEESON: I think so. It's also part of her psychological makeup. Even when I was acting with her in the O'Neill play on Broadway, she would experiment with little moments, she would always push the envelope. And I admire that.

PLAYBOY: Don't you do the same?

NEESON: Not so much as she does. If a moment is working for me, I want to kind of leave it alone. She will want to investigate it.

PLAYBOY: Is she more cynical?

NEESON: I'm certainly a much bigger cynic than Natasha is. I mean, if we're bantering with each other, she'll say, "You'll always see a dark cloud in the silver lining, whereas I try to see the silver lining." And then I'll go into a really thick Irish accent and say, "I can't be bothered going out today because something bad will happen." If something good happens, I'll say, "I wonder why that happened?" Or, "Why is this person praising me? What's behind it?"

PLAYBOY: Is it true that after all these years you're still uneasy with praise?

NEESON: Oh, yeah. I think one should be. I think praise fucks up lots of people. There should be a law—every would-be actor and every writer and director should go through theater training, real theater. And act in the classics—Shakespeare, Chekhov, Ibsen—just to learn the craft. It should be at its best a democracy. Being a star, being selfish, living in a cocooned world—that doesn't lead to growth. That just leads to death.

PLAYBOY: Offscreen, you tend to be accessible, and casual almost to the point of grunge.

NEESON: I like to think I am. Obviously, if we go to events, I enjoy dressing up. These extraordinary designers throw clothes at you, which always makes me terribly embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: Do you know that some designers pay stars to wear their clothes to big events?

NEESON: No, get away.

PLAYBOY: No one has ever offered you a wardrobe?

NEESON: Oh, Mr. Armani has. I have two tuxedos that he made for me, and if I were doing a press junket, for example, my publicist might call him up and say, 'Look, Liam is doing this in Europe.' Suddenly there's an invitation to go over to the New York showroom and get decked out with a couple of shirts or a jacket, something like that.

PLAYBOY: An offer you can't refuse?

NEESON: He's an extraordinary artist, and it's an honor to wear his stuff. Armani is the maestro. I went to one of his shows for men in Milan and it was extraordinary. I knew nothing about the fashion world, so it was something to be sitting there with my wife, with Eric Clapton beside us, looking at the fabric and how it falls on a particular jacket and sharing our thoughts. Armani invited us back to his house and there were all these interesting people. We went to his showroom in Milan the next morning—I felt quite embarrassed by that, so I left with maybe three ties and a pair of socks or something. I could never bring myself to point to all these great jackets and suits and say, "I want that, that and that." I just couldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: So you're shy about picking clothes. How about picking scripts?

NEESON: I'm beginning to get more tough-minded. I love reading scripts, the bad along with the good. But now if I'm on the fence about something, I'll ask Natasha to read it, and she'll say, "Well, this is good for that reason, or it's bad for that reason."

Being a star, being selfish, living in a cocooned world—that doesn't lead to growth. That just leads to death.

To which I'll respond, "Oh, yeah, I forgot about that. That's true. That's why the second act doesn't work."

PLAYBOY: Is she more analytical than you are?

NEESON: Well, she's another voice and she's very intelligent, very good at homing in to see exactly what's wrong with something. I'll flirt around it for a while and get discombobulated.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEESON: Because I don't think I have that sort of accuracy—we're talking about scripts now—as to why something's not working. I have to get up and rehearse it. I've been in situations where people are all sitting around with pens and paper going through the script, and an actor will say, "This line doesn't work for me." And I ask, "Why not?"

"Because I don't think he would say that."

I say, "Well, fuck it, at least get up and act the scene and see if it works."

PLAYBOY: You at least try to make it work.

NEESON: I try to make it work because that's my fucking job. Then if it doesn't work, we'll change it. That's the world I come from.

PLAYBOY: What do you enjoy in movies?

NEESON: What I love in films is a sense of real joy, like the recent Jon Avnet film with Michelle Pfeiffer and Robert Redford, *Up Close and Personal*. Did you see that? I loved it. It was like a throwback to Frank Capra's films. There was a chemistry that came across between them, and I loved it for that.

PLAYBOY: You're a pushover.

NEESON: That time I was. I surprised myself. I thought, here are two stars at their peak and they're really sharing with each other. You can sense that they like each other.

PLAYBOY: You say that every actor should be schooled in the classics, but you praise a big-budget formula picture. Do you really like mindless movies?

NEESON: That is what those kind of movies are—that Friday-night, buy-the-popcorn, sit-in-a-big-movie-theater movie where you just watch two wonderful stars. OK, you can take the script and say, "Where's the reality in this?" but for some films you have to push that aside and just enjoy them.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about movie stars. Do you see yourself as everybody else does, as solidly in the company of stars?

NEESON: Sometimes. I'm lucky to be doing this. Let's face it, the rewards are great, and it's a gamble to start with. It could easily not have been like this.

PLAYBOY: You and your family live in New York, where you seem happy. Someone said about you recently, "Oh, Liam is gloomy about living in Los Angeles and loves to talk about how he hates it. But he dances the dance just like everybody else." Is that true?

NEESON: Sure. Yeah. But on the outside you can be seen to dance the dance—whatever that means. The expression, to me, means someone snaps his fingers and you dance. I certainly never did that.

PLAYBOY: "Dancing the dance" doesn't mean that you're at somebody's beck and call. We took the comment to mean that you understand there are certain moves you have to make in a career and you make them.

NEESON: There are times I've had to do that and did. Like taking meetings with a director or a casting agent that I felt in my heart I shouldn't take because it didn't feel right, or the piece of material, even though I may have been interested in it before, was a pile of dross. In that way I've danced the dance. And inevitably you learn something at those meetings. You have to put on an act because you're feeling, God, this is awful, but you have a huge bill to pay next month.

So a lot of that shit goes on. Everybody

does it. Then you end up not getting the part. "Fuck 'em! That's definitely the last time I dance." And then, of course, you do again, because that's the nature of the beast.

PLAYBOY: What about playing the promotion game, dealing with the media?

NEESON: There's an incredible rudeness in the press, especially by photographers, that to my mind doesn't marry with this country. I love America, and I'm proud to have the chance to work here. And generally speaking, I see the country as very open, very gracious. Having lived in London, I can condemn the English press in other ways, but I never witnessed that kind of intrusion there. Alec Baldwin smacked some photographer here a while ago, and quite rightly, too. I would have followed up with a right hook. And not just one.

PLAYBOY: Have you read the unauthorized biography of you?

NEESON: I have. I had a lawyer note a couple things in it, too. It hurt because the author, Ingrid Millar, and I had a very good interview in Dublin two and a half years ago for an English magazine, I can't remember which. And then, unbeknownst to me, she went off and claimed in the foreword of the English version of the bloody book that she had talked with my family. She wrote acknowledgments to my sisters and to schoolteachers who never said boo to her.

PLAYBOY: So all of this is false?

NEESON: Honest to God—and I remember that interview with her, which I genuinely enjoyed. I felt it was such a smack in the face. I'm not saying she went out to knife me. She says a lot of stuff that's nice, but it's guff, you know? It sold one and a half copies, I think. Thanks be to God. But now a fan might stop me with the book and ask me to sign it, and that's the only thing I won't sign. Because that makes it sort of legitimate in a weird way. And it's an embarrassment to my mom. My mom's photograph is in the bloody thing.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to those dark clouds you see in silver linings. You connected them with cynicism earlier, but is there melancholy at work there as well?

NEESON: Oh yeah, I think so, sure.

PLAYBOY: I mean, people say glibly that it's the Irish nature, but——

NEESON: I certainly think it's in the Irish temperament, but as melancholic as I can be, I can turn on a sixpence and be absolutely ecstatic, you know? Which is a very Irish thing. I see it in my countrymen all the time. But yeah, I tend to gloat over bad things with a lot more ease than over the good things. Some critics have described my performances as soulful. I can see that.

PLAYBOY: Has fatherhood changed that?

NEESON: Well my son is one year old, he's still very young. He's changing, I'm changing, too. Certainly there is, if I were to dwell on it, a fear of the future. But I think fathers of every generation have felt that. I know my father did, watching the Rolling Stones on television. Guys with long hair. I could sense in his quietness, "What is the world coming to? And what will my son and three daughters grow up into if this is the image of youth?"

PLAYBOY: Was he right?

NEESON: He was right! What *is* the world coming to? And now the Rolling Stones are the elder statesmen of the rock-and-roll world. But I think every generation feels it. And I'm enjoying that in a warped kind of way. Enjoying those feelings for the first time and thinking, God, every parent in every country on this planet has felt exactly what I'm feeling now. Today I discovered an abrasion on my son's leg. It was just from dryness, from pulling himself across the carpet, but it was a major thing. Five o'clock this morning I was up with him and I saw that and my heart just started pumping. It was like, there's something wrong here. Just a tiny little rashy thing. And then when you quiet down and have a cup of tea, you think, Well, welcome to the club, Liam. You know, I'll always remember something Gabriel Byrne told me when I saw him and his little son, Jack, about four years ago. I was visiting them in the Hollywood Hills and I looked at this beautiful, longhaired, naked little boy running around at his father's knees. I've known Gabriel for many years, and I said, "God, Gabriel, what does that feel like?"

He said, "I'll tell you, when he was born I realized my place in the universe." And that's absolutely right. When Micheal was born it was just perfect, the jigsaw kind of came together. And then you start thinking, This is obviously how my father felt. And so the world turns.

PLAYBOY: You said something several years ago that also had to do with recognizing your place in the grand scheme of things. It was when you were starring in *Anna Christie* on Broadway with Natasha. You were talking with Francis X. Clines, from *The New York Times*, and you used a wonderful phrase. You talked about acting as an "ancient craft of rogues and vagabond make-believers."

NEESON: It's true. I'm proud of the fact that we come from rogues and vagabonds who were shunned from time to time. They would set up their little stage on the back of a cart and act plays. That in turn came from shamans—you still get this in cultures throughout the world—who were go-betweens for a tribe and God, or the ether, or whatever it is up there. The shaman would paint his face and dance around a fire, and it became a performance. But more than a performance, it was, I think, where actors come from—the storytellers and the go-betweens who explain to an audience something of the mystery of life. And that's the power of theater. Especially

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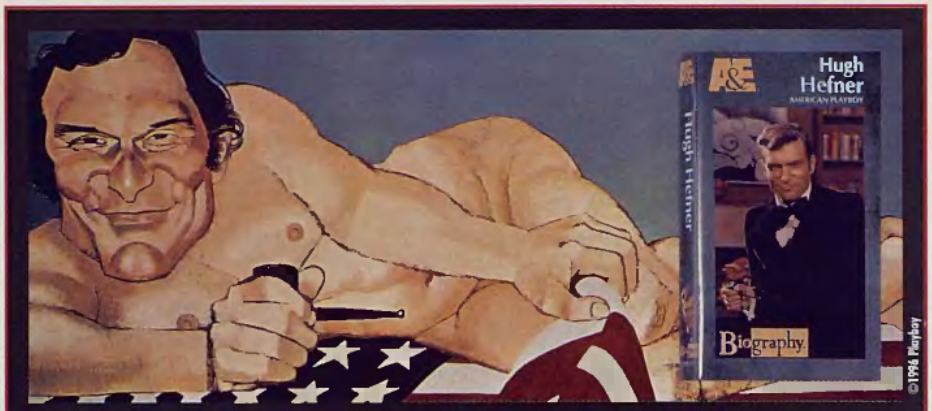

A&E BIOGRAPHY: Hugh Hefner

This fascinating profile provides an insightful look at Playboy founder and Editor-in-Chief Hugh Hefner. A self-professed romantic and dreamer, Hefner has made an immeasurable contribution to the sexual attitudes and mores of modern culture. This in-depth biography traces his early days as a boy in Chicago up to his present status as family man, patron of the arts and AIDS activist. Witness the man behind the myth from his wild days as the "original playboy" to his continuing influence on sex and society today. Also contains exclusive footage of the Playboy Mansion and interviews with daughter and Playboy CEO Christie, his wife Kimberley, and many other peers. You won't want to miss this intimate, entertaining portrait of one of the 20th century's most intriguing men! Approx. 100 min.

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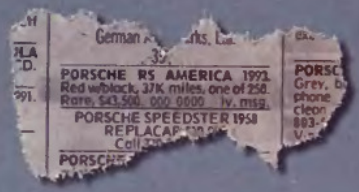

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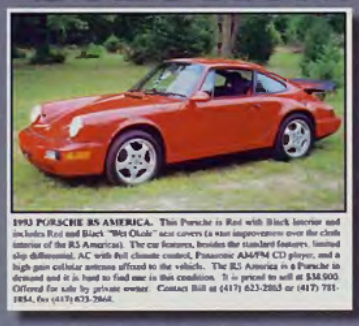

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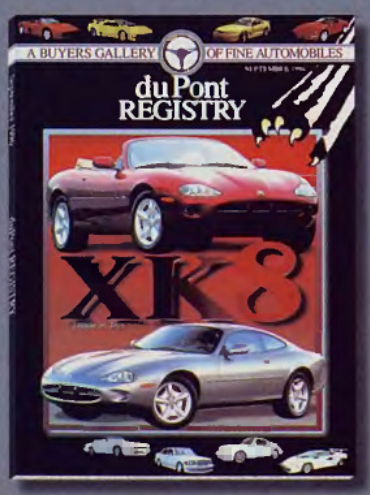

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when you see the work of one of the master playwrights—Shakespeare, Ibsen, Chekhov—and you get a sense of the religious. That's the purest form of it. I'm from that tradition—rogues and vagabonds who got kicked out of towns because society couldn't pin them down. They were mercurial, they played different characters, they wore different guises. And therefore they were always to be feared. They still are, I think.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your work on the stage. After you did *Anna Christie* with Rip Torn and the actress who is now your wife, you expressed a concern that in the early days of the run you were too theatrical.

NEESON: Whereas on camera I tend to think of myself as being almost too subtle.

PLAYBOY: Was it overcompensation, then?

NEESON: Well, before *Anna Christie*, I felt I was festering in Hollywood. I'd done this film *Leap of Faith*——

PLAYBOY: With Steve Martin.

NEESON: Yes, but leaving aside Steve, who's a friend, for me, doing that picture was soul-destroying. And I'll not go into details as to why. I just went through feeling so cheap and so dirty, being part of something that had the potential to be good but wasn't going to be. Realizing all that very early on and not connecting with certain people in the cast made me so fucking depressed. After that—I made sure the money was in the bank—I thought, I really have to get out of this town.

And then Natasha, who'd been in touch with me a couple times before that, said, "Look, we have a venue for doing *Anna Christie*." It was in that wonderful dark period in New York, coming up to Christmastime, and without a moment's hesitation, something in me said, "You have to do it." I was vaguely familiar with the play. I love O'Neill's work, and when I picked this up and read it, I cried because I knew I could just fucking go. Just breathe into it and barnstorm it and know what was right. I knew exactly how to be that character.

PLAYBOY: So Natasha had already been in touch with you to work together?

NEESON: To do this play, yeah.

PLAYBOY: *Leap of Faith* must have been quite a bitter disappointment for you because people were talking about it being a big hit.

NEESON: I think everybody talks about every film that's going to be made as a huge hit. That's one of the things I actually like about the film business—there's this eternal hope. And, certainly, of the scripts I'd read I thought it was very good. But it's that thing we were talking about before. Sometimes the chemistry doesn't work, even though the individual components are very good.

PLAYBOY: Someone once joked that the world is divided into people who like

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Braveheart and those who like *Rob Roy*. Two very different kinds of movies.

NEESON: With 400 years separating them.

PLAYBOY: Yet they get lumped together in some people's minds.

NEESON: Because Mel and I both wear skirts in them.

PLAYBOY: You both used the same Scottish locations in the highlands around Fort William, right?

NEESON: That's right. We arrived there about two years ago. Mel and his gang had been there just days before us, and we heard these awful stories that they had been rained on for five solid weeks. I had read *Braveheart* and thought the two stories couldn't be further apart. But the crew would always report some snippet of gossip they'd heard about money being spent and stuff.

PLAYBOY: Gibson's people spent lots of money?

NEESON: They had $60 million to spend and we had $23 million. But the locals at Fort William pumped up the prices because Gibson and Co. had been in before. I paid Central Park West prices to stay in a tiny house. It still galls me when I think about it. I was hoping the landlord would come around on the last day and ask for my autograph, because I was going to put him up against the wall and say, "Remember this, you cunt." It just galls me when I get taken like that. That was the legacy of *Braveheart* that immediately affected me.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the movie you're most famous for, *Schindler's List*. I've read different stories about how and when Steven Spielberg offered you the part. The one I've heard most is that he was backstage after seeing you in *Anna Christie*, and what swung it was that you hugged his mother-in-law—Kate Capshaw's mother—in a way he thought Oskar Schindler would have.

NEESON: I've read different stories, too, and they're so great I don't want to tamper with them. But the essence is true. I did a screen test for him. I worked on it for two weeks and rented a costume and did all that stuff.

PLAYBOY: A period costume?

NEESON: A period costume, yes. The great thing was that it was just Steven and me and a video camera at Universal. I always believe if there's something I really like, it's important to tell the director, "I want to do this." Just to cut through the bullshit. I certainly told Steven that. But after it was over I thought, You know something? If I don't get this, I've had the most wonderful half-day's work with one of the great film directors. Just the two of us working through a piece of text. And then I didn't hear from him, but I was so into *Anna Christie*—I was ecstatic doing this play and it became a success. Then Steven and Kate and his mother-in-law came to see it. Backstage, afterward, they were very gracious and I was determined not to say anything about *Schindler's List*.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

NEESON: No, I didn't. And I remember so well his mother-in-law coming to our dressing room after the play. There was the residue of tears, let's put it that way, on her cheeks. She was very moved by the play, so I went over and gave her a big hug. And apparently afterward Kate said, "That's just what Schindler would have done." So Steven called me a few days later and said, "The part's yours." And he then said, "You know, I enjoyed you in that play, especially when you wore the suit." There was one scene where I was all cleaned up, and he had been thinking, What would he look like as Schindler?

PLAYBOY: He didn't want a hairy ape.

NEESON: Right. But he said, "You know, I kept going back to the screen test, and that's what swung it." That's the truth, and it kind of debunks some of these stories. I mean, I did hug Kate's mom, and if something came out of that, then

I finished the play on a Sunday, and on Tuesday I was at the gates of Auschwitz, dressed as Oskar Schindler.

great. Anyway, I finished the play on a Sunday, and on Tuesday at 5 A.M. I was at the gates of Auschwitz, dressed as Oskar Schindler. And I still feel guilty because on the flight over I read *What's It All About*, Michael Caine's autobiography. I felt like a peevish schoolboy. As I was flying into Europe I thought, I must pick up this script, I have a huge scene tomorrow. But I couldn't put down the autobiography.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it was just that picking up the script and plunging into the emotional depths was forbidding.

NEESON: I know, keep it pushed back—it's true. And particularly *Schindler's List*, because of course there is any amount of research one can do on the guy and the period and all the rest of it. I saw tapes of the real Oskar Schindler, and I had stacks of books and stuff on that whole Nazi period. But I thought, It's almost pointless reading this, because I'm going to have an attitude. The thing is, back in that period nobody knew what the hell was happening. Rules were being invented every second. You didn't know where to stand, what to say. It's best to keep that ignorance, so I resisted as much as possible reading about the period. Now I'm reading about the Holocaust. I'm still going into bookshops and looking for survivor stories and stuff.

PLAYBOY: You said darkly to somebody in an interview, "*Schindler* isn't going to turn me into Kevin Costner."

NEESON: Did I say that?

PLAYBOY: It's said you said it. And it makes sense that you'd worry about it. Everybody in the business wants to have as much freedom to operate as they can get. Costner's and Tom Cruise's success gives them that freedom. Is that what you want?

NEESON: The thing about Kevin and Tom is, they have these production entities. They're very clever. And they're also astute businessmen.

PLAYBOY: You don't have any ambitions in that direction?

NEESON: Not really, no.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever yearn for the bygone days of the studio system?

NEESON: There's a lovely thing Richard Harris said about the studios and how they've changed. He said, "When I was out there"—in the early Sixties, I think it was—"if I picked up the phone on Monday and asked for somebody in charge, if his name was John, I spoke to John. If I was told to call back on Friday, I called back on Friday and I could still speak to John. Nowadays, you speak to John on Monday, and by the time you get to Friday you're speaking to Frank. John is not there anymore. Nobody knows who he is."

PLAYBOY: Would you have wanted to make movies during the days of the studio system?

NEESON: It would have been wonderful to be part of that, clock in every day at six like an honest tradesman. Then someone would say to you, "Today you're Lord Ponseroy and you're defending the castle." And four weeks later you would put on a gun belt and go to Dodge City. But God, it must have been exhausting.

PLAYBOY: What about the endless publicity that stars did on command?

NEESON: But at the same time the studios protected you. If you got into any trouble, they were there for you.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about an upcoming Oscar in your life, Oscar Wilde. He is obviously a departure from Michael Collins.

NEESON: Yes, but he's Irish.

PLAYBOY: Here we have a conspicuously heterosexual actor playing one of the most astounding homosexuals in the history of literature. But it does present a few challenges.

NEESON: Sure. Oscar Wilde was always kind of a hero of mine. I've never acted in any of his plays, though I've enjoyed reading them. I mean, we all know stories of Wilde's wit and the things he's

(concluded on page 157)

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TOXIC TERROR

right-wing zealots have a deadly surprise in the air

article by Michael Reynolds

AMERICANS GREW NERVOUS about terrorism this past summer. Someone set off a huge truck bomb that killed 19 U.S. servicemen. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms busted members of a militia unit, the Viper Team, that packed enough explosives and firepower to take down part of Phoenix. TWA flight 800 disintegrated off Long Island, killing 230. Then a pipe bomb went off during the Olympics in Atlanta, leaving one person dead.

If those events made you jittery, you had better stop reading. What follows is a lot scarier.

The first rumblings could be detected back in the early Nineties. Japanese authorities paid little attention to Shoko Asahara when he began broadcasting charges that he and his Aum Supreme Truth cult were the targets of a biochemical attack by a satanic New World Order guided by Freemasons, Jews and the U.S. government. After two gas attacks on unsuspecting Japanese citizens, the blind Asahara and his apocalyptic cohorts were themselves facing charges of murder and biochemical terrorism.

The sarin attacks on the Tokyo subway and the village of Matsumoto opened a new door for terrorists. "The attack in Japan has global implications," said Israeli terrorism specialist Yonah Alexander. "It's a quantum leap to terrorism by mass destruction."

Several years ago the CIA warned that "clandestine production of chemical and biological weapons for multiple-casualty attack raises no greater technical obstacles than does the clandestine production of chemical narcotics or heroin. One successful incident would significantly lower the threshold of restraint on their application by other terrorists."

That nasty cat left the bag on the Tokyo subway in March 1995. The attack showed that deployment of nerve gas, plague, anthrax or an infectious virus into a populated area is not beyond the capabilities of even a small band of enterprising terrorists.

Biochemical agents can be introduced easily into a building's ventilation system. Effective mass destruction can be accomplished with a payload aboard a single-engine Cessna such as the one that crashed into the White House a few years ago. If one crazed amateur can violate the airspace of what is supposed to be the most secure building in America and leave his plane piled up a few feet from the president's bedroom, a dedicated terrorist can manage a

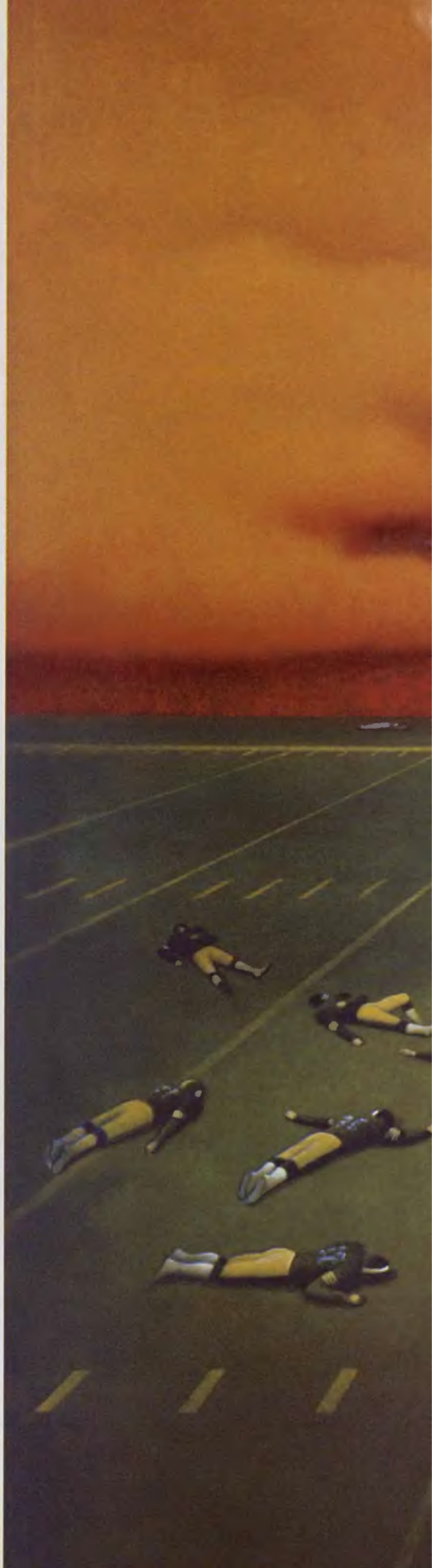


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

successful airborne biochemical attack on any major city in the country.

It is likely only curious coincidence that the Japanese cult was reportedly experimenting with and manufacturing biochemical-warfare agents at the same time several members of the Minnesota Patriots were concocting batches of a deadly material called ricin. Thomas Lavy, a former pipeline electrician who, on an April day in 1993, was driving a truck from Alaska to Canada, en route to Arkansas, was also implicated in carrying ricin. When Canadian customs agents searched the truck they found four guns, 20,000 rounds of ammunition, 13 pounds of black powder, neo-Nazi literature and three handy little books: *The Poisoner's Handbook*, *Silent Death* by Uncle Fester and *Get Even: The Complete Book of Dirty Tricks*. The first two books detail how to extract ricin from castor beans. Also present were a plastic bag filled with white powder, and about $80,000 in cash.

"Be careful," Lavy said to the inspectors. "Don't open that bag. That's ricin. It'll kill you."

A call was placed to U.S. Customs for a computer check on the man. It came back negative: no arrest warrants pending. The Canadians had Lavy fill out the proper forms for the cash and sent him on his way without the bag. They labeled it "unknown white powder" and put it on a storage shelf.

It remained there for weeks, 130 grams of a toxic natural poison. Had anyone been curious enough to open the bag, the inhalation of a single particle would have introduced its victim to exploding red blood cells—internal hemorrhaging.

Ricin is a toxin consisting of one or more proteins found in the common castor bean, *Ricinus communis*. Simple procedures can separate crude ricin from the bean into a variety of protein products that have extremely toxic effects. They all are deadly. Ricin is comparable in toxicity to the most potent synthetic nerve poisons. It is 6000 times more toxic than cyanide. There is no antidote.

Symptoms? If taken by mouth, after a delay of several days there are vomiting and high fever. Death can occur up to 14 days after the onset of symptoms. Injected or inhaled, the results are the same as if ingested orally, but the symptoms (fever, malaise, weakness) begin within several hours and death occurs in a few days. Death is from systemic failure, similar to shock.

Ricin is one of the deadliest plant toxins known. It is impossible to detect in an autopsy because it is a protein. It is odorless, tasteless, untreatable and fatal even in minute doses.

So what was Lavy doing with enough of the stuff to wipe out a large suburb?

Thomas Lavy took the answer with him when he hanged himself in an Arkansas jail cell two days before Christmas last year. He had been arrested on December 20 by FBI agents who had surrounded his little stone house in northern Arkansas. Inside Lavy's house agents found a tin Christmas fruit can filled with a pound and a half of castor beans and more recipe books for making ricin.

Lavy's attorney, Sam Heuer, said his client had planned to use his ricin for peaceful purposes, such as killing coyotes that threatened his chickens. "We have the right to have rat poison or coyote poison," said Heuer. "Just like we have the right to have a .357 Magnum."

Robert Govar, a federal prosecutor in Arkansas, countered that such claims "would be tantamount to saying you can use a thermonuclear device to protect your property from break-in or burglary."

It is one of the deadliest plant toxins known. It is impossible to detect in an autopsy because it is a protein. It is odorless, tasteless, untreatable and fatal even in minute doses.

When Lavy killed himself he was facing a charge of possession of a toxic substance with intent to use it as a weapon under the Biological Weapons Antiterrorism Act of 1989. Curiously, possession of ricin is not against the law. The law applies only if it can be proved that you plan to use it as a weapon. In Lavy's case it was clear that the amount of poison he had amassed was more than enough to kill every coyote in at least five states.

Were there others on Lavy's wavelength out there?

On the morning of May 20, 1992 Colette Baker walked into the Pope County, Minnesota sheriff's office with marital problems. She said her husband, Doug, had pointed a shotgun at her and threatened to kill her. While this was disconcerting enough, Colette said Doug had something else that might be of interest to the sheriff. She said Doug had some poison that could "kill a person on contact."

The next day Baker returned carrying a red coffee can and set it down on the sheriff's desk. She took out a baby-food jar, a fingernail-polish bottle, a pair of white rubber gloves and a scrap of paper with a handwritten note that read:

> DOUG, Be extremely careful! After you mix the powder with the gel, the slightest contact will kill you! If you breath [sic] the powder or get it in your eyes, your [sic] a dead man. Dispose all instruments used. Always wear rubber gloves and then destroy them also. Good hunting!
>
> P.S. Destroy this note!

Colette added that her husband also had an arsenal of weapons and ammunition, plus a few explosives. Tellingly, Doug Baker's friend Richard Oelrich had run afoul of tax collectors and was being hit by the IRS for back taxes.

The banal assortment of household containers Colette brought into the sheriff's office was sent on to FBI chemist Thomas Lynch in Washington, D.C. Lynch identified the powder in the baby-food jar as *Ricinus communis*. Nearly a full gram of it. The green gel was dimethyl sulfoxide mixed with skin cream. The DMSO was a powerful enough solvent that any poison mixed with it would be absorbed through the skin and into the bloodstream in a matter of seconds.

Lynch was impressed by the Minnesotans' straightforward but clever delivery system. It wasn't so technically complex as what the Bulgarian secret police used on a defector 15 years earlier, but the results would have been the same: certain death. In 1978 a Soviet-sponsored assassin reached out with the tip of his umbrella outside a London Underground station and touched the thigh of Georgi Markov. The fitted tip injected a tiny perforated pellet filled with ricin beneath Markov's skin. At the autopsy all that was found were the remains of the pellet, which was slightly larger than a pinhead. The ricin, being protein-based, had been completely absorbed by Markov's system. The only trace detectable was in a microscopic fragment of the pellet.

If the biotoxin and DMSO cream were smeared on a door handle or steering wheel, the ricin would disappear by the time a medical examiner laid hands on the victim.

The FBI and U.S. Marshal's Office in Minnesota obtained court-ordered records from phones believed to be used by Doug Baker, Richard Oelrich and others. A federal cooperating witness said he heard who had the poison, who paid for the castor beans and who processed the beans into ricin. Eventu-

(continued on page 122)

"We've completely taken over Earth's political systems, profoundly altered its ecology in our favor, and—outside of a few nutcases—all of its inhabitants refuse to admit we even exist!"

DONNA DOES *BAYWATCH*, DAYS AND NIGHTS

she's no longer behind the wheel of her limo, but miss september 1995 is clearly in the driver's seat

WHEN WE HAD the pleasure of introducing our readers to Playmate Donna D'Errico, she was driving a limo in Las Vegas. That was September 1995. For any Vegas-bound vagabonds who had hopes of hitching a ride with Donna, we have bad news: She and the limo have parted company. But you can still get a lift from Donna twice a week, and you don't even have to get off the couch. Donna has become superhot, landing a dual role that puts her in the television spotlight on both the hit show *Baywatch* and its spin-off series *Baywatch Nights*. Not bad for someone who only a year ago was thinking about moving to Los Angeles and hoping to do some acting.

Donna's career has moved along at such a breakneck pace, you would almost need to watch the slow-motion replay to figure out what has happened. In her breathless retelling of it, Donna arrived in California last fall and immediately started auditioning. She promptly landed roles on *Married With Children*, *Unhappily Ever After* and *High Tide*. Her big break came when she interviewed for *Baywatch Nights*, which had already begun shooting. Even though hundreds of actresses had preceded Donna, the producers knew instantly that she was a perfect match for the role, right down to the name of her character, Donna.

Our story line: Adorable blonde Playmate becomes an overnight sensation on *Baywatch*. It's not a rerun. Donna is a hit on the beach.

She joined *Baywatch Nights* in midseason last year, appearing in 12 episodes. Fittingly, she made her first appearance at the beach in a limo. But this time she was in the backseat. On the show Donna plays the owner of a club where the *Baywatch* gang hangs out. On our favorite episode, she drives three toughs out of the place by challenging them to a game of eight ball and running the table. But her secret ambition is to be a lifeguard, thus her character's crossover opportunity between the two shows. Donna is "ecstatic" about making regular waves on two *Baywatch* productions, and she enjoys the challenge of working 14-hour days. "I like it that way. There's no time to goof off or get into trouble." Donna also is excited about the new direction *Baywatch Nights* is taking this season. "They are downplaying the detective angle and turning it into more of an exploration of the paranormal." Think of it as *The X-Files* meets Venice Beach. As for the other beach babes and sand dudes on the two shows, Donna says, "I adore everybody I work with. The cast has been wonderful to me." Surprisingly, the only cast member she hasn't met is Pamela Anderson Lee. "Pam has been incredibly busy, what with having the baby and all. But I'm looking forward to meeting her." Now that would certainly be a terrific photo for the scrapbook.

"It's just mind-boggling," soys Donna of her rapid rise to stardom. Yes, it may seem so, but we have to credit all her hard work.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

The final step for Donno in landing her role on *Baywatch Nights* was getting the approval of series star David Hasselhaff. "If you pout you're out," he warned her once. "I would never take what I've got far granted," she says.

A note of irony about Donna's role on *Baywatch*: Last year she told us offhandedly that she couldn't swim. Some people get to Los Angeles and take acting lessons. Donna takes swimming lessons. Now she's swimming in offers, but with 14-hour shooting days, there's no time to act on them. And Donna isn't one to let success go to her head. "I'm soaking up the sun while it's there," she says. Lucky sun.

THE DARK SNOW

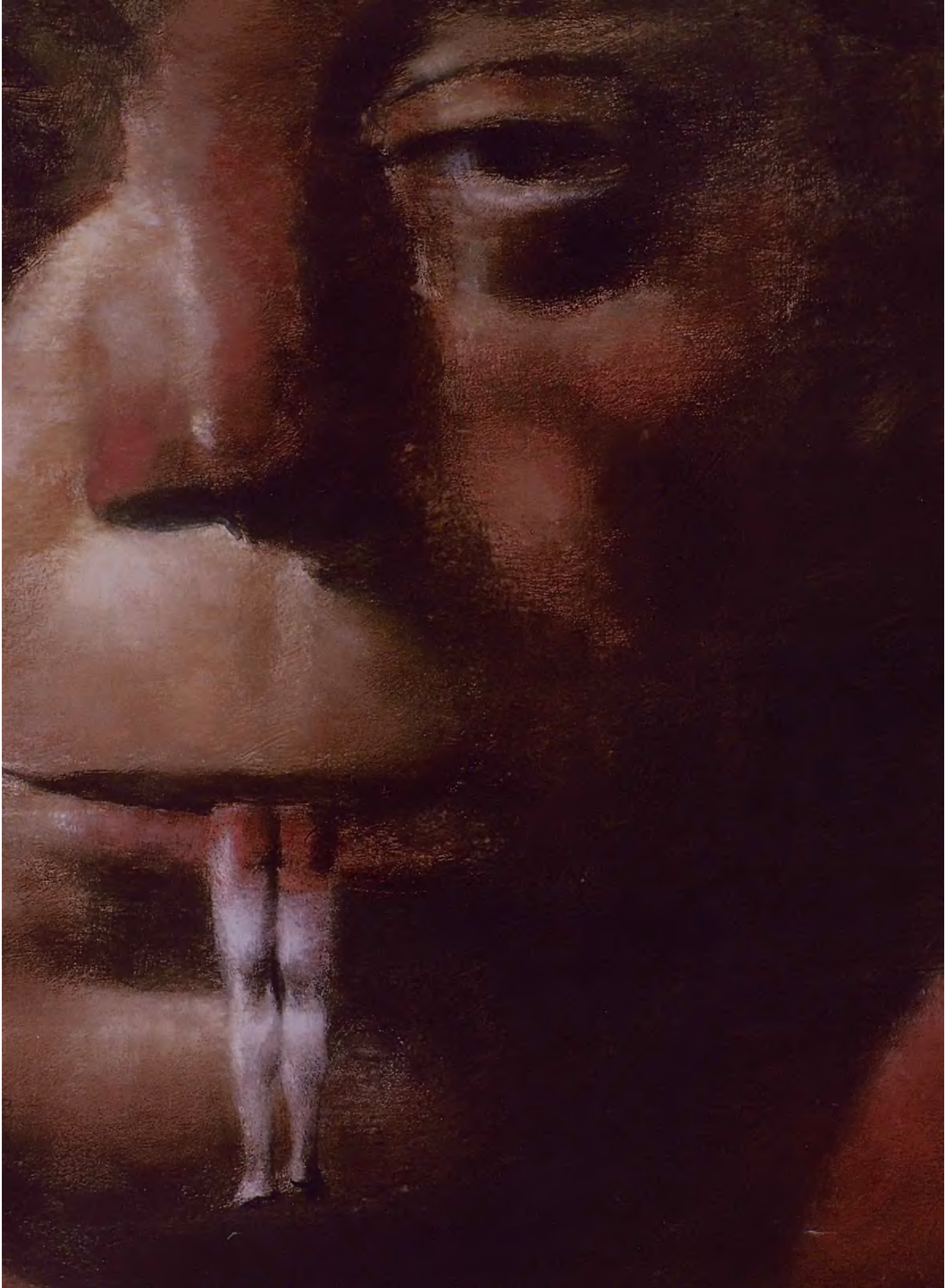
fiction by BRENDAN DUBOIS

ever seen blood on snow at night? it steams at first, and then it gets real dark. you wouldn't want to have a serious accident near my house

When I get to the steps of my lakeside home, the door is open. I slowly walk in, my hand reaching for the phantom weapon at my side, everything about me extended and tingling as I enter the strange place that used to be mine. I step through the small kitchen, my boots crunching the broken glassware and dishes on the tile floor. Inside the living room with its cathedral ceiling the furniture has been upended, as if an earthquake had struck.

I pause for a second, looking out the large windows and past the enclosed porch, down to the frozen waters of Lake Marie. Off in the distance are the snow-covered peaks of the White Mountains. I wait, trembling, *(continued on page 80)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



A KNACK FOR KNITS

GOT THE ITCH FOR A NEW SWEATER? PULL ON ONE OF THESE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

THERE ARE a number of basics men need for protection in life: umbrellas, shoes, condoms and, on chilly nights, sweaters. This winter, we suggest you pull on one—but don't get flashy. The best are simple knits in subtle colors. Some great looks: a ribbed or waffle knit with a contrasting pattern, such as a black background with a white design. Try a bulky ski sweater with a roll-down or mock turtleneck in one of this season's hottest prints—retro snowflakes—or a tightly knit merino sweater with a smooth finish. This year you can even try a sweater set (they're not just for women anymore) that consists of a cardigan and matching turtleneck or mock turtleneck. In terms of material, the most delicate fabrics are plush cashmere (the higher the ply, the more luxurious the knit) and soft mohair—their opposite is rugged, water-resistant and almost indestructible boiled wool. And if you are into nostalgia, try a sweater made of yarn. They're stylish and warm, just like grandma used to knit.

It would be nice to escape to Maui or Boro Boro when Old Man Winter starts breathing heavy. For those of us who can't get away, there's a handsome—and warm—alternative: the perfect sweater. These rugged wool and plush cashmere styles are designed to keep even the most thin-skinned men toasty until the spring thaw. Clockwise from the top: A patterned six-ply cashmere turtleneck sweater with ribbed neck, cuffs and waistband, by Malo (about $1300). A merino ribbed zip-front cardigan with a zippered chest pocket and a rounded neckline, by Richard Edwards ($150). An ivory-and-gray dyed wool-and-mohair sweater with a johnny collar (a soccer-jersey collar attached to a V-neck), by Donna Karan (about $600). A boiled-wool ribbed turtleneck sweater with a ribbed neck and ribbed pattern around the arms and waistband, by Nicole Farhi (about $180). A merino ribbed mock turtleneck by Richard Edwards ($150). A zip-turtleneck sweater with a woven waffle pattern, by Missimo (about $150). A white cashmere cable-knit turtleneck by Ermenegildo Zegna ($1250).

Many of this season's sweaters are as fashionable on the slopes as they are on the street. Clockwise from the top: A black-and-white snowflake-patterned turtleneck sweater with contrasting striped neck and sleeves, by Ermenegildo Zegna ($350). A black merino-wool flat-knit turtleneck sweater with a contrasting white-and-charcoal chevron pattern on the front, by DKNY ($165). A black wool turtleneck sweater with the Emporio Armani logo down the sleeve, by Emporio Armani ($310). A charcoal-colored lamb's-wool-and-mohair turtleneck with a snowflake Fair Isle pattern, by Cesarani ($120). A mock turtleneck Fair Isle sweater with banded cuffs and banded waistband, by Iceberg (about $400). A beige-and-charcoal color-blocked sweater with a snowflake pattern and a ribbed mock turtleneck, from PS by Paul Smith (about $260).

STEAMER TRUNK COURTESY OF LOUIS VUITTON

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

DARK SNOW

(continued from page 74)

"I miss my weapons. You've seen my files, you know the places Uncle Sam has sent me."

my hand still curving for that elusive weapon. They are gone, but their handiwork remains. The living room is a jumble of furniture, torn books and magazines, shattered pictures and frames. On one clear white plaster wall, next to the fireplace, two words have been written in what looks to be ketchup: GO HOME.

This is my home. I turn over a chair and drag it to the windows. I sit and look out at the crisp winter landscape, my legs stretched out, holding both hands still in my lap, which is quite a feat.

For my hands at that moment want to be wrapped around someone's throat.

•

After a long time wandering, I came to Nansen, New Hampshire in the late summer and purchased a house along the shoreline of Lake Marie. I didn't waste much time, and I didn't bargain. I made an offer that was about a thousand dollars below the asking price, and in less than a month it belonged to me.

At first I didn't know what to do with it. I had never had a residence that was actually mine. Everything before this had been apartments, hotel rooms or temporary officer's quarters. The first few nights I couldn't sleep inside. I would go outside to the long dock that extends into the deep blue waters of the lake, bundle myself up in a sleeping bag over a thin foam mattress and stare up at the stars, listening to the loons getting ready for their long winter trip. The loons don't necessarily fly south; the ones here go out to the cold Atlantic and float with the waves and currents, not once touching land the entire winter.

As I snuggled in my bag I thought it was a good analogy for what I'd been doing. I had drifted too long. It was time to come back to dry land.

•

After getting the power and other utilities up and running and moving in the few boxes of stuff that belonged to me, I checked the bulky folder that had accompanied my retirement and pulled out an envelope with a doctor's name on it. Inside were official papers that directed me to talk to him, and I shrugged and decided it was better than sitting in an empty house getting drunk. I phoned and got an appointment for the next day.

His name was Ron Longley and he worked in Manchester, the state's largest city and about an hour's drive south of Lake Marie. His office was in a refurbished brick building along the banks of the Merrimack River. I imagined I could still smell the sweat and toil of the French Canadians who had worked here for so many years in the shoe, textile and leather mills until their distant cousins in Georgia and Alabama took their jobs away.

I wasn't too sure what to make of Ron during our first session. He showed me some documents that made him a Department of Defense contractor and gave his current classification level, and then, after signing the usual insurance nonsense, we got down to it. He was about ten years younger than I, with a mustache and not much hair on top. He wore jeans, a light blue shirt and a tie that looked as if about six tubes of paint had been squirted onto it, and he said, "Well, here we are."

"That we are," I said. "And would you believe I've already forgotten if you're a psychologist or a psychiatrist?"

That made for a good laugh. With a casual wave of his hand, he said, "Makes no difference. What would you like to talk about?"

"What should I talk about?"

A shrug, one of many I would eventually see. "Whatever's on your mind."

"Really?" I said, not bothering to hide the challenge in my voice. "Try this one on then, doc. I'm wondering what I'm doing here. And another thing I'm wondering about is paperwork. Are you going to be making a report down south on how I do? You working under some deadline, some pressure?"

His hands were on his belly and he smiled. "Nope."

"Not at all?"

"Not at all," he said. "If you want to come in here and talk baseball for 50 minutes, that's fine with me."

I looked at him and those eyes. Maybe it's my change of view since retirement, but there was something trustworthy about him. I said, "You know what's really on my mind?"

"No, but I'd like to know."

"My new house," I said. "It's great. It's on a big lake and there aren't any close neighbors, and I can sit on the dock at night and see stars I haven't seen in a long time. But I've been having problems sleeping."

"Why's that?" he asked, and I was glad he wasn't one of those stereotypical head docs, the ones who take a lot of notes.

"Weapons."

"Weapons?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I miss my weapons." A deep breath. "Look, you've seen my files, you know the places Uncle Sam has sent me and the jobs I've done. All those years, I had pistols or rifles or heavy weapons, always at my side, under my bed or in a closet. But when I moved into that house, well, I don't have them anymore."

"How does that make you feel?" Even though the question was friendly, I knew it was a real doc question and not a from-the-next-barstool type of question.

I rubbed my hands. "I really feel like I'm changing my ways. But damn it. . . ."

"Yes?"

I smiled. "I sure could use a good night's sleep."

•

As I drove back home, I thought, Hell, it's only a little white lie.

The fact is, I did have my weapons.

They were locked up in the basement, in strongboxes with heavy combination locks. I couldn't get to them quickly, but I certainly hadn't tossed them away.

I hadn't been lying when I told Ron I couldn't sleep. That part was entirely true.

I thought, as I drove up the dirt road to my house, scaring a possum that scuttled along the side of the gravel, that the real problem with living in my new home was so slight that I was embarrassed to bring it up to Ron.

It was the noise.

•

I was living in a rural paradise, with clean air, clean water and views of the woods and lake and mountains that almost broke my heart each time I climbed out of bed, stiff with old dreams and old scars. The long days were filled with work and activities I'd never had time for. Cutting old brush and trimming dead branches. Planting annuals. Clearing my tiny beach of leaves and other debris. Filling bird feeders. And during the long evenings on the front porch or on the dock, I tackled thick history books.

But one night after dinner—I surprised myself at how much I enjoyed cooking—I was out on the dock, sitting

"Actually, that's my cellular phone, but I <u>am</u> glad to see you."

in a Fifties-era web lawn chair, a glass of red wine in my hand and a history of the Apollo space program in my lap. Along the shoreline of Lake Marie, I could see the lights of the cottages and other homes. Every night there were fewer and fewer lights, as more of the summer people boarded up their places and headed back to suburbia.

I was enjoying my wine and the book and the slight breeze, but there was also a distraction: three high-powered speedboats, racing around on the lake and tossing up great spray and noise. They were dragging people along in inner tubes, and it was hard to concentrate on my book. After a while the engines slowed and I was hoping the boats would head back to their docks, but they drifted together and ropes were exchanged, and soon they became a large raft. A couple of grills were set up and there were more hoots and yells, and then a sound system kicked in, with rock music and a heavy bass that echoed among the hills.

It was then too dark to read and I'd lost interest in the wine. I was sitting there, arms folded tight against my chest, trying hard to breathe. The noise got louder and I gave up and retreated into the house, where the heavy thump-thump of the bass followed me in. If I'd had a boat I could have gone out and asked them politely to turn it down, but that would have meant talking with people and putting myself in the way, and I didn't want to do that.

Instead, I went upstairs to my bedroom and shut the door and windows. Still, that thump-thump shook the beams of the house. I lay down with a pillow wrapped about my head and tried not to think of what was in the basement.

•

Later that night I got up for a drink of water, and there was still noise and music. I walked out onto the porch and could see movement on the lake and hear laughter. On a tree near the dock was a spotlight that the previous owners had installed and which I had rarely used. I flipped on the switch. Some shouts and shrieks. Two powerboats, tied together, had drifted close to my shore. The light caught a young muscular man with a fierce black mustache standing on the stern of his powerboat and urinating into the lake. His half a dozen companions, male and female, yelled and cursed in my direction. The boats started up and two men and a young woman stumbled to the side of one and dropped their bathing suits, exposing their buttocks. A couple others gave me a one-fingered salute, and there was a shower of bottles and cans tossed over the side as they sped away.

I spent the next hour on the porch, staring into the darkness.

•

The next day I made two phone calls, to the town hall and the police department of Nansen. I made gentle and polite inquiries and got the same answers from each office. There was no local or state law about boats coming to within a certain distance of shore. There was no law forbidding boats from mooring together. Nansen being such a small town, there was also no noise ordinance.

Home sweet home.

•

On my next visit Ron was wearing a bow tie, and we discussed necktie fashions before we got into the business at hand. He said, "Still having sleeping problems?"

I smiled. "No, not at all."

"Really?"

"It's fall," I said. "The tourists have gone home, most of the cottages along the lake have been boarded up and nobody takes out boats anymore. It's so quiet at night I can hear the house creak and settle."

"That's good, that's really good," Ron said, and I changed the subject. A half hour later, I was heading back to Nansen, thinking about my latest white lie. Well, it wasn't really a lie. More of an oversight.

I hadn't told Ron about the hang-up phone calls. Or how trash had twice been dumped in my driveway. Or how a week ago, when I was shopping, I had come back to find a bullet hole through one of my windows. Maybe it had been a hunting accident. Hunting season hadn't started, but I knew that for some of the workingmen in this town, it didn't matter when the state allowed them to do their shooting.

I had cleaned up the driveway, shrugged off the phone calls and cut away brush and saplings around the house, to eliminate any hiding spots for . . . hunters.

Still, I could sit out on the dock, a blanket around my legs and a mug of tea in my hand, watching the sun set in the distance, the reddish pink highlighting the strong yellows, oranges and reds of the fall foliage. The water was a slate gray, and though I missed the loons, the smell of the leaves and the tang of woodsmoke from my chimney seemed to settle in just fine.

•

As it grew colder, I began to go into town for breakfast every few days. The center of Nansen could be featured in a documentary on New Hampshire small towns. Around the green common with its Civil War statue are a bank, a real estate office, a hardware store, two gas stations, a general store and a small strip of service places with everything from a plumber to video rentals and Gretchen's Kitchen. At Gretchen's I read the paper while letting the mornings drift by. I listened to the old-timers at the counter pontificate on the ills of the state, nation and world, and watched harried workers fly in to grab a quick meal. Eventually, a waitress named Sandy took some interest in me.

She was about 20 years younger than I, with raven hair, a wide smile and a pleasing body that filled out her regulation pink uniform. After a couple weeks of flirting and generous tips on my part, I asked her out, and when she said yes, I went to my pickup truck and burst out laughing. A real date. I couldn't remember the last time I had had a real date.

The first date was dinner a couple of towns over, in Montcalm, the second was dinner and a movie outside Manchester and the third was dinner at my house, which was supposed to end with a rented movie in the living room but instead ended up in the bedroom. Along the way I learned that Sandy had always lived in Nansen, was divorced with two young boys and was saving her money so she could go back to school and become a legal aide. "If you think I'm going to keep slinging hash and waiting for Billy to send his support check, then you're a damn fool," she said on our first date.

After a bedroom interlude that surprised me with its intensity, we sat on the enclosed porch. I opened a window for Sandy, who needed a smoke. The house was warm and I had on a pair of shorts; she had wrapped a towel around her torso. I sprawled in an easy chair while she sat on the couch, feet in my lap. Both of us had glasses of wine and I felt comfortable and tingling. Sandy glanced at me as she worked on her cigarette. I'd left the lights off and lit a couple of candles, and in the hazy yellow light, I could see the small tattoo of a unicorn on her right shoulder.

Sandy looked at me and asked, "What were you doing when you was in the government?"

"Traveled a lot and ate bad food."

"No, really," she said. "I want a straight answer."

Well, I thought, as straight as I can be. I said, "I was a consultant, to foreign armies. Sometimes they needed help with certain weapons or training techniques. That was my job."

"Were you good?"

(continued on page 158)

It was at her Hollywood "coming out" party at Romanoff's that Italian screen siren Sophia Loren gave her Yankee rival, Jayne Mansfield, this killing look. PLAYBOY published the picture in November 1957 as part of a "feud for thought" pictorial we ran on the two stars. Sophia grew more coy as she became more famous; Jayne was never demure. Moments after this photo was taken, Jayne inhaled and fell out of her dress. That picture also found its way onto PLAYBOY's pages.

EVERYTHING OLD IS NEW AGAIN

Pop music today is a blast from the past—and the future. We're all together now

PART TEN: BY DAVID STANDISH

HERE WE ARE, in the second half of the Nineties, looking at the following musical facts: Charlie Watts, the drummer for the Rolling Stones, plays in a jazz group. Wynton Marsalis and Seiji Ozawa teach kids the principles of composition and musical form, jazz and classical. Beck, the 26-year-old singer whom many consider to be one of the freshest additions to the Nineties, listens to country bluesman Fred McDowell and mixes poetry, hip-hop, rock, soul and folk into his music. Tony Bennett and Frank Sinatra are back and big. What's going on here?

This past summer, George Clinton and the P-Funk All-Stars played a sold-out Fourth of July concert in New York. It had always been Clinton's mission, as *The New York Times* described it, "to understand stylistic boundaries—which are more often than not treated as racial and class boundaries—and then transcend them, inviting everyone to the party." The concert certainly played out that mission, starting as a funk jam, then a "catalog of approaches" that included hard rock, "gospel-charged soul," rap and hip-hop. "If the concert had been a variety show, it would have surveyed four decades of music."

The Nineties, clearly, are seeing the boundaries between musical forms disappear. The distinctions between rock, jazz, soul and country have grown blurred. Simultaneously, we recognize an increased appreciation of our musical roots and the musicians who have breathed life into them. Retro is here with a vengeance. The proliferation of CD boxed sets, which can easily deliver an archive of styles and history, means that our musical history has never been more accessible.

Let's consider how all this came about.

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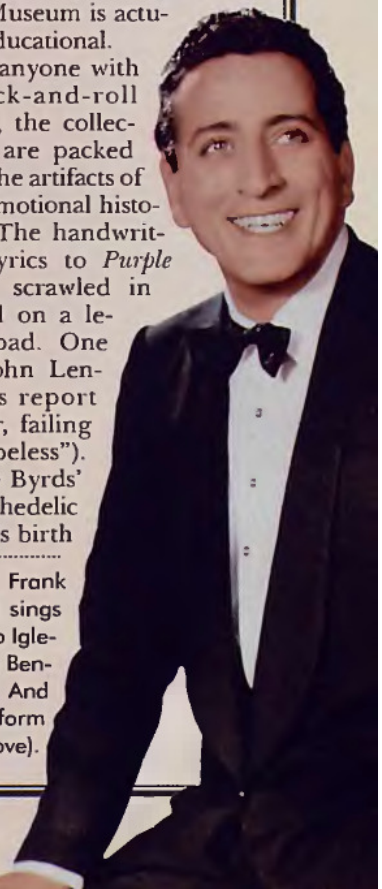
The white postmodernist I.M. Pei building looks a little like an RCA 45 record changer from the Fifties, with a pyramid-shaped greenhouse smashed against it. Inside is the history and prehistory of rock, shown through an amazing array of objects and interactive computers and videos. It's not a word that is generally associated with rock, but Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum is actually educational.

To anyone with a rock-and-roll heart, the collections are packed with the artifacts of our emotional histories: The handwritten lyrics to *Purple Haze*, scrawled in pencil on a legal pad. One of John Lennon's report cards (on which his Latin teacher, failing him, commented succinctly: "Hopeless"). The Rickenbacker that opened the Byrds' *Turn! Turn! Turn!* Janis Joplin's psychedelic Porsche convertible. Jim Morrison's birth



Embracing past, present and future, Frank Sinatra (in pool with Bono, opposite) sings duets with everyone from Aretha to Julio Iglesios (ot top). The Beotles (left) and Tony Bennett (right) are more popular than ever. And rock and roll—that once disreputoble form of rebellion—hos its own museum (above).

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN
IN THE STYLE OF DAVID HOCKNEY

Jazz evolved into rock. From left: In the Twenties, Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong took jazz beyond its origins. During the big-band Thirties, Count Basie added Kansas City blues, and the Duke made jazz elegant. Soulful Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie ushered in bebop during World War Two. Miles Davis created his brand of cool in the early Fifties—while on other stages Chuck Berry was straddling this new thing called rock.

certificate and his blue 1950 Cub Scout shirt complete with its merit badges.

What's most interesting about the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum is that it exists at all. From its beginnings in the early Fifties as a marginal music of teen rebellion, rock has become embedded in our culture.

But there's paradox in this institutionalization. In one form or other—whether in lyrics, sound or clothing—rock has always been about rebellion. But now that it's in a museum, and you can hear it in dentists' offices while getting your teeth drilled, is rock still the insurrectional force it's always been? Can it continue to be? Can it provide yet another of those periodic revolutions that have characterized its short history? Or does the opening of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame signal some kind of end?

"It's gotta be rock-and-roll music. It's got a backbeat, you can't lose it. It's gotta be rock-and-roll music, if you wanna dance with me."

—Chuck Berry

•

Actually, the first revolution—which eventually led to rock—came in the 1890s, when Buddy Bolden and others began playing jazz at dances, picnics and parties in New Orleans.

Like rock to come, jazz had a disreputable beginning. Jazz was the lively, raucous musical result of a cultural collision between educated city-bred Creoles and working-class blacks whose field-hand families had come to New Orleans looking for work. It was a unique hybrid of a formal European music background (which, in New Orleans at least,

At the start of the century guitars became the instrument of the workingman's blues (far left). In early jazz they were just another piece of the rhythm section. But once guitars were electrified in the Thirties (center), they went to the melodic mainline—followed in the Fifties with the Fender Stratocaster (right).

The train kept a-rollin'. (Left to right from Chuck): Little Richard said that he invented rock and roll, and he might well be right. Elvis was certainly the grand consolidator of rock for the masses, bringing black music to a white audience. Dylan was a powerful pioneer, his Okie singing and formidable lyrics changing the nature and subject matter of rock forever. Eric Clapton took blues-rock to a new level—and continues to, just like the Rolling Stones, who, after all these years, still might be the world's greatest rock band.

included the influence of marching bands) and the blues, a powerful music that grew out of field hollers, work songs and church hymns.

Jazz began as a marginal music listened to by a small audience that included the black population of New Orleans and the white customers at Storyville brothels, where Jelly Roll Morton played piano. Jazz at first was a regional and racial phenomenon—a unique expression of Southern slave culture, of its pain and defiant joy. But it would forever change American popular music. It didn't get its name until about 1917, when the newspapers started calling it jazz and the name stuck. The term jazz—like rock and roll—was black slang for sex. Many early jazz musicians simply called their music the blues.

As a form of music, jazz—and later, rock—inspired and welcomed revolutionaries. From its infancy, it also attracted white musicians and encouraged their contributions. One of the most significant early jazz artists was cornetist Bix Beiderbecke in the Twenties. He had heard Louis Armstrong playing in a riverboat band on the Mississippi near Beiderbecke's Iowa hometown. Later, as a student in Chicago, Beiderbecke would sneak out of his dorm at night and head for the clubs where Armstrong and (later) pianist Earl Hines were creating the first revolution in jazz—improvised solos away from the melody.

Improvisation, of course, has always been an essential aspect of jazz. But before Armstrong and Fatha Hines, such improvisation was chiefly done in unison. Armstrong and Hines—and Beiderbecke—began to separate the parts, signaling something elegantly new in jazz.

By the late Twenties jazz had gone mainstream. F. Scott Fitzgerald is credited with christening the whole decade after it. From the Twenties through the Forties, jazz and jazz-derived pop became what everyone listened to, on records, at shows and nightclubs and over live radio broadcasts from ballrooms such as Chicago's Aragon.

The growing popularity of jazz coincided with the evolution of the first big bands in the late Twenties, and their spread to ubiquity in the next decade—largely because these bands made great dance music.

The swinging big bands of the Thirties brought yet another revolution in

The landmark Okeh 78 of *West End Blues* (left) by Louis Armstrong and his Hot Fives that sold for 75 cents in 1928 is a collector's dream now. And Scott Joplin's turn-of-the-century ragtimes (above) are published by C.F. Peters, a company known for its scholarly texts of Mozart and Beethoven.

Keeping traditions alive: Charlie Watts (left) returns to his pre-Stones roots. Garth Brooks (below left) widened country's base. Wynton Marsalis (below right) has returned jazz to the mainstream.

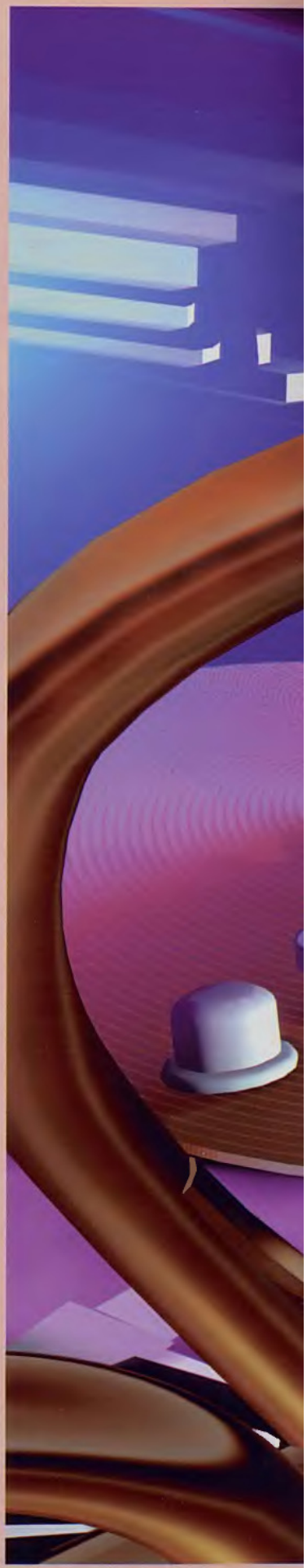
jazz. In part they reflected the drastic social changes that followed the 1929 stock market crash and the onset of the Great Depression. The gin-soaked Roaring Twenties were over. Fortunes had evaporated and regular workers couldn't find jobs. The on-the-make individualism of the Twenties gave way to group concerns. People lived conservatively in the Thirties. *Ain't Misbehavin'*, a big hit in the decade, said it all. Additionally, the big bands appealed to an audience's appreciation of loud music. One reason Buddy Bolden was top dog in New Orleans around 1890 was that his band not only played hotter and dirtier, he was also louder than the other groups. Obviously, this love of loud has continued to be a part of the history of rock.

One obvious way to achieve a bigger and louder sound in the pre-amplifier Thirties was to add more musicians to the Hot Fives and Hot Sevens of the Twenties. What had been one sax or trumpet became entire sections that sounded like streamlined trains rolling through the night. The big bands had their share of solo geniuses—among them, Lester Young—but the ensemble sound gave them their driving power.

"Me, I'm still on the road, heading for another joint. We always did feel the same, we just saw it from a different point of view."—Bob Dylan

The big bands also brought a new musical sophistication to jazz. Until the big bands came along, many jazz players couldn't read music, and few needed to. But that soon changed. Leaders such as Duke Ellington were also composers. He wrote charts for these jazz orchestras that functioned *(continued on page 118)*

Pick your style and decade: Nearly all of recorded music is now available on CD reissues and in boxed sets—from Louis Armstrong to PLAYBOY's four-CD jazz recap to doo-wop and the Temps (left). Now there's no barrier to discovering this American musical legacy.



DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION BY JIM LUDTKE

PLAYBOY PROFILE

By Joe Conason

the religious right's poster boy
wants a place at the white house table

RALPH REED, SMART AS THE DEVIL

When Pat Robertson recruited Ralph Reed in 1989 to organize a grassroots lobby of evangelical conservatives, the brash young political operative pursued a smart strategy of "flying below the radar" of liberals, Democrats and the media. For the first couple of years, as the Christian Coalition developed, scarcely anyone noticed what Reed was doing. But as his efforts succeeded—and as he boasted of his ambitions—even the most obtuse Americans realized the religious right was taking over a major political party. And many people found that prospect alarming.

In response, the devilishly clever Reed is taking the religious right mainstream, recasting its image as moderate, reasonable, open, even tolerant. Much is riding on Reed's effort to depict the religious right—despite its theocratic worldview—as merely another interest group that seeks to be heard. If Bob Dole and Jack Kemp win and the Republicans maintain their hold on Capitol Hill, Reed's strategy of moderation will be vindicated and the Christian Coalition will enjoy unprecedented influence in the White House. If Dole and Kemp lose and the Republicans forfeit control of Congress, the Christian Coalition will be blamed, as it was for George Bush's defeat. Reed has no intention of repeating the mistakes of four years ago.

The religious right's sudden makeover is simply a sophisticated version of the stealth politics Reed used to penetrate various governmental structures, from local school boards to the Republican National Committee. Because the Christian Coalition can no longer "move quietly, with stealth, under cover of night" (as Reed indiscreetly described his group's methods in 1992), he has camouflaged it instead in harmless-looking clothing.

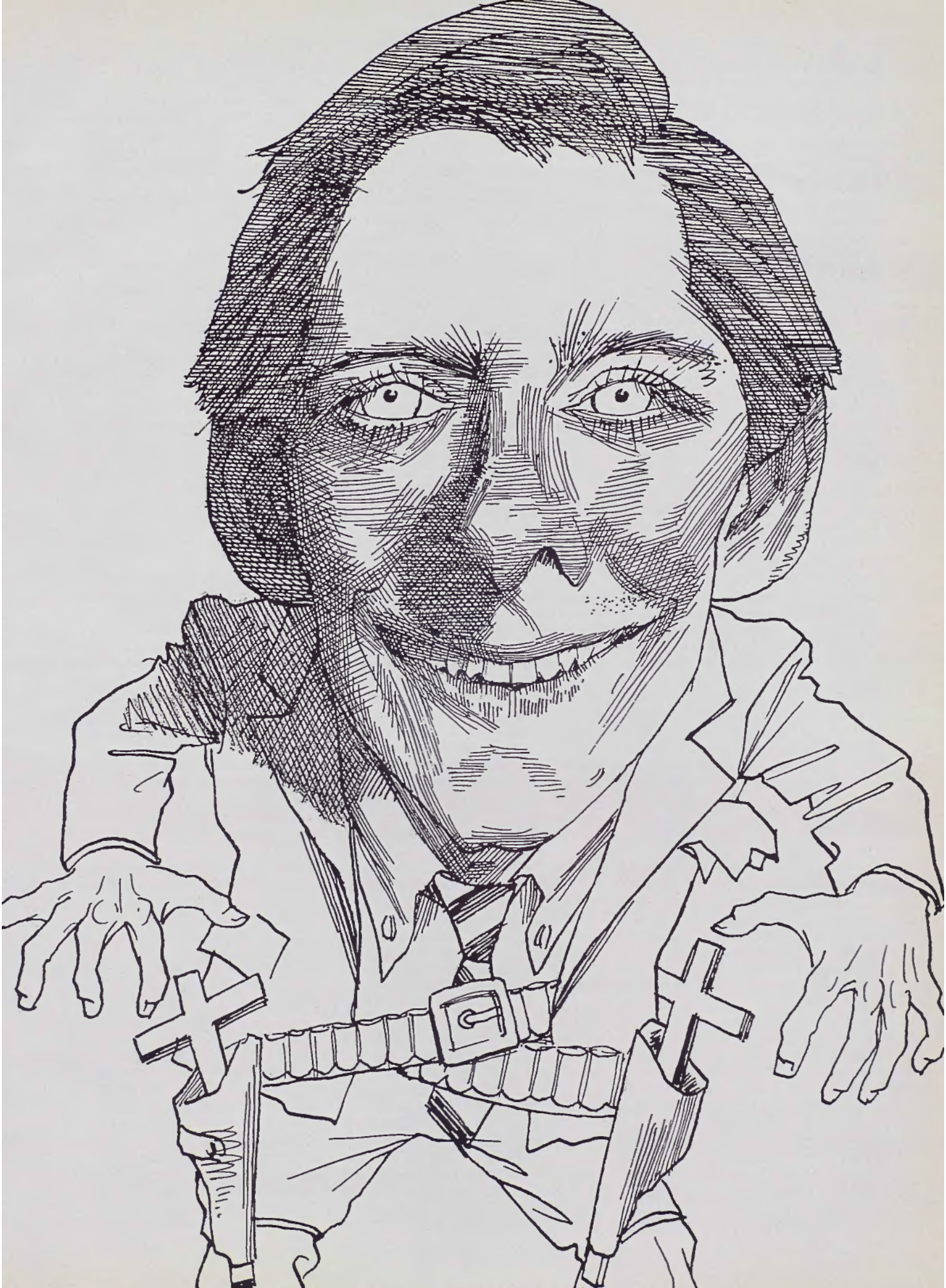
One night last spring, he brought his act to New York, the toughest town for an evangelical conservative, and within minutes had the Upper East Side Jewish audience clapping and chuckling. He knows exactly how to reach out to cosmopolitan skeptics by comparing his campaign to civil rights and feminist movements, by pleading for "a place at the table" and by sounding reasonable about issues such as gay rights and democratic pluralism. Reed offers a platitude for every problem: "We don't need government to force our values on other people, because we believe that most Americans already share our values," he said that evening. "They may not share our politics, but they most certainly share our values." Reed later displayed steely skill in rebuffing reporters' inquiries about some of the bigots who have been embraced by the Christian Coalition. He strives to avoid scrutiny of the coalition's moderate facade.

Ralph Reed's Trojan horse has been around since 1993, when he made his first overtures in the national media about "casting a wider net" of inclusiveness. But his push toward the center took on greater consequence in the early stages of this year's presidential campaign, when he suppressed his membership's preference for the flamboyantly fascistic Pat Buchanan while promoting the dull but dependable candidacy of Dole. In the process, the articulate Reed established himself as the preeminent spokesman for his movement, obscuring his boss Robertson, whose self-righteous extremism tends to frighten ordinary citizens.

Despite Reed's camera-ready smile and baby-blue eyes, however, the aging millionaire televangelist still wields control. As the executive director of the Christian Coalition, Reed is a hired hand who answers to Robertson, the coalition's president and founder. And despite his protégé's talk of tolerance and shared values, Robertson shows few signs of abandoning his crusade for a Christian America where abortion is illegal, pornography is banned, homosexuals are shunned and every school day begins with a prayer to Jesus.

Reed's rise to prominence was accelerated last year when he made the cover of *Time*. His status as a trendsetter was confirmed again several months ago when *Newsweek* ran an excerpt from his latest book, *Active Faith*. Reed is a favored guest on the television-chatter circuit as well as a useful source

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



for political reporters and columnists.

Skeptical listeners who expect a scary sermon get instead an articulate, familiar homily about understanding and tolerance. "Religious conservatives," Reed said in a lecture last year, believe in "a nation of safe streets, strong families, schools that work, marriages that stay together, with a smaller government, lower taxes and civil rights for all. Religious conservatives do not countenance discrimination—or special rights—for anyone." Few who absorb this sweetly reasonable discourse know enough about the Christian Coalition's goals and methods to comprehend the striking disparity between what Reed says and what his organization actually does.

But there is much more to Reed than patter. With a Ph.D. in history, he takes the long view. Having worked in congressional campaigns since he was an adolescent, he knows politics from the ground up. Consider the opinion of one Democratic consultant who has fought coalition-backed candidates in Pennsylvania, Texas and California: "Ralph is one of the most talented political operatives I've seen during 25 years in this business." Reed has mastered the communications technology that dominates modern politics, from fax trees to computerized voter lists to satellite conferencing. Starting with little more than a roster of Robertson's volunteers and contributors (and $67,000 from the GOP), he has built an organization that claims nearly 2 million activists. This year, Reed vowed that the Christian Coalition would deliver 85 million "pro-family" voter guides and congressional "scorecards" to churches and communities across the country.

This kind of unabashed electioneering has been protected from public scrutiny by the coalition's front as a "social welfare organization," which it has used to avoid disclosing its contributions and spending to the Federal Election Commission. Until now, at least: In late July the FEC filed a suit against the coalition for violating federal election laws by illegally assisting Republican candidates, including George Bush, Newt Gingrich and Oliver North, in the elections of 1990, 1992 and 1994. The decision to sue—supported by the FEC's Republican members as well as by its Democrats—was made after an investigation of the coalition's activities that began in 1992.

Reed instantly denounced the FEC lawsuit as a "frivolous" attempt to drive "people of faith" out of politics, and declared that the coalition won't be deterred from its election-year plans. Such determination, regardless of legal or ethical obstacles, is what has enabled the coalition to seize control of the Republican Party in 18 states, turning Robertson and Reed into kingmakers.

That is why their early decision to support Dole was so crucial to the Kansan's candidacy, though it was not made official. At the Christian Coalition's Road to Victory conference in Washington in October 1995, where all but one of the Republican candidates appeared, Reed said that "the question is not who we will endorse, the question is who will endorse our agenda. We do not bear the name of Ronald Reagan, or Bob Dole, or Newt Gingrich. We bear the name that is above every name. We bear the name of him to whom every knee shall bow!"

In retrospect, that sort of piety rings false. Reed and Robertson's preference became obvious as the electoral season wore on. Finally, in the decisive South Carolina primary in March, local Christian Coalition leaders openly assisted the battered front-runner.

Only after Dole's nomination was assured did the mask of neutrality slip—and, typically, it was Robertson, not Reed, who blurted the truth. While hosting a *The 700 Club* telethon last April, Robertson displayed a newspaper cartoon that portrayed Dole crucified by the religious right. In the cartoon Dole was depicted wearing a crown of thorns that spelled out CHRISTIAN COALITION. "Without the Christian Coalition, Bob Dole probably wouldn't be the nominee," said Robertson. "They've helped him."

Still trying to help Dole, Reed committed an embarrassing postprimary gaffe over the supersensitive matter of abortion. After Reed was quoted saying that the platform's references to a constitutional amendment could be watered down, orthodox religious rightists and Buchanan supporters accused the Christian Coalition leader of betraying the pro-life cause.

Reed quickly retreated, covering his tracks with feeble denials. During a television appearance, he even asserted that in the *Newsweek* excerpt from his book, "I specifically say that the Christian Coalition will not go to San Diego and offer alternative language." The excerpt says nothing of the kind, but Reed realized that his trial balloon had been about as airworthy as the *Hindenburg* was.

The abortion flap illustrated the strategic perspective that now shapes Reed's rhetoric. As he knows, the unvarnished religious right is acceptable only to a minority of voters—especially in a general election. To elect Dole, who needs fundamentalist Christian votes but must not be seen pandering to them, the safest course is to reposition the movement and postpone its demands until after November.

Yet the younger man's energetic attempts to ease public apprehensions about his movement must be measured against the record. Most troubling to those who must judge Reed's sincerity is the penchant for deception that has become the Christian Coalition's political trademark.

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Reed has long styled himself as the "Christian Lee Atwater." To those familiar with the Republican strategist, this self-characterization suggests a dark side. A youthful, guitar-playing hotshot whose sharp political instincts helped elect numerous candidates (including George Bush), Atwater was notorious for using underhanded tactics and appeals to prejudice if they would gain victory. (In 1987 Robertson himself said his presidential campaign had been victimized by Atwater's dirty tricks.) One need not delve too deeply into the coalition's past to find examples of Reed imitating Atwater's worst excesses.

When the Republicans took over Congress in 1994, the Christian Coalition played a role second only to Newt Gingrich's political action committee, Gopac. While researching *Dirty Little Secrets*, their landmark study of political corruption, University of Virginia political scientist Larry Sabato and *Wall Street Journal* reporter Glenn Simpson analyzed nearly 200 of the coalition's voter guides for 1994. They found "manipulations, distortions and outright falsehoods" designed to swing voters into the Republican column. Republicans who opposed term limits were mysteriously unrated on that issue. The worst example uncovered by Sabato and Simpson was, not surprisingly, the coalition's misuse of the issue of homosexuality. In 19 close congressional races—including the reelection effort of Representative Dan Rostenkowski (D.–Ill.), then the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee—churchgoers were advised that the Democratic candidates supported "promoting homosexuality to schoolchildren."

This hair-raising allegation, according to the footnotes in the voter guides, was based on House roll call vote 91. But that particular vote was actually on an amendment that, among other things, prohibited use of federal funds for any educational program that promotes homosexuality—and all of the targeted Democrats had voted in favor of it. Republicans who had cast the

(continued on page 136)

"If only I'd met you before I chose a wife, a political career, the moral high ground."

ulrika ericsson is a viking maiden who has discovered america

HOW SWEDE IT IS

AT HOME when the wind blew from the east, she could wake up and smell the coffee. The aroma didn't come from the kitchen, though. It came from the Gevalia coffee factory on the seafront of the Swedish town of Gävle (which sounds like Javla), birthplace and hometown of Ulrika Ericsson. Ulrika's parents and younger sister still live there. Her father is a paramedic, her mother runs a day care center and sister Pernilla is at school studying to be a makeup artist. When Ulrika was younger the family traveled across North America, staying in Winnipeg with her pro-hockey–player uncle, Willy Lindstrom, while his NHL team, the Edmonton Oilers, won the Stanley Cup for the second year running. But what Ulrika remembers more vividly are Memphis and Graceland—"that was before they allowed visitors inside the house," she says—and Disneyland and Hawaii. Now she lives in Florida, across the street from the beach in Fort Lauderdale. There, early risers may find Miss November in-line skating with her dog, Casper, who is part greyhound, part Border collie. "We take turns being in front," she says. "Casper's a very competitive dog. It's in his genes. He doesn't like to fall behind, so I sometimes let him tow me to keep him happy." Swedes have a reputation for forthright common sense and a taste for ancestral nostalgia, and Ulrika is no exception. As a sportswear and swimwear model she has all the work she can handle, and she loves her career in front of the cameras. "You're always meeting new people in this job, and you never stop

Ulrika enjoys cooking, but she doesn't get all hot and bothered by it. "My idea of cooking is to help out friends in the kitchen and to drink a glass of wine while we wait for the food," she says. Her dietary rules are easy to remember: "Eat healthy, take the skin off chicken."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

On one visit back to Scandinavia, Ulrika thought that at any moment a Viking harseman wauld come riding aut of the mist. That, of course, didn't happen, but her best friend and sister, Pernilla (above, left), was there to keep her out of trauble.

learning. It gives me freedom and lets me travel, and for now that's what I need," she says in her matter-of-fact Swedish manner. "But one day I'll have to try something else. A new challenge. The Vikings understood that good looks don't last forever. Their idea of success was to die young, go to Valhalla and fight with the gods against the giants." She laughs. "That's not my plan, far from it, though I have always loved reading about Viking mythology. When I was a kid my friends would be out playing and I'd stay in our backyard on a blanket in the sun with a pile of books. It probably sounds as if I was a dreamy loner, but that was my idea of happiness—reading about Odin and Thor, having fantasies of living in an old castle long ago. If we could travel through time, that's where you would have found me, somewhere back in the 11th century." In the 20th century, Ulrika has a different kind of fairy tale: "to live on a farm, some old place deep in the countryside with horses and dogs, and someone I love—to make everything perfect." Until that time it's hard work and daily exercise, with music for inspiration: Stone Temple Pilots and Metallica to stretch the muscles, Vivaldi and the chants of Tibetan monks for relaxation. Ulrika skates most days, plays squash and lifts weights. Is it worth the effort? Did the Vikings have horns on their helmets?

—REG POTTERTON

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ulrika Ericsson

BUST: 34 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 9-10-70 BIRTHPLACE: Gävle, Sweden

AMBITIONS: To work hard, write books and own a farm with horses & dogs.

TURN-ONS: Candlelight, red wine, fireplaces, ripped jeans and fast cars.

TURNOFFS: Ignorance, jealousy, crowds, bad breath and calamari.

WHAT BRIGHTENS MY DAY: A good cup of Gevalia coffee, a tough workout and lots of smiles. :)

NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT: My daily planner, stereo headset, sunglasses and a picture of my dog-Casper.

RULES TO LIVE BY: Don't prejudge people, care for your loved ones and follow your dreams.

Snack Break!

Hometown, Pageant.

Never too old for Santa!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While paying his fare in cash at the airline ticket counter, the vacationer came up 25 cents short. "I'll find someone to borrow it from," he told the agent, and he quickly made his way to the closest lounge. Spotting an obviously mellow fellow at the bar, the traveler walked up and said, "Excuse me. Can you spare a quarter? I'm trying to go to France."

The drunk looked up from his brew, put his hand in his trousers and pulled out his wallet. "Here's a dollar," he said. "Take three of your friends with you."

Scientists had gathered from all over the world to learn about progress in the study of sexuality. The audience sat in respectful silence as one renowned expert explained his experiment, which was geared to determine whether sex or food is the primary need for animals.

"We withheld food from a male dog for several days," the scientist explained. "Then we put food in one corner of an empty room and a bitch in the opposite corner. The male ate its food first, then it went to the bitch. To verify our results, we changed the corners, and again the food was first, the bitch second. We concluded that food was the primary need."

A hand shot up from the audience. "With all due respect," the observer said, "did you ever think of changing the bitch?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A boy was walking home one day, enraged by a licking he had taken from the school bully. As he crossed the yard, a chicken shot out in front of him and he kicked it. His mother ran out of the house yelling, "I saw that, young man! You can't have any chicken for a month!"

The boy was really mad now and headed to the barn. Thinking the coast was clear, he kicked the pig. His mother came out of nowhere, yelling, "I saw that! You can't have any pork for two months!"

Just then the boy's father pulled up on his tractor, steaming mad. As he dismounted, the cat ran out in front of him and he kicked it, sending it flying. The boy spotted his mother heading in their direction. "Ma, you want to tell him or should I?"

A friend sadly reported that his French au pair girl had returned home after only two weeks. Seems she missed her native tongue.

On their first date, the biker took the young woman to club headquarters. They were sipping beers when the leader came roaring into the hangout on his bike. He dismounted, dropped the bike on the floor, peed in the fireplace, downed two six-packs of beer, called three biker chicks into the bedroom and screwed them until they collapsed.

"Does he do that all the time?" the startled first-timer asked her date.

"Well, not exactly," he said. "He usually uses the kickstand."

What's the easiest way to start a small business in the U.S. these days? Buy a big one, then be patient.

After a brief illness, the Good Samaritan died and found himself in heaven. His first meal there was a tuna sandwich. As he ate he looked down and there, below the clouds, in hell, people were feasting on lobster, steak and the richest of desserts. "Saint Peter," the confused man asked, "I lived an exemplary life. How come I get tuna while down in hell they're having steak and lobster?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," St. Peter replied, "it just doesn't pay to cook for two."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do you get when you cross a black, a Jew and a homosexual? Someone who is really pissed at Marge Schott.

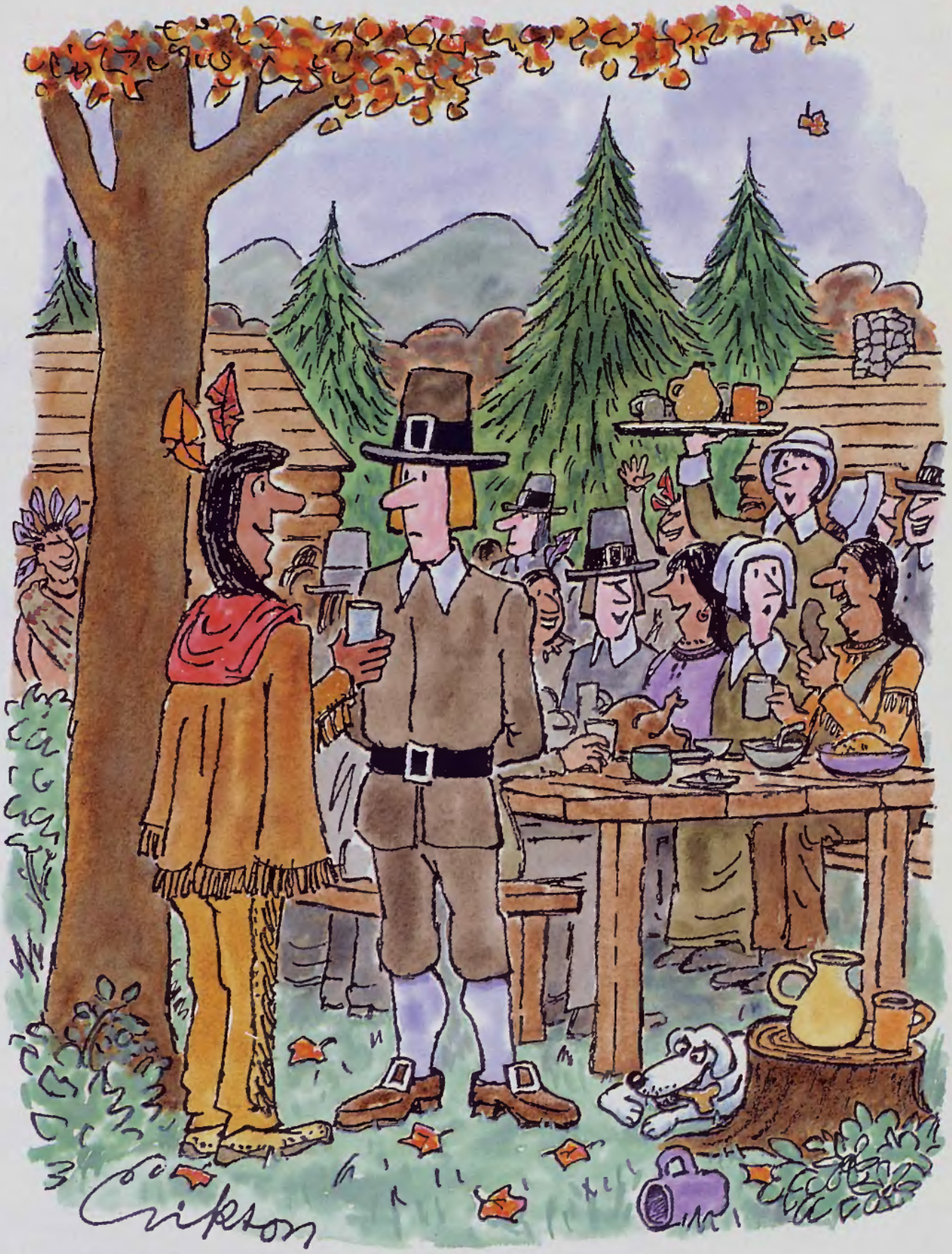
The attorney was briefing Mrs. Harris before calling her to testify. "You must swear to God to tell the truth," the lawyer warned. "Do you understand?"

"Yes. I'm to swear to tell the truth."

"Have you any idea what will happen if you don't tell the truth?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I expect that our side will win."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"What say we do this on a Friday next year so we get a long weekend out of it?"

The Laws of Our Fathers

There were shots, there was blood, someone died. But who was the real target?

Fiction By Scott Turow

Dawn. The air is brackish, though this place is miles from water. The four high-rise towers hulk amid a hardened landscape of brick, of tar and pavement broken by weeds, of crushed Coke cups and candy wrappers, of fly-about newspaper pages. A silvery bedding of broken glass, the remnants of smashed bottles, glitters prettily—one more false promise. It is a time of uncommon quiet. In the night, there are often sounds of life at the extreme: outcries and drunken yells, machines at volume. Sometimes gunfire. The day brings voices, children, the many stand-abouts, the species at large. Now the wind is up, whistling in the fence links and on the bricks. At the prospect of motion, the man walking this way looks up abruptly, but there is only a dog huddled in a gap between the buildings that, out of some animal instinct, has determined across the distance of a hundred yards to have no truck with him. A single used tire sits, inexplicably, on the cracked blacktop of the play yard.

The man, Ordell, is almost 36 years old. He still maintains some of his penitentiary build, buffed up, he'd say, though he's been out again four years now. He is dressed simply, black shirt and trousers. No gold. "Don't wear you no gold when you workin," he often advises the Unborns, the eight- and nine- and ten-year-old wannabes who trail after him, complimenting his appearance and offering to do him favors, when he arrives here most afternoons. "Hardcore," they always goin, "get you Co-Cola by Ko-rea?" like he don't know they aimin to keep the change.

This morning Ordell Trent, gang name Hardcore, is alone. The building he approaches, the tallest of the four that form the Grace Street Projects, has over the years come to be called by everyone the IV Tower, due supposedly to the Roman numerals, though most suspect the label originated with the familiar mockery of the residents practiced by the police, who refer to the building among themselves *(continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

Great ASTON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

IF YOU'VE JUST WON THE LOTTERY, WE HAVE A CAR FOR YOU

ARTICLE BY

KEN GROSS

There's nothing rational about an automobile that takes months to build, costs in excess of $135,000 and holds only two people. Which is why Aston Martin Lagonda Ltd. sells its cars worldwide as fast as they can be handcrafted in England. That handsome sum buys a distinguished racing heritage, superb craftsmanship and pedigree. Stirling Moss and Jimmy Clark raced Aston Martins. James Bond drove one. So do the current Prince of Wales and Sweden's Prince Bertil. Jordan's King Hussein is an enthusiastic owner. Welcome to the *fast* fast lane. The marque's history extends back 83 years to a simpler time when Lionel Martin and Robert Bamford co-owned a London garage and sold Singer cars. When the two decided to build a sports car, they named it after the hill where Martin and Bamford had competed in a Singer Special. Although Aston Martin's reputation grew over the next two decades, the small firm didn't sell many cars. It was bought in 1947 by a British engineer named David Brown, who also acquired Lagonda, another low-volume British sports car manufacturer with a reputation for clever technology. Brown's vision for Aston Martin guided the company through an era of producing successful, technically advanced competition cars. *(continued on page 150)*

After a two-year hiatus, Aston Martin returns to the U.S. with the DB7 Volante, a supercharged 335-hp, in-line six, overhead cam–powered dream machine that turns heads faster than you can say "Fo Mo Co." (Ford owns Aston Martin, as if you didn't know.) Yes, it's fitted with twin air bags, but we hope you never have to disrupt the Volante's gorgeous leather and burl walnut interior (pictured, inset) with activation. Hit the accelerator and 60 comes up in about six seconds. The 160-mph top speed will get you a trip to the pokey in a squad car driven by one envious cop. Price: $135,000 plus those killjoy luxury and gas-guzzler taxes.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

LAWS OF OUR FATHERS

(continued from page 109)

The old woman was tough. "You go on, shoot and kill me, do whatever you-all like, I ain movin out."

as the Ivory Tower. The open structures—windows, porches, connecting walkways—are caged in mesh of heavy gauge. Formerly, from the gangways and balconies refuse was sometimes thrown, bricks were tossed down on enemies as in the Middle Ages, drunks and dopeheads stumbled to their deaths and several persons were pushed, most of them reluctant gang members, but two, on the saddest note, were young children. Around three or four windows you can see the ragged blackening marks of bygone fires, and at street level, on the bricks, in rounded numerals and letters, various signs of Ordell's gang have been inscribed in phosphorescent colors and etched in black: BSD. Black Saints Disciples. His set, the T-4 Rollers—the branch of the gang that Ordell heads—is often celebrated, too, and some daring members of Gangster Outlaws, a rival organization, have also put their marks here, wallbanging, as it is known. Occasional messages of personal affirmation, quickly sprayed in black or white, appear now and then as well. "D'Ron Is Cool." "Lucifer!"

Inside, Ordell nods to security, Chuck, he named, chump rent-a-cop from Kindle County Housing Authority, huddled in a concrete shelter with a small window of bulletproof glass. Chuck gettin half a one—50 dollars—every month from Ordell, and Chuck, he like to love Hardcore, man, see him, Chuck damn well salute. In the entry, the sole illumination is from a Pepsi machine with a heavy padlock. Every electrical fixture is gone, stolen to sell or put out by some Saint who prefers to do business in the dark. Bare wires in twisted bunches snake from the walls. The atmosphere is sodden with the bitter reek of hallway filth and broken plumbing. The paint is old; the pipes, exposed overhead, have grown rust stains and mold. The impression is of a bunker—something built to survive the bomb. The floor is concrete, the walls are cinder block. Everything—everything—is marked with gang signs: the Saints' halo, the capped "4" that represents the T-4 Rollers, and names—D-town, Mike-o-Mite, Baby Face, Priest—written in school markers or, more often, smoked into the plasterboard or paint with a cigarette lighter.

The elevator, one of them, is working again today, and Hardcore rides to 17. The first five floors of this building are more or less deserted now, given up by folks who found even $38.50 a month too high a price for a life where beds had to be placed on the floor to avoid the gunfire, where the safest sleeping was in the bathtub. When he lets himself in, Hardcore hears the old woman's husky breath, clotted by the deteriorations of living, emerging from one of the two back rooms that he lets her have.

Ordell has the two front rooms. From up here, he can see the entire operation. Sometimes the police—Tic-Tac, as the Saints call the Kindle County Municipal Police Force Tactical Unit—the one who won't accept Hardcore's money and a few who do, sit down there and watch. They're wondering, he knows. How come this nigger so cool, how come he freeze up whenever they on the scene? Cause Ordell sees. From here. He got all them tiny gangsters—the youngest gang members—"peepers" as they're called, rovin, scopin. Any police, any rent-a-cop, any limp DEA, any them mothers truck into them towers, Hardcore gone know.

Down on the street that cuts a perpendicular, there are two three-flats and some tiny gangsters on the steps each day, servicing the cars that pull up. Bringing what they-all wants. They got rock, bottles, crank, sometime pills. Some top-rank gangsters, veterans in BSD, they all slang a couple zones—sell a couple ounces—to they homies every week, be tight, all they need. Not Ordell. He got him houses and ladies, he got a Blazer and a slick BMW 750iL, shit, he got his gold, but what be fat and all is this thang, what he got goin here—DJs, so-called, to mix the stuff, and scramblers, who get paid in drugs to make the connections, mules to carry it and move it two times every day from the garages and apartments where it's stored, and his artillery—Honcho, Gorgo and them—armed motherfuckers so nobody think they can move up on Ordell. Seventy-five people, sometime a hundred, and Hardcore watchin over: Go here, mother, go there, don't get beat by no snitch, don't deal with no narc, don't mess with no rings or gold, see cash, man, do it! *That's* what he wants, somethin happenin, man, every day.

Now, slightly past six, his beeper alerts, vibrating at his hip. Hardcore curses aloud when he inspects the readout: NILE. More whining. "Too late for that shit," he notes to himself. At his voice, the old woman's rasping breath briefly ceases. Perhaps she is awake now, listening, pressing at her gray hair, snuffling and clearing her throat in hopes he'll leave. Here in the front room there is nothing. Two chairs. Old newspapers. The concrete floor holds the sallow glimmer of the early light. The rug was stolen long ago.

This was her apartment, raised her children here, the boy in Rudyard, two boys Ordell thinks, and some bitch, a silly pipehead selling what she can out on the street. In the pen, the boys came to Jesus and busted out, quit BSD. So Ordell's set moved in here. The old woman was tough. "You-all go on, shoot and kill me, do whatever you-all like, I ain movin out, this here's my house, I ain givin my house to no bunch of silly-ass hoodlums."

T-Roc, one of BSD's two heads—Vice-Lord he called—T-Roc told Hardcore straight up, "Do just like she say, man, fade her." Hardcore, he put in work for his, done whatever for BSD, be a bar-none Saint and all, but he don't fall to cappin no old lady. He decided leave her stay.

"And I ain gone have no dope-peddlin or whorin or any other gang-banger whatnot in here neither," she'd said to Ordell.

"We ain doin nothin," he told her.

"Hmmm," she said.

Now she sleeps. Just then, 6:15 like they been sayin, he sees the ride, some shitbox Chevy a hundred years old, bend the corner on the street far below. Now, Ordell thinks, now we gone tear some shit *up*. He has field glasses, but he can see well enough. Bug, folding the flip-phone back into her jacket, approaches the car. Then she retreats a distance, like she s'pose. The cell phone in his pocket makes a throaty sound.

"Yo," he answers. "T's'up, cuz?"

"10-2," Lovinia says. They use radio code, mix it up, make them Tic-Tacs crazy. "10-2." Means trouble. Need help. "You hear?" she adds. That Lovinia. Don't never have no respect.

"Stall out, bitch, I hear. And I don't *see* no damn 10-2." On the broad avenue, on Grace Street, there is nothing, cars, white folks driving by fast. Not even foot trade. "I ain't seed nothin. You standin still, bitch, and you best be hittin the wall, man."

"Ain't to see, not from where you is, and I ain talkin on this punk-ass telephone neither. Ten. Two." She's gone with that.

Setup, he thinks, as he often thinks. Bug—as Lovinia is known—damn Bug be settin him up. Kan-El, T-Roc, one of them, maybe them Goobers—as the

"It's alive!!"

Saints call the Gangster Outlaws—one of them switched her somehow. He ponders Kan-El and T-Roc, commandant and vice-lord of BSD. They on top, man, but they all the time trippin and shit, worryin is Hardcore on this power thang, man, he gone bust his whole set right out the gang or what? And him running eight zones into the jail every week, so BSD down for theirs, catch his black booty he be gone for-*ever*. Set him up. "Mmmm." He grunts aloud at the thought of it.

But he's on his way. He has a 9mm pistol stored behind the iron grating of the air return, and he tucks that in his belt and lets his black silk shirt hang out of his trousers. In the elevator he continues rumbling with his angry thoughts, speaking to himself and wondering if he should have shouted out for Honcho, some of them. Scared, he thinks, scared is what he is and old enough to know it. All them youngsters always puttin down that shit—"Cain't no nigger fade me"—shit like that make him laugh. You always scared. Get used to it is all. Gotta be is gotta be.

He has three sons. Dormane—Hardball, he called—got two kids of his own, he inside, doing 15 no-parole on some fool buy-bust, and Rakleed is on these streets too, and the little one, Del, still too young to know too much of nothin. They mamas, each of them, behind Ordell's back, told those boys the same: "Don't you be no dope peddler now, don't you be slangin and hangin and bangin, I'll be whompin you backside, you ain't never gone be too big for me do you like that." That's what they sayin. In his own time, Ordell gave each of those boys his answer. "You got to be somebody. They's bad shit here. With them bad coppers—bad motherfuckers everywhere here. But man," he said, "man, this here what your-all's—you with the people here, you giving them what these poor niggers need, some nickel's worth of happiness white folks and all don't want them havin."

Walking from the IV Tower, the first stirrings of the day, music and voices from some windows, wondering is he really gone get himself gauged, Hardcore thinks, as he often does, about his sons. He walks past one of the newer buildings where the concrete corner has parted, revealing a cheap core of pink foam. In a nearby play area, only one seesaw remains, and on that both benches were long ago shattered by some teen in a random outbreak of destructive will. A milky-eyed drunk is teetering down the block, slept it off somewhere and now looking for home. He has a tatty overcoat and his hat askew, a face of white whiskers, and when he sees Hardcore, he wants to move, get out the way, man, and his legs can't let him. Funny. Hardcore calls him, "Man," as he passes by. They got they needs, he thinks, wishing he'd told his boys that, too. Everybody on these streets, man, these motherfuckers out here is just completely crazy with what they need. This gal she need her check, and this mama be needin to hold her baby, and that old cat need his fix. Needing. He sometimes thinks he doesn't walk on pavement—he is just moving on top of what everybody needs.

He crosses the boulevard, Grace Street, and starts down Lawrence, a block of ruined three-story apartment buildings, stout as battlements, with flat tarred roofs and limestone blocks placed decoratively amid the dark bricks and as a border above the doorways and at the cornices. The windows are gone in some, boarded up. A raised garden area of railroad ties sits under the windows of 338, the dirt desert dry, even the weeds struggling to survive.

"Yo," Lovinia calls, emerging like a cat from one of her hiding places. This Lovinia, he thinks. God, lookit here at this scrawny bitch, motherfucker, are you gone believe it? With this fuzzball stocking cap dragged down over her whole damn head and this gray coat and twill pants. Don't want nobody comin up on her to know she a bitch is what it is, figure they'll shoot her ass or molest her ass or somethin. They better not try neither, she ain't strapped—armed—she know better than that for when Tic-Tac come by, but you bet she got it near here, under the mailbox, or in a hole in one them trees, you mess with her, she gone smoke you ass. Word up. T-Roc, he think Hardcore stone crazy using Bug, but she sharp. She strut up to the cars, she change her whole routine now, she sort of swingin it a lot: "What you like, man?" Make them say. Anybody she take for Tic-Tac, narco, when they say "dope," she just go, "Oh, man, I ain selling *dope*, man, I got somethin sweeter 'n that, man," like she thinkin they was here to bone.

Now she points to the white Nova at the curb, a hundred feet away. "I done told her, 'Lady, you in the wrong place.'"

"Lady? What kind of motherfuckin lady?"

"Tol' you now, 10-2. He ain come. She come. She be lookin for O'dell." Bug smiles then, toward the walk. Lovinia, just a kid and all—15—she love to play.

"Lady," Hardcore repeats a few more times. Damn. He advances on the car. "Lady, this the wrong place for you." Leaning into the darkness of the car, he catches some of her soapy smell and the humid sour scent of his own overheated breath. "You best get out here fast."

"Mr. Trent? I'm June Eddgar." She extends her hand and then laboriously leaves the car to stand in the sallow morning light. Old. She be fat, too, big and fat. Some kind of hippie or farmer or some such and her thighs all mashed together in her jeans. She have a plain face and some long lightish brown kinda hair going to gray, kind of lopsided and knit together like it ain't really combed. "I thought we could talk a minute."

"Lady, they ain't nothin for you and me to talk about."

"I thought—I'm Nile's mother."

"Told him get hisself here. Didn't tell him send nobody's mama."

"I thought it was better if I came."

"You better go. Thass all. They's some powerful shit may go down here. Word, now. Go on." He steps away, flitting his hand.

"Look, I know them both. I think there's a misunderstanding."

"Only misunderstandin is you stayin here stead of leavin out when I say go. Thass the only misunderstanding that we got."

"I really think——"

"Lady, you gone get fucked up bad, you hear? Now jump in you rusty-ass ride." He throws a hand again in disgust and walks away. Lovinia has stepped toward the street, waving.

"Gorgo," she calls, signaling overhead.

"Aw, fuck me, motherfuck," Hardcore says. From the alley across the way, Gorgo has emerged, tearing out on a sturdy black-framed mountain bike. He has a mask on, a blue handkerchief across his face like he some cowboy motherfucker, but looks otherwise like he just goin home to mama, blue pack fixed on his back, red satin jacket, hat turned behind his ear, just a kid, if you don't notice the gat—the gun—held low by his side. Nine. Got his Tec-9. The semiautomatic weapon, from its sheer weight, seems to drag behind as Gorgo rides. Bug keeps on waving, calling out as Gorgo rushes on, but he doesn't see her. He never will, Hardcore knows. You can see Gorgo's eyes at 60 feet now, popped out like some pipehead's, only with him all it is is panic.

I gotta do this, Gorgo's thinking, got to do this, man. Hardcore knows. His whole self is shrunken down to a little pea of violent will, so there's no room for anything to tell him no. The gun is up, straight this way, and for one second Ordell sees nothing of it but the small silver o and the frightening black space within it, at the end of the muzzle.

(continued on page 152)

Janet agreed to pose after Hef promised a new Addressagraph machine for her overworked, one-woman department (PLAYBOY's circulation that year grew by 200 percent). The pictorial's introduction reminded readers that "Playmates are all around you"—and still are.

PLAYMATE REVISITED: *Janet Pilgrim*

the girl next door who got our circulation going

Our most popular Playmate ever—Miss July 1955—was right under our nose. She was PLAYBOY's Subscription Manager, Janet Pilgrim. (The slightly out-of-focus fellow in the background of her centerfold shot, above left, is Hugh M. Hefner.) She posed again in December of that year and in October of the next year, the only three-time Playmate. Readers asked for more, but the subscription orders were backing up.

Because she worked in our offices, Janet was even more real to PLAYBOY readers. She went on to lead a very real life, marrying a man she met at a PLAYBOY event in Miami Beach and raising two daughters, now 35 and 32. Today Janet (shown above left at a family get-together) is happily retired after earning a college degree at 50 and becoming a nurse. She has certainly always made us feel better.

Bop was received with confusion, dismay and hatred—the same reception that greeted punk rock.

as musical scores, with space left for solo improvising. And if you were a musician who played one of six saxophones that were all supposed to sail along together, reading music, if not absolutely required, sure helped.

Despite the popularity of big bands, some of the best jazz of the late Thirties was made by big-band members performing in smaller side units. Quintessential were the records cut by Billie Holiday, the premiere female jazz vocalist of the Thirties and Forties, whose recordings were frequently backed by Count Basie's tenor saxophonist Lester Young and Benny Goodman's pianist Teddy Wilson. And the smaller groups Benny Goodman pulled from his big band played true jazz, even though his big band slipped into perfunctory pop as often as not.

One member of those Goodman sextets in the early Forties was Charlie Christian, whose playing on the newly developed electric guitar began another revolution that led straight to Chuck Berry and the guitar wizards to come.

Before Christian (and gypsy Django Reinhardt in Europe), the guitar was used to help keep time in jazz by strumming out the rhythm. But Christian began playing lines of single-note melodies—as the horn players and pianists did. The invention of the electric guitar (and Christian's style) moved the guitar toward center stage, gradually paving the way for the guitar's eventual starring role in rock.

During Christian's brief, brilliant career—he died of tuberculosis in 1942—the guitarist was also part of the uptown Harlem scene that centered around Minton's Playhouse, a club where, in the early Forties, bebop came together as another revolutionary form of jazz.

Led by trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, alto sax genius Charlie Parker, eccentric pianist Thelonious Monk and, a little later, handsome young trumpeter Miles Davis, bebop was the beginning of modern jazz. And the beginning of the end for the Swing Era.

After Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the routine and social conditions of the Depression were altered. And bebop, at least in retrospect, sounded like what life had become during the speeded-up, anxious upheaval of the war.

Other factors combined to kill off big-band swing in the Forties. An obvious one during the war was the draft. Simply keeping a big band together became a challenge.

Another factor in swing's decline was the commercialization that so alienated younger players. As Joachim Berendt notes in *The Jazz Book*:

> The word swing became a marketing device for all sorts of goods, from cigarettes to articles of female clothing, while the music, conforming to general commercial demands, often became a matter of endlessly repeated clichés. As is so often the case in jazz when a style or way of playing becomes too commercialized, the evolution turned in the opposite direction. A group of musicians who had something radically new to say found each other in a healthy reaction against the general swing fashion.

Pianist Lennie Tristano wrote: "Bebop is diametrically opposed to the jazz that preceded it. Swing was hot, heavy and loud. Bebop is cool, light and soft. It has a more subtle beat and at this low-volume level many interesting and complex accents may be introduced effectively." He adds that "the boppers discarded collective improvisation and placed all emphasis on the single line." And Berendt, noting the distilled concentration of bebop, quotes an unnamed bopper as saying, "Everything that is obvious is excluded."

But bebop proved too subtle and complex for the mainstream. Ultimately it was musicians' music, requiring a fast ear and an appreciation of technical feats and tonal leaps. You couldn't dance to it. Bop was received at first with confusion, dismay and hatred—the same reception that greeted punk rock in the Seventies. Bebop turned the jazz world of the mid-Forties into a war zone—the traditionalists (labeled moldy figs by the boppers) versus the beboppers (whose music one writer compared to the sound of a hardware store during an earthquake). But in terms of reaching a large general audience, neither side won. Popular music was heading elsewhere.

Rhythm and blues also evolved in the Forties—and would lead directly to rock. By 1950 R&B had taken over as the popular black sound, on records and in small, smoky clubs in every city with a large black population. There were several strains. Horn-based Memphis R&B, for instance, sounded different from that of doo-wop New York and Los Angeles. But what was coming out of Chicago had the most raw power. Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter and Elmore James had all come to Chicago from the Mississippi Delta. John Lee Hooker migrated north from the Delta as well, but ended up in Detroit. Their urban electric blues provided the main inspiration for the blues-rockers of the Sixties—including the Rolling Stones, Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page and Eric Clapton.

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Arguing over what was the first rock record has been a favorite pastime among rock writers and fanatic fans over the years. The book *What Was the First Rock and Roll Record?*, by Jim Dawson and Steve Propes, analyzes the qualities of 50 contenders in chronological order—from the 1944 Jazz at the Philharmonic *Blues, Part 2* (which featured an early example of the emotional, honking sax sound that would become a staple of R&B and early rock) to *Heartbreak Hotel* in 1956—a landmark because it introduced Elvis to the pop world.

For many, the founding father of rock would be either Little Richard or Chuck Berry—both of whom had their first hits in 1955, perhaps the banner year of early rock.

Little Richard has often said that he personally invented rock and roll. Hearing him warble jubilant nonsense while pounding out frenetic boogie piano on 1955's *Tutti Frutti*—or *Slippin' and Slidin'* and *Rip It Up* from the next year—makes a case for the claim. Little Richard was and remains sui generis.

So is Chuck Berry, of course, but *Maybellene*, his 1955 first hit (and his first record), was more of an indication of where rock had come from and where it was going than Little Richard's music. Berry had grown up in St. Louis, listening to hillbilly stations on the radio and learning to play blues on the guitar. In his early professional gigs around East St. Louis he played standards, hillbilly or the blues, depending on the audience. His distinctive ringing guitar style was most influenced by jazzmen Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt, along with lesser-known R&B guitarists Carl Hogan and Ham Jackson, who had played on Louis Jordan's *Saturday Night Fish Fry*, one of the biggest R&B hits of the Forties.

Maybellene, which began racing up the charts in August 1955, summed up all of these influences. As Dawson and Propes note, "It was the first pop hit by

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"Life is never boring with my wife. Every evening, when I come home, I know she'll be waiting for me with a surprise."

Ticket To Ride

sorry, officer, we made a wrong turn somewhere south of green bay

They zoom the ice-covered lakes of the North Woods, low-slung and capable of ripping to 100 miles per hour in a quarter mile. The undisputed king of this frozen jungle is the 156-hp Arctic Cat Thundercat pictured here, the holder of four world-speed snowmobile records. Price: $9150. Hot on the Cat's trail in 1997 will be a new Ski-Doo lake-racer, the Mach Z ($8600) and the Polaris Indy 600 XCR ($6850). The Polaris is a high-performance machine with Xtra-10 front and rear suspension and competition-style Fox gas shocks. On woodland trails, agility and acceleration win the race. Carve up corners with precision piloting the lightweight Yamaha Vmax 700 SX ($7200). It will be a hot winter.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

TOXIC TERROR (continued from page 64)

Harris was arrested for illegally buying three vials of bubonic plague bacteria through the mail.

ally the feds discovered who was targeted. At the top of Oelrich's hit list was U.S. Deputy Marshal Bill Ott in Minneapolis. He also added "any other deputy marshal" who got involved in the seizure of Oelrich's property.

One year after Tom Lavy crossed the Canadian border with his quarter pound of ricin, some members of the Minnesota Patriots Council were arrested on charges of possessing ricin. Court papers claim that the men discussed blowing up a federal building, killing a law-enforcement officer and obtaining assault weapons.

In February 1995 Leroy Wheeler, 55, and Douglas Baker, 30, were convicted in federal court of possession of ricin. Dennis Henderson, 37, and Richard Oelrich, 55, were convicted of similar charges in October. These Minnesota rustics with their deadly ricin were the first terrorists convicted under the Biological Weapons Antiterrorism Act of 1989. Two months later Tom Lavy faced the same charge.

Christian patriot, militia and white supremacist publications routinely feature articles on biological and chemical warfare. Detailed instruction on the manufacture and deployment of poisons, nerve gas and other deadly chemical agents are available in such books as *Assorted Nasties* and *Silent Death*. These can be easily obtained on the Internet and through various mail-order houses that cater to the paramilitary movement.

Assorted Nasties, published by Desert Publication of El Dorado, Arkansas, is 138 pages of detailed instruction for the manufacture of 22 of the most highly toxic substances known. It also outlines several delivery systems for these agents such as poison bullets, toxic smoke grenades and contact poison applicators.

Silent Death, one of the books Lavy had in his truck, is the classic do-it-yourself guide to biochemical terrorism. From "Nerve Gas: The Poor Man's Atom Bomb" to "Time Delay Poisons" to the toxin of mass death, "Botulism," *Silent Death* covers all that any fanatic needs to know to kill a single enemy or wipe out several thousand people at a cost of around $1 per acre. "I'm sure you'll be surprised how easy to make and use these little gems are," concludes the introduction. "Read and enjoy."

The item that put biochemical weaponry into the hands of the Minnesota boys and Tom Lavy was a cheap little terrorist kit called *Silent Tool of Justice*. The book was advertised in hardcore Christian patriot publications as "including instructions for extracting the deadly poison ricin from castor beans. Agent of choice for CIA, KGB, etc. A single bean will kill an evildoer. Interesting suggestions for preparations and delivery, etc."

For $12, Maynard Campbell of Maynard's Avenging Angel Supply in Ashland, Oregon would supply ten castor beans and an instruction booklet detailing the manufacture of ricin.

Campbell, a white supremacist Christian, is now serving time in prison for threatening to kill federal officials. He was in an armed standoff with Oregon police for nearly 12 hours, and was sentenced to more than ten years in prison. Campbell had written *Kingdoms at War*, a guerrilla manual that has been distributed among patriot extremists. It advocates autonomous terrorist cells and assassinations as necessary tactics in a war against the federal government. "Corrupt judges," writes Campbell, "should simply be shot dead."

In May 1995 Aryan Nations member Larry Harris, 43, of Lancaster, Ohio was arrested for illegally buying three vials of bubonic plague bacteria through the mail. Harris ordered the freeze-dried bacteria using an identification number from the food-testing laboratory where he worked. In a subsequent search of Harris' house, handgrenade triggers, homemade explosive devices and detonating fuses were discovered.

On January 18, not far from where the feds turned up Harris' stash of explosives and plague, a shoot-out occurred between a suspect in a two-year stretch of bank robberies and FBI agents. Peter Langan exchanged gunfire with the authorities until he was slightly wounded and placed under arrest. Three days earlier Langan's suspected accomplice in 19 flamboyant bank heists, Richard Guthrie Jr., had surrendered to police after a brief car chase through Cincinnati.

The Midwestern Bank Bandits—as they were known—had taunted the FBI with letters to newspapers, bought getaway cars in the names of agents, dressed in a variety of disguises and spoke with each other in gibberish. Their trademark was to leave behind pipe bombs inside or in front of the banks they hit in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Ohio and Kentucky. The robberies netted at least $200,000, none of which has been recovered.

By the time the FBI agents sorted through the evidence recovered from Langan and Guthrie's safe houses, vans and storage units, they found that the two were not routine bank robbers but a unit of an underground terrorist faction called the Aryan Republican Army.

Like Harris, Guthrie and Langan are members of Aryan Nations. The men had been in and out of Aryan Nations' headquarters in Hayden Lake, Idaho since the Eighties. In July 1995 Langan and Guthrie took time from their fund-raising to attend Aryan Nations' annual world congress.

Hours after Guthrie was processed into the jail in Covington, Kentucky, he tapped an inmate who was being released and gave him a Pennsylvania phone number. Guthrie said to call the number and deliver this message: "The Ohio connection is dead." After police learned of the call, they found that the phone number belonged to a major Aryan Nations leader and Identity minister.

The searches of storage units, safe houses and vehicles linked to Guthrie and Langan netted explosives, weapons, pipe bombs, phony U.S. Marshal IDs, and jackets and caps marked FBI—all of which are believed to have been used in the bank robberies. The feds also found a copy of *Mein Kampf* and stacks of white supremacist screeds from Aryan Nations.

But the most startling discovery was a recruitment video for the ARA hosted by a masked Peter Langan, who identifies himself as Commander Pedro. In the course of the two-hour production, stacks of money are piled up on a table before Commander Pedro, who enjoins white viewers to take action against the government. He holds up "essential reading" for potential ARA cadres, including neo-Nazi William Pierce's race-war fiction *The Turner Diaries* and Richard Kelly Hoskins' *Vigilantes of Christendom*, which includes a recap of the underground terrorist movement known as the Phineas Priesthood.

Included among those linked to the Phineas Priesthood are the assassin of Medgar Evers (Byron de la Beckwith) and Paul Hill, the killer of an abortion doctor and his escort. In Hoskins' book, he cites as Phineas heroes the two killers of Denver talk-show host Alan Berg.

(concluded on page 148)

IT'S THE ELECTION, STUPID!

if those dole guys want to play hardball, they'd better be wearing cups

humor By Christopher Buckley

EYES ONLY ACTION MEMO
FOR THE PRESIDENT
FROM: Dick Morris
RE: Counter–October Surprise Strategy Scenarios

Our poll numbers remain strong—30 points ahead as of yesterday. We should therefore anticipate a desperation-move October Surprise by the Dole camp, and prepare accordingly.

Several possibilities (code-named) are outlined here for your consideration:

(1) **Anzioplasty**—to be activated if they find the other set of Mrs. Clinton's law firm billing records.

A World War Two diary of a deceased member of the Tenth Mountain Division surfaces in an attic and is leaked to the press. It reveals that Dole was actually fragged by his own men in Italy.

Selected excerpts: "Lieutenant Dole is a true SOB. Very mean-spirited. The men can't stand him." "Lt. Dole cowered in the landing craft while we stormed ashore." "Lt. Dole once again demanded all our cigarette rations." "Lt. Dole said today, 'Hitler's a pretty decent guy,' then refused to storm a machine-gun position. Men won't stand for this much longer."

When asked about the diary, express "great respect for Dole's war record" and confidence he will be exonerated "after a full and vigorous investigation into these sad allegations."

_____APPROVE _____DISAPPROVE
_____I'LL GET BACK TO YOU

(2) **Rh-negative**—in the event Roger Ailes airs his planned documentary on you: *A Place Called Dope*.

A Government Accounting Office "internal report" surfaces on the Internet detailing an investigation into a report that Elizabeth Dole did not take a leave of absence from her job as president of the American Red Cross but in fact was forced to resign amid allegations (etc., etc.) that she was selling blood to the Russian mafia and funneling the money to the Dole campaign.

Your response: "This is a matter for the FBI, not partisan politics."

Note: would provide nice balance, given that Mrs. C begins serving her sentence at Allenwood this month.

_____APPROVE _____DISAPPROVE
_____HMMM

(3) **Gashole**—in the event they make a stink over your dispatching that B-2 bomber to transport Socks to the Vineyard after Chelsea left him behind on vacation.

We provide *Agricultural Digest* with a story that if he is elected, Dole—who over the years has received millions in contributions from Archer Daniels Midland agribusiness magnate Dwayne O. Andreas—plans to force U.S. auto manufacturers to convert from gasoline to corn-based ethanol (corn liquor, basically) by 1998.

Your reaction: "I guess the senator really likes flying around in Mr. Andreas' private jet."

_____APPROVE _____DISAPPROVE
_____HERE, SOOEY SOOEY

(4) **Drive a Mile for a Camel**—if they find out you smoke contraband Cuban cigars with Vernon Jordan.

A document is leaked to one of the noisier antismoking groups saying that in return for Big Tobacco's continued support, Dole, if elected, will mandate that American car manufacturers convert from ethanol to tobacco-fueled engines by the end of 1997.

Your reaction: "At least I didn't inhale."

_____APPROVE
_____DISAPPROVE
_____LET ME BOGART ON IT FOR A WHILE

(5) **Iraqebola**—if our troops come under fire in Bosnia.

A "senior government official" (National Security Advisor Anthony Lake) tells press that a CIA Keyhole satellite reports photographic evidence that Saddam Hussein has been stockpiling Ebola virus. Furthermore, our on-the-ground intelligence indicates that Hussein plans to put Ebola-infected chimpanzees aboard his Kamel intercontinental ballistic missiles and launch them at the capitals of states where we are running behind.

Your response: Turn Air Force One—en route to a campaign event—around and return to the White House to "manage the crisis." Speaking with reporters on board, you decline to "get into it" when *Time*'s Margaret Carlson (we'll feed her the question) asks if you blame "the Republicans" for "letting Saddam go in 1991" so he could continue his reign of terror.

_____APPROVE _____DISAPPROVE
_____STAND BY TO LAUNCH

(6) **Devil in Miss Jones**—if Paula Jones replaces her current legal counsel with Gerry Spence.

We find a friendly priest who will say he performed an unsuccessful exorcism on her just before she alleged that you asked her to "kiss it." He can supply photos showing her head rotating 360 degrees, projectile vomiting, etc.

Excellent tabloid opportunity and worth it just to watch Jones call a press conference to announce, "I am not possessed by Satan."

_____APPROVE _____DISAPPROVE
_____GET THEE BEHIND ME

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

NO MOTOR
VEHICLES
OR SKIPS
ALLOWED
ON STAGE

CHRIS O'DONNELL

batman's sidekick takes us on a tour of his hometown, shares a cautionary tale about pissing in an alley and explains why he has no fully formed opinions

He is the kind of guy moms dream their daughters will bring home—a respectable, conservative, well-balanced young man with a future. If that makes him sound kind of dull, well, Chris O'Donnell isn't concerned. He's far too busy acting. Still in his mid-20s, he has already made 11 movies. Two of these, "The Chamber" and "In Love and War," will be released later this year. O'Donnell grew up in a large Irish family in suburban Chicago and majored in marketing at Boston College. Although he received no formal training as an actor, a series of modeling jobs and commercials—including a 1987 McDonald's spot in which he served Michael Jordan—led to his being cast alongside Jessica Lange in Paul Brickman's "Men Don't Leave" in 1990. Two years later he played opposite Al Pacino in "Scent of a Woman." His performances thus far have shown him to have a simple, unmannered style that allows his co-stars plenty of room for showboating. Despite making big action pictures such as "Batman Forever," O'Donnell still likes to appear in quirkier, small-budget films such as "Circle of Friends" and "Mad Love," which have boosted his image as a romantic lead. Writer Greg Williams met O'Donnell in London, where the actor was filming "In Love and War" with Sandra Bullock and director Richard Attenborough. Says Williams, "It's clear that Chris O'Donnell isn't smitten with Hollywood. His priorities are like those of any normal guy: his family, girlfriend and buddies. When I met him at his hotel in London, it was evident he was tired from his long day. Despite an early call the next morning, he let a bunch of his friends, who were visiting from Chicago, stay in his room."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your next release is a John Grisham legal thriller, *The Chamber*. Is there a crime you wouldn't mind being sent to prison for?

O'DONNELL: I wouldn't want to spend any time in the prison in Cleveland, Mississippi, where we filmed. Death row was one of the scariest places I've been. I don't ever want to go to prison. If somebody did something to my family, I think it would drive me insane and I might not be able to control myself. But I'd like to think I would.

2.

PLAYBOY: In the film *In Love and War* you're playing the young Ernest Hemingway, who was desperate to experience combat. If the U.S. declared war and the Army needed volunteers, would you enlist?

O'DONNELL: I remember when the Gulf war came up, I thought I might get drafted. I was 20 and I thought, Oh, my God. This could be serious. What am I going to do? I talked with my dad and he told me to join the Navy. I don't know why, but I'd join the Navy.

3.

PLAYBOY: You're on the road a lot. What items do you always take with you when you travel?

O'DONNELL: My golf clubs go everywhere. I can be stressed out or frustrated, but when I get on a golf course there's that smell. It's something I have grown up with. It's like going to church—it's a very settling experience.

4.

PLAYBOY: You turned 26 in June. Do you find it strange when people who interview you expect you to have fully formed opinions?

O'DONNELL: I need to do publicity to promote my films. The usual stuff is fine, but when the interviewers start getting into my opinions, I think, Oh shit. I'm 26, what the hell do I know? It's ridiculous. And it bothers me when I read articles about young actors and athletes who have these opinions about various things. They say things that are so stupid. I'm sure I've said a lot of dumb things in a lot of interviews. As far as politics and stuff go, I've got thoughts, but they're just things I think. I don't have what I consider to be well-formed ideas.

5.

PLAYBOY: At what inappropriate times do people come up to you to say hello?

O'DONNELL: I had somebody come up to me at a funeral. I'm 20 people from the coffin, and some woman starts asking about *Batman*. I used to deny who I am. I'd say, "No, that's not me." But then it got to the point where it was better to just say yes, because otherwise they'd say, "I know it's you." It's better to say, "Yes, it is," and then they're like, "Oh, OK," and walk away.

6.

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, would you have rather won an Oscar or the NBA Finals?

O'DONNELL: I didn't have a clue what an Oscar was when I was a kid. I would have definitely taken the NBA Finals or played in a World Series. Baseball was bigger when I was growing up.

7.

PLAYBOY: If you were going to have a tattoo, what and where would it be?

O'DONNELL: I'm not big on tattoos. If I had to get one, I'd get a shamrock on my ass. There's a bar in Chicago called the Hidden Shamrock, and somebody told me the family who owns it all have shamrocks tattooed on their asses.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself to be an accidental actor?

O'DONNELL: I remember seeing the movie *Goonies*, in which those kids got to go down a water slide. And I thought, I want to do that. It wasn't so much that I wanted to act, I just wanted to be able to do what those kids got to do. Growing up with seven brothers and sisters, you didn't go to the movies all the time. Accidental? Yeah, I mean right place, right time, for sure. But you still have to deliver a certain amount. I definitely got some great breaks. But, you know, I've worked hard since then.

9.

PLAYBOY: When were you most thankful to be sipping a cocktail?

O'DONNELL: Last December I thought I was going to be in a plane crash. I'm not a good flier. I was with the new cast of *Batman*—Uma Thurman, George Clooney—and we were going to get fitted for our new costumes near San Francisco. We were on the Warner jet leaving Burbank. They said, "This is our new plane, you'll love it." So we are taking off and all of a sudden the engines stop and we start slowly dropping. It's quiet, and I'm like, "It's noise abatement, no big deal." I look back and the stewardess is yelling, "Oh

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANOREW MACPHERSON

my God!" That did it for me. I'm like, "Oh my God, what's going on here?" Uma gets up, and she's trying to teach us crash positions. I'm looking down and my heart just stops. I found out later that we were heading for another plane that was flying in the wrong zone, and the traffic controller ordered our pilot to cut the engines. As soon as it was over we were like, "Bloody marys, please!"

10.

PLAYBOY: You live in Chicago and still hang out there. Why have you resisted moving to Los Angeles?

O'DONNELL: I like Los Angeles. I go there a lot. I'll probably get a place there. It would be more convenient not to stay in hotels all the time. But something happens when I'm there for too long. I get really tired of all the talk about the film business. Everyone's smooth, flashy—you know, your car is so important. Don't get me wrong, I have great friends out in Los Angeles and I'm meeting more as I work in the business. It's such a beautiful place, but I won't trade the great weather for my old friends or for more comfortable surroundings.

11.

PLAYBOY: While you were making *Scent of a Woman*, Al Pacino told you never to date an actress. Have you followed his advice?

O'DONNELL: No. I dated an actress right after that. [*Laughs*] But I understand what he's saying. I mean, it's kind of true. Basically, his idea is that you'll always come second in their lives, and their career will always come first. Some people make it work and some don't. I think it's more about individuals. I'm not dating an actress now, so I don't have to worry.

12.

PLAYBOY: You made *The Three Musketeers* with Kiefer Sutherland and Charlie Sheen. They're known as kind of party animals. What partying skills did you learn from them?

O'DONNELL: Kind of party animals? Kind of? [*Laughs*] That was an experience. I had always played the son or a kid and had never hung out with anybody while doing a movie. Sutherland and Sheen aren't much older than I am, but they were big movie stars. I thought, Wow, what are their lives like? And I got the chance to hang out with them. At a certain point I realized that they're not much different from my friends, they just have a lot of money to spend. There's a limit to how much you can party with your friends, because everyone runs out of money: "OK, night's over, boys." But it doesn't stop with these guys—they can keep the party going.

13.

PLAYBOY: We heard you scraped the Batmobile once. Have you had any other close shaves?

O'DONNELL: I was in a bar in Los Angeles with a buddy of mine. It's a terrible place, and I'm like, "Let's get out of here." We walk out and are going to our car, and we pass a Mexican restaurant that's closed. So we're taking a piss behind a Dumpster, and suddenly I hear, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" And I'm like, "Either that was a car backfiring or those were gunshots. I've got to see this." So I'm going to check it out while my buddy's still pissing. I go out and there are two gangs—about eight guys—with bandannas on and fucking guns out. I go, "Holy shit! Come on, let's get the fuck out of here!" We're running down the street and I have my car keys dangling on my finger—they're silver—and all of a sudden a cop comes from out of nowhere, gets down on one knee, pulls a gun on me and shouts, "Freeze! Drop your fucking gun!" I shout, "I don't have a gun!" He goes, "Drop your gun!" He sees the keys and thinks they're a gun. So I drop them and he realizes what they are. I thought he was going to shoot me.

14.

PLAYBOY: Give the uninitiated a tour of Chicago.

O'DONNELL: You have to go to Wrigley Field. It's the first order of business. You have to sit in the bleachers. You have to eat a lot on this trip. You have to go to Gino's East for pizza. You have to get gyros at Five Faces. You have to get a great steak at Gene & Georgetti's. Got to go to Butch McGuire's for some beers. You eat and drink. You go to the beach. You know why Chicago's a great city? It has everything a big city such as New York has, but it still has a small-town feel. I have friends from New York who visit Chicago and they'll be like, "What's with the police here? They're nice to us." I say, "Yes, that's the way it is here." Everyone has the Midwest mentality, family-oriented, and yet it's a cosmopolitan city. It's a beautiful city. It's flat, it doesn't have the mountains of Seattle, but it's got a gorgeous lake, it's got amazing restaurants, it's got all sorts of ethnic areas, and people just love to have a good time there.

15.

PLAYBOY: After making *Mad Love*, Drew Barrymore described you as the brother she never had. Do women always want to take you into their families?

O'DONNELL: Unfortunately, they do sometimes, which isn't always what you want: "I wasn't exactly thinking about you being my mother." It depends in what company people meet me. When I'm with my girlfriend, it's kind of, "Yeah, nice guy, whatever." If I'm with my buddies, I don't know what they think. [*Laughs*] If I'm with my family, it's not the same. I definitely act differently with different people.

16.

PLAYBOY: What is the downside of sounding like a really nice guy? Do people think you're dull?

O'DONNELL: Sandra Bullock said to me, "You know, I thought you'd be the biggest geek in the world." I talk like this so I don't get myself into trouble.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've been described as a "mini–Tom Cruise." Care to respond?

O'DONNELL: Well, even a mini–Tom Cruise bank account wouldn't be bad. [*Laughs*] I heard those comparisons at the beginning because my first film, *Men Don't Leave*, was directed by Paul Brickman, who also did *Risky Business*. I think Cruise is great. I'm a huge fan.

18.

PLAYBOY: You're part of a large Irish-Catholic family. Is religion important to you? Would you have made a good priest?

O'DONNELL: I try to go to church every week. I've got a crazy life and I try to stay sane. I may not even pay attention to what they're saying up there. But to be quiet and think, it's a great experience. However, I wouldn't have made a good priest. I like women too much.

19.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a couple of things you're good at and a couple of things you're not so good at.

O'DONNELL: I can take anybody on in Tetris. I will not lose at that. I'm good at Monopoly. I'm not so good at keeping the ball on the fairway. I like to hit the ball too hard. I'm not so good at making decisions when ordering food. I love food, I love to talk about food, I love to eat food. I much prefer when it's just served to me. If I had a three-page menu with 75 things to choose from, it would drive me insane.

20.

PLAYBOY: Write your own personal ad.

O'DONNELL: I used to have a T-shirt—someone stole it from me—that read, SEEKING BUXOM BLONDE VIRGIN WILLING TO COOK, CLEAN AND CARRY GOLF CLUBS IN MINISKIRT AND HIGH HEELS. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. I loved that T-shirt. It was a great T-shirt.

"God bless you."

SEX IN CINEMA 1996

STRIPPERS GOT THE BIG BUCKS, LIP SERVICE GOT THE YUCKS AND THE HOTTEST STARS CAME OUT

TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

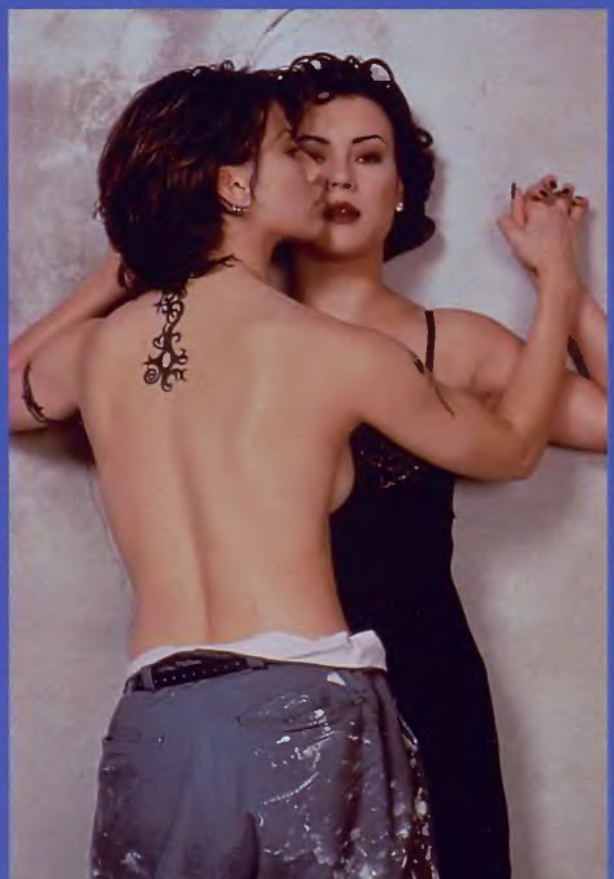
For most of 1996, sex in mainstream movies appeared stuck in look-don't-touch mode: a strip-joint scene here, a flash of breast there. Then along came *Crash*, shaking up audiences at the Cannes Film Festival with its explicit, orgiastic parade of swingers whose carnal desires are ignited by automobile smashups and scar tissue. Although David Cronenberg's kinky auto-erotism shocked many festivalgoers, the film picked up a Special Jury Prize "for its daring, audacity and originality." It will arrive Stateside to create more controversy, inevitably carrying an NC-17 label from the Motion Picture Association of America's ratings board. *Crash* takes a giant step beyond the minimal sexuality of *Striptease*, Demi Moore's coyly camera-shy and highly paid exercise in on-screen breast-baring. Similarly, much of the big-screen heat appeared to be generated by lap dancing or ultrasafe phone sex—the latter in Spike Lee's *Girl 6* (Theresa Randle selling horniness on the horn), *The Truth About Cats and Dogs* (Janeane Garofalo making out on the wire through mutual masturbation with Ben Chaplin) and the Spanish-made *Mouth to Mouth* (an imported example of giving lip service to primal urges).

Going topless seemed to be the name of the game in quite a few movies, with a number of *Showgirls* types dancing in the background. *Bordello of Blood* features Angie Everhart and PLAYBOY's *(text concluded on page 156)*

TAKE IT OFF, TAKE IT OFF! "Look, don't touch" is the name of the game as many of the year's sexual frissons toke place in strip joints. The makers of *Striptease* reportedly sank $40 million into the project, $12.5 million of it earmarked for Demi Moore. But even generous glimpses of Demi's buffed bod (left) drew relatively feeble box-office rewards. At right, from the top: Salma Hayek is top-billed in a topless club in *From Dusk Till Dawn*, Taylor Nichols and Jennifer MacDonald perform under duress in *Headless Body in Topless Bar* (inspired by a notorious 1983 *New York Post* headline) and Maria Ford and Nikki Fritz do their thing in *Showgirl Murders*.

HOT FLASHES Mary Tyler Moore (above) provides a titillating glimpse of bra—one of "at least ten" she tried on far the scene, claims *Entertainment Weekly*—in *Flirting With Disaster*. Below, *Cable Guy*'s obsessive Jim Carrey bares his feelings—and his chest—for Matthew Broderick.

COMING-OUT PARTIES This was the year that same-sex—or at least ambiguous—relationships came into their own on-screen. In *French Twist* (top left), Josiane Balasko joins the ménage of Victoria Abril and her philandering husband (writer-director Balaska has hinted that the characters are based on actual people). Saskia Reeves and girl-on-top Amanda Plummer are lovers in *Butterfly Kiss* (center left), and Nathan Lane, Hank Azaria and Robin Williams share a household in *The Birdcage*, a remake of 1978's *La Cage aux Folles* (bottom left). Above, Kim Kataine gets her licks in with Divine Brown in *Nine Minutes*, Brown's riff on her life as a working girl and her encounter with Hugh Grant. Below left, Gina Gershon and Jennifer Tilly are lesbians battling the Mob in *Bound*. In the underground comic-based *Pretty Baby*, Germany's most popular movie of 1995, which was retitled *Maybe . . . Maybe Not* for U.S. release this year, Armin Rohde plays a sexually confused guy who comes clean with a pal's gal (below right).



PASSPORTS TO PLEASURE With proponents of family fare in the ascendoncy on this side of the Atlontic, foreign films continue to offer more erotic film images. The luminous young stor of *Stealing Beauty*, who travels to Tuscany with the aim of losing her virginity, is Liv Tyler (obove, far left)—doughter of Aerosmith's Steven Tyler and PLAYBOY's Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell. The film wos shot in Itoly (with English dialogue) by Bernardo Bertolucci. Above, near left, Kristen Scott-Thomas ond Rolph Fiennes fool around in *The English Patient*. Below, for left, Gabriella Barbuti enjoys o telephonic turn-on in Itoly's *Fermo Posta Tinto Brass*. *Trainspotting*, o sensation at Connes, is o graphic depiction of the low life of young heroin addicts in Edinburgh (obove, Ewan McGregor and Kelly Macdonold). Brozil's Sonio Brogo is the sex slave of Michael Gombon in Britoin's *Two Deaths* (below left), set during the Romonion revolution of 1989. Good showbiz genes ore demonstrated by Chiara Mastroianni (Morcello's doughter with Catherine Deneuve) and Cormen Chaplin (Charlie's grandkid) in France's *Ma Saison Preferée* (below right).

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE A few producers dared to send their films out bearing the dread NC-17. Foremost among them: *Crash* (above), in which James Spader and Deborah Unger find accidents arousing. Director Abel Ferrara risked a similar rating by claiming that Amber Smith, Paul Hipp and Vincent Gallo (the voyeuristic brother in the shot below) truly got it on during filming of *The Funeral*. Ferrara later backpedaled: "Hey, I don't know if they actually did it. I'm on the other side of the camera."

WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU, PAM She's the sexy star everyone wants to see, the mainstay of *Baywatch* and the new mom who headlines every tabloid show. Surprisingly, Pamela Andersan Lee's feature-film debut, *Barb Wire*, failed to score in America. Best bet is that her impersonation of the tough comic-baok superheroine will make big bucks overseas.

RALPH REED *(continued from page 92)*

Reed's voter guides said Democrats supported "promoting homosexuality to schoolchildren."

same vote suffered no mention of "promoting homosexuality" in the voter guides for their races. The inaccuracy of the smear remained hidden, of course, until it was much too late. After the election Reed took credit publicly for the turnover of two dozen formerly Democratic seats.

The selection of homosexuality as a voter-guide buzzword was no accident. Few subjects engender as much hysteria and hatred from the religious right as society's increasing acceptance of gays and lesbians, whom fundamentalists and evangelicals consider an affront to God. But Reed's public attitude these days is that the religious right should treat gays with enlightened disapproval instead of vilification. In *Active Faith*, Reed writes that "calling gays 'perverts' or announcing that AIDS is 'God's judgment' on the gay community is not consistent with our Christian call to mercy."

Evidently, that redemptive calling has escaped Robertson, who fulminates constantly against gays, especially when he is raising money for the Christian Coalition. He has associated them with Satanists and has suggested that homosexuality is caused by demonic possession. In 1992 he urged resistance against "attempts by the nation's sodomites to force their lifestyle into the schools, the military, the government, businesses and the church." Last January, the coalition's national magazine, *Christian American*, promoted a book that says "God's condemnation of same-sex perversions is absolute and categorical" and that under biblical law gays and lesbians are "subject to capital punishment."

More broadly, Reed understands that many Americans are troubled by his movement's attitude toward religious domination of government. Lately, he has tried to discredit claims that the religious right, in particular Robertson, might prefer theocracy to democracy. Yet Robertson, despite occasional disavowals, has always been clear about what he means.

While Reed tells everyone who will listen that the Christian Coalition believes in an "inviolable" separation of church and state, Robertson tells *The 700 Club*'s audience, as he did last year, that "there was no concept of separation between God and government in the New Testament or the Old Testament." It is a concept that is alien to the U.S., he said, one that originated in a "phrase from the Soviet Constitution." The televangelist's views seem to have changed little since he told a revival meeting in 1983 that he looked forward to a day when "there is a Spirit-filled president in the White House, and the men in the Senate and the House of Representatives are Spirit-filled and worship Jesus Christ, and the judges do the same thing."

Does Reed share that vision? Robert Boston, who monitors the Christian Coalition for Americans United for the Separation of Church and State, regards Reed and Robertson as a "good cop–bad cop" tag team, with Reed as "the hired gun who detracts from criticism by appearing to be reasonable, moderate and sensible. They have disagreements over tactics, not goals." But, then, Reed has been preparing almost 20 years for his role as Robertson's tactician.

•

Arriving at a small-town high school in Georgia as a short, skinny Navy brat would have been a depressing experience for most kids. But Ralph, nicknamed Buddy, was the kind of bright, self-motivated boy who takes over in a new situation.

Billing himself as the "little giant"—a bookwormish reference to Stephen Douglas that was probably lost on his classmates—Ralph was elected class president in his junior and senior years. (He talked a math teacher into reprogramming a school computer so that he could mail a campaign letter to every student in the junior class.) He joined the GOP as a student at the University of Georgia, leading the College Republicans and toiling tirelessly in 1980 for Ronald Reagan and Mack Mattingly, Georgia's successful Republican senatorial nominee.

Impressed by Reed's diligence and smarts, Mattingly brought him to Washington in the summer of 1981 for a student internship (which Reed has since misrepresented in coalition literature as a "staff assistant" position). That fall, Reed took a semester off to work for the national College Republicans on Capitol Hill. When he returned to campus, he developed a reputation as a rabid right-winger, thanks in part to a column he wrote during his senior year for the college newspaper, *The Red and Black*.

In the April 14, 1983 issue Reed wrote a piece excoriating the Oscar-winning movie *Gandhi*, and labeled India's saintly independence leader as "a quack, a fake, an eccentric and an immoral and manifestly colossal boob . . . the premiere ninny of the 20th century." The name-calling was all Reed's, but an angry letter to the paper the next week from a graduate student in political science detailed the "striking" and "amazing" similarities in Reed's piece and a review in the previous month's edition of the neoconservative magazine *Commentary*. "It is not up to me to determine if this is plagiarism," the letter said. "A copy of Reed's column has been sent to the editors of *Commentary*. I'll let them consider it."

The student journalists running *The Red and Black* were not impressed by Reed's apology for the "oversight" of failing to cite his sources, nor by his insistence that he had consulted several other recent articles (including another by Grenier), nor by his protest that the letter exposing him constituted "the most shocking, profane form of personal attack I can imagine." Announcing that they had found the charges accurate, the editors fired Reed.

This scandal didn't slow Reed's upward mobility among his ideological brethren, who already had elected him president of the state's College Republicans. After graduation, he was hired to run the same organization at the national level, a job that brought him back to Republican headquarters in Washington. As Reed tells it, his unfolding career as GOP apparatchik was interrupted from on high in September 1983. Having lately given up cigarettes and alcohol, he was out on a Saturday night with a bunch of political cronies, sipping soda at a Capitol Hill pub called Bullfeathers, when he had an urge to go back to church. He had been raised a Methodist but had never been devout. The next morning, though, he went to an Evangelical church that he had found in the Yellow Pages.

•

Sometime in 1984, the chairman of the College Republicans introduced Reed to Gary Jarmin, legislative director of a group called Christian Voice. Jarmin was regarded with suspicion by some people on the religious right because he was a former disciple of Sun Myung Moon.

But whatever Jarmin's dubious connections, it was he and his fellow Christian Voice colleagues who in 1980 pioneered the political organizing of

(continued on page 140)

"When you stopped at the drugstore to buy condoms, I just assumed you had something else in mind."

The Playmate Report

BEING A STUDY OF THE TASTES AND HABITS OF THE PLAYBOY PLAYMATE, 1953–1996, INSPIRED BY THE IMMINENT PUBLICATION OF "THE PLAYMATE BOOK" AND OUR FASCINATION WITH BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

SOMEBODY STOP US!

Number of Playmates who were photographed taking a bath or shower, 50; using a garden hose, 10; completely submerged, 9; who posed with a dog, 71; a cat, 20; a bunny, 2; who were smoking, 18; who thanked their mothers on their data sheets, 29; who doodled, 18; who mentioned Sammy Davis Jr., 13; Marilyn Monroe, 11; Hef, 9; winning an Oscar, 7; Einstein, 5; Werner Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, 1; who submitted childhood photos of themselves pulling their pants up to their chests, 2

HOW THEY STACK UP

Average measurements: 36-23-35.

Largest bust: 41″ (Rosemarie Hillcrest, October 1964). Smallest bust: 32″ (seven-way tie).

Average height: 5′6″. Tallest: 6′1″ (Susan Miller, September 1972). Shortest: 4′11″ (Sue Williams, April 1965; Karla Conway, April 1966).

Largest waist: 27″ (Saskia Linssen, June 1991). Smallest waist: 18″ (Joni Mattis, November 1960; Mickey Winters, September 1962).

Largest hips: 39″ (Unne Terjesen, July 1962; Susan Miller, September 1972). Smallest hips: 32″ (20).

Average weight: 115 pounds. Heaviest: We'll never tell. Lightest: 93 pounds (Elizabeth Jordan, May 1968).

Average age: 22 years. Oldest: 33 years, 5 months (Cindy Brooks, April 1985). Youngest: 17 years (Elizabeth Ann Roberts, January 1958).

Most common birth dates: May 28 (6), December 13 (6). Most common sign: Libra (54).

Percentage of Playmates with blonde hair, 42; with blue eyes, 41; with blonde hair and blue eyes, 24; with hair past their shoulders, 48.

PLAYMATE MATCH GAME

(1) most PLAYBOY covers
(2) daughter became a Playmate in 1989
(3) daughter of a Temptation
(4) first Asian Playmate
(5) first black Playmate
(6) first Playmate of the Year
(7) first published data sheet
(8) first Playmate younger than PLAYBOY
(9) last Playmate with staples
(10) Liv Tyler's mom
(11) Elliot's girlfriend in *E.T.*
(12) wrote her own Playmate copy
(13) 19th of 20 children
(14) posed in clown makeup
(15) nightmares of waking up bald
(16) nightmares of waking up blonde
(17) saved in car mishap by her breasts
(18) shown firing .357 Magnum
(19) Playmate for a Lifetime
(20) Sweetheart of the Month
(21) three-time Playmate
(22) *Wholly Toledo!*

(a) Pamela Anderson (February 1990)
(b) Bebe Buell (November 1974)
(c) Elan Carter (June 1994)
(d) Kimberley Conrad (January 1988)
(e) Terri Lynn Doss (July 1988)
(f) Carol Eden (December 1960)
(g) Erika Eleniak (July 1989)
(h) Lourdes Estores (June 1982)
(i) Jennifer Jackson (March 1965)
(j) Jennifer Jackson (April 1989)
(k) Venice Kong (September 1985)
(l) China Lee (August 1964)
(m) Diana Lee (May 1988)
(n) Vicki McCarty (September 1979)
(o) Marilyn Monroe (December 1953)
(p) Cynthia Myers (December 1968)
(q) Janet Pilgrim (July 1955)
(r) Cathy St. George (August 1982)
(s) Ellen Stratton (December 1959)
(t) Sondra Theodore (July 1977)
(u) Monica Tidwell (November 1973)
(v) Petra Verkaik (December 1989)

Answers: 1-a, 2-f, 3-c, 4-l, 5-i, 6-s, 7-t, 8-u, 9-k, 10-b, 11-g, 12-n, 13-h, 14-e, 15-j, 16-m, 17-v, 18-r, 19-d, 20-o, 21-q, 22-p

PLAYMATE AMBITIONS

(1) acting
(2) modeling, happiness (tie)
(4) having a family
(5) travel

Also: "living life to its fullest," airline stewardess, "Oliver North's next secretary," "succeeding in my predestined goal so that my next life may be more perfect," dental hygienist, getting into the insurance business, marine biologist, mathematician, NFL owner, astronaut, taking over Playboy

DELEGATES TO THE PLAYMATE CONVENTION

(birthplaces)

Argentina (1), Australia (1), Austria (2), Belgium (1), Canada (12), Colombia (1), Denmark (4), England (12), Finland (2), France (4), Germany (9), Greece (1), Holland (6), Jamaica (2), Japan (1), Malta (2), Norway (7), Panama (1), Philippines (2), Poland (1), South Korea (1), Spain (1), Sweden (4), Switzerland (1), Ukraine (1), Vietnam (1), unknown (55).

COOL PLAYMATE NAMES

Gianna Amore
Betty Blue
Lourdes Estores
Ava Fabian
Candy Loving
Zahra Norbo
Melba Ogle
Jackie Rainbow
Star Stowe
Gwen Wong

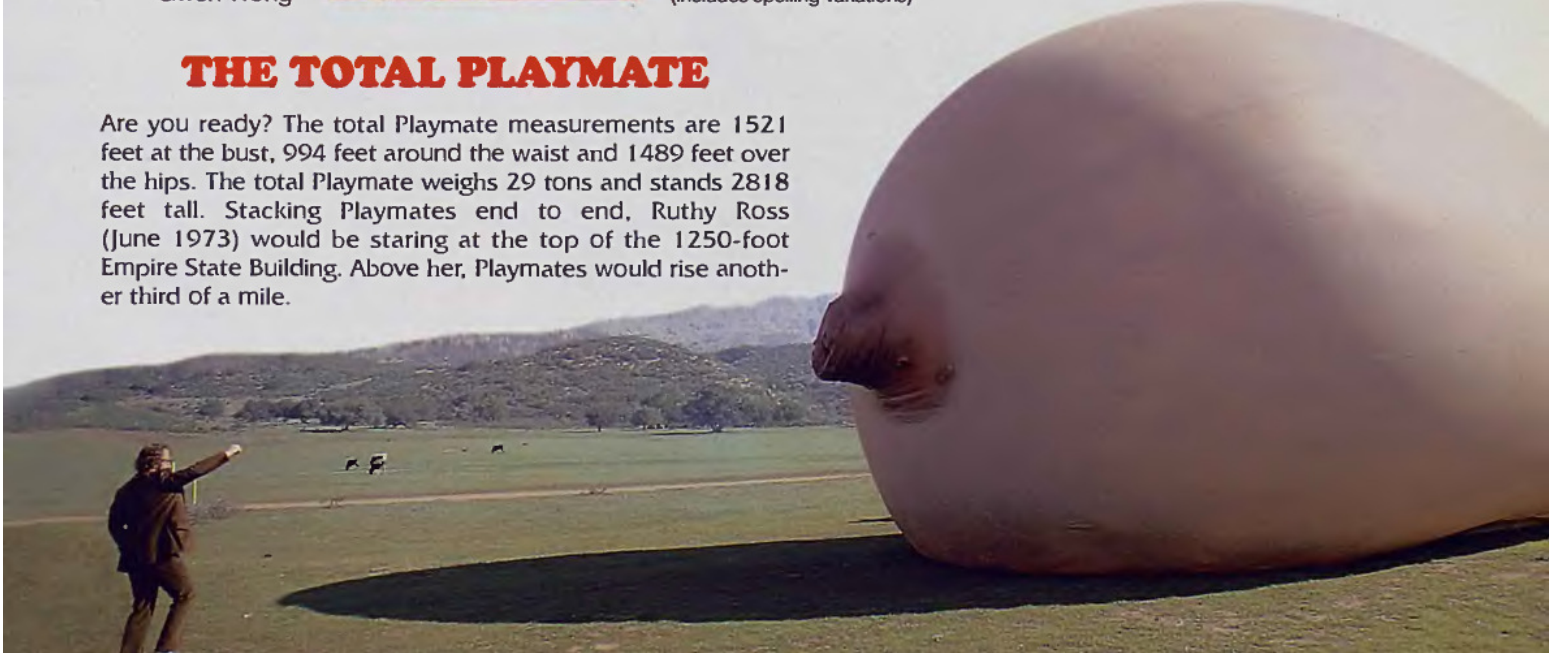
MOST POPULAR PLAYMATE NAMES

Sue/Susan (12)
Debbie/Deborah (10)
Karen (10)
Victoria/Vicki (10)
Kim/Kimberly (9)
Linda (9)
Terry (9)

(includes spelling variations)

THE TOTAL PLAYMATE

Are you ready? The total Playmate measurements are 1521 feet at the bust, 994 feet around the waist and 1489 feet over the hips. The total Playmate weighs 29 tons and stands 2818 feet tall. Stacking Playmates end to end, Ruthy Ross (June 1973) would be staring at the top of the 1250-foot Empire State Building. Above her, Playmates would rise another third of a mile.



TOP 10 TURN-ONS

(1) music, (2) animals, (3) eating, (4) clothes, (5) the beach, (6) dancing, speed (tie), (8) rain or thunderstorms, (9) flowers, sense of humor (tie)

TOP 10 TURNOFFS

(1) egotists, (2) liars, (3) jealousy, (4) rudeness, (5) getting up early, tobacco (tie), (7) pollution, (8) traffic, (9) waiting, (10) judgmental people

PLAYMATE WISDOM

"Money is nice, but it can't hold hands." —SHARON CINTRON, MAY 1963

"Live and love across borders." —GLORIA ROOT, DECEMBER 1969

"Never do anything twice in a row—well, almost never." —MARLENE MORROW, APRIL 1974

"Posing for PLAYBOY is like pressing a rose in a book. Get it while you've got it." —SHARRY KONOPSKI, AUGUST 1987

"Men are like horses: I ask both to wear saddles and obey, but neither wants to." —SASKIA LINSSEN, JUNE 1991

"My breasts will get me through the door, and my brains will keep me there." —JULIANNA YOUNG, NOVEMBER 1993

Statistics compiled using published and unpublished data sheets and/or information gleaned from the magazine for each of the 513 women who have appeared in PLAYBOY centerfolds. Written by Chip Rowe. Research assistance: Jim Dean, Alison Lundgren.

RALPH REED (continued from page 136)

Reed's mobs resorted to "threatening us, threatening our children, screaming obscenities at patients."

fundamentalist voters, and especially the use of "moral report cards" to target Democratic members of Congress as immoral and un-Christian.

Reed was attracted by the Christian Voice's tough, successful melding of religion and politics and soon became a regular visitor to the group's headquarters in Virginia. He made a point of mentioning his "born-again" experience to Jarmin, who has heard hundreds of such stories and said that Reed "seemed sincere and genuine in his newfound religious commitment." As he recalls, "One day Ralph was in my office and I said, 'What we really need is an organization on campuses to mobilize conservative Christian students.' He thought that was a terrific idea." Here was a way to combine his renewed faith with his conservative zealotry. Within a few months, Reed had raised enough money to set up Students for America as a national organization based in Raleigh, North Carolina, a location convenient to his major political project in 1984—the reelection of ultrareactionary senator Jesse Helms.

That November, at a Helms victory party, Reed met the woman whom he would later marry. He decided to stay on in Raleigh. But while his professional life was devoted to the mundane tasks of student organizing and electioneering, he was also turning toward more radical forms of Christian activism. According to reports in the Raleigh *News and Observer*, the leader who sparked a new level of aggression at abortion clinic protests in the Raleigh-Durham area in 1985 was Reed, then only 23 years old. A woman who worked at a clinic where Reed led protests said that the mobs he brought with him resorted to "threatening us, threatening our children, screaming obscenities at patients." On March 18, 1985 Reed was discovered on the same clinic's front porch with Bible in hand. With TV cameras recording the confrontation, he was carried away by the cops.

After his flirtation with civil disobedience in Raleigh, Reed dropped out of sight for a few years to teach history and work on his doctoral dissertation. He faced a crossroads, attracted by both academic life and politics. But in January 1989 he was seated next to Robertson at a Republican inaugural banquet, and his future became clearer. During dinner, Robertson confided his plans for the network of activists his campaign had mobilized. When the banquet ended, Reed recalls, "Pat motioned me to follow him out of the ballroom" to the elevators. "I am going to start a new organization, and I think it will change politics in America. I would like for you to come on staff and help make this vision a reality."

Several months later Reed moved with his wife, Jo Anne, to Chesapeake, Virginia, the center of Robertson's empire (which now includes not only the Christian Broadcasting Network but also a university, a Christian legal institute and various other entwined business and nonprofit enterprises).

Alarmed moderates in the Republican Party talked about fighting back, but there was simply no one with Reed's capability and drive to oppose him. After only three years in the field, Reed and Robertson were in a position to demand considerable tribute from George Bush, the GOP nominee. They named some 300 delegates to the 1992 Republican convention and demanded a speech by Robertson during prime time.

•

In the aftermath of Bush's defeat, Reed understood that the aggressive tactics and language of the recent past would have to be toned down. In 1993 he signaled his changing strategy with an essay in the mainstream conservative journal *Policy Review*. "Casting a Wider Net" caused a stir by arguing for the religious right to broaden its agenda beyond issues such as abortion, pornography, homosexuality and school prayer.

Reed's proposal marked a break with more traditional elements of the religious right. At first their response was muted, but doubts grew when he published a book in 1994 that made the same arguments. The Christian Coalition's role in the Republican victory in 1994 seemed to validate Reed's strategy.

Seeking a clear break with the insular prejudices of his hidebound colleagues, Reed cultivated Catholic clergy and intellectuals, black and Latino preachers and conservative Jewish leaders. Outreach to Jews, a crucial constituency because of their influence in the nation's political and intellectual life, had been complicated by debate over Robertson's conspiracy-haunted book, *The New World Order*. Around the same time, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, a national Jewish organization that has monitored anti-Semitism for decades, issued a disturbing 200-page report titled *The Religious Right: The Assault on Tolerance and Pluralism in America*, with particular attention paid to the methods and ideology of the Christian Coalition. The ADL report noted that Robertson's book had depicted European bankers as the hidden force behind an ancient plot to rule the world and showed that this classically anti-Semitic imagery had been cribbed from earlier works by notorious anti-Jewish authors.

"My daughter tells me you're a premature ejaculator."

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Reed knew that if the charge of anti-Semitism stuck, the Christian Coalition would be shunned in mainstream politics and the media. Seeking to quiet the controversy, Robertson issued a weak apology for his use of anti-Semitic code words in the book. "I have never intentionally used what some would describe as code words to portray Jewish business interests," he wrote in *The New York Times*. Reed mobilized Jewish conservatives to denounce the ADL study as an example of "bigotry" toward conservative Christians based on "guilt by association."

The crowning achievement was *Time*'s admiring cover story on Reed in May 1995, in which he was portrayed as seeking "a more inclusive coalition" and struggling "to appear more secular." For the first time, he was treated as a mainstream figure whose statements about himself and his movement need not be subject to skepticism. For example, the *Time* profile stated flatly that Reed's group "does not coordinate with the National Rifle Association, nor does it lobby on gun issues." Actually, the Christian Coalition has been working in tandem with the NRA since the coalition's early legislative efforts. But by then Reed had learned to tell journalists anything that would encourage them to rubber-stamp his "moderate" credentials.

This past summer he hustled into the spotlight by announcing that the coalition would seek $1 million to help rebuild Southern black churches burned under suspicious circumstances. Intended to remove the stubborn stain of racism from the religious right, this PR gesture won't keep Reed from enthusiastically supporting Senator Jesse Helms, the North Carolina Republican who is the most notorious racist on Capitol Hill.

•

Reed effortlessly stays on message, in public at least. On television, behind the podium, in print, he preaches the gospel outlined in his new book *Active Faith*, proclaiming that "religious conservatives must shun harsh language on critical issues—chiefly abortion, Clinton-bashing and homosexuality—and learn to speak of our opponents with charity. . . . Especially in this election year, we should resist the temptation to identify our religious convictions with the platform of a party or the platitudes of favored politicians. At heart, what America needs is not political revolution but spiritual renewal."

Sometimes, though, Reed speaks in private. This past March, as his book was being prepared for publication, he attended a quarterly meeting in Orlando of the supersecretive Council for National Policy, a by-invitation-only organization of some 500 top figures from the religious and secular far right. The council's aim is to create a power structure that will someday displace the hated Eastern establishment. In the meantime, its members wield considerable influence in the ultraconservative wing of the Republican Party. For them, a Dole victory would mean an opportunity they haven't seen since Ronald Reagan's first term: the ability to enact their anti-abortion, antigay, antipornography and protheocracy agenda. Reed was the speaker at the council's Sunday morning prayer breakfast, where he could talk without fear that reporters lurked in the audience. And what he told that ultraconservative crowd was very likely from the heart. But the content of this speech remains a deep secret. Reed and a Christian Coalition spokesman refused to divulge a single word. If you believe it was a moderate, mainstream message, chances are you too have become a victim of Ralph Reed's stealth campaign.

Jazz & Rock

(continued from page 118)

a black artist that blended country music with good-time rhythm and blues. The licks he played on his electric Gibson were basically R&B, but he added a twangy, bright, double-stringed rhythm that gave them a country feel."

A final important aspect of *Maybellene*—and all the Chuck Berry classics to follow—were the lyrics. His best songs are three-minute short stories, often yanked straight out of teenage life. *School Days* humorously chronicled the daily tribulations of school. *Sweet Little Sixteen* was a portrait of a teenage girl. And 1958's immortal *Johnny B. Goode* forever mythologized every would-be teen rocker's dream.

Rock, then, could also be distinguished from the R&B that preceded and coexisted with it by what it was about. Rhythm and blues concerned itself with grown-up matters such as screwing and cheating and lying and getting drunk or being broke. Rock, well, it meant, don't you step on my blue suede shoes.

The grand consolidator of rock for the masses, of course, was Elvis. He fulfilled Sam Phillips' dream of fortune: finding a handsome white kid who could sing like he was black. Wiggling like a snake was a bonus. But even as he was causing national teen frenzy after signing with RCA and releasing *Heartbreak Hotel* early in 1956, his music began a decline. The number of pop clunkers among his rocking gems increased. Along with *Heartbreak Hotel*, *Hound Dog* and *Don't Be Cruel* were hits in 1956—but then so were the lugubrious *Love Me Tender* and *Old Shep*. By 1961 he was charting with the unfortunate *Rock-A-Hula Baby*, and 1963 saw *Bossa Nova Baby*. Somewhere along the way, the mystery train had gone off the track.

•

The years 1958 to 1963—with the exception of Motown, the Beach Boys and a scattering of stray but brilliant hits—were uneventful ones in rock.

In retrospect it seems as if everyone were waiting for the Sixties to happen. Several things occurred at once to rock—and to its fans, who came to be known as the counterculture—that led to its swift evolution. One was its increasingly political nature. As *The New York Times* put it: "The Sixties spawned a new morality-based politics that emphasized the individual's responsibility to speak out against injustice and corruption."

And this came to be reflected quickly in the music, the most famous example probably being Country Joe and the Fish's mordant *Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die Rag*—its melody, incidentally, in a tribute to jazz history, is the same as that of *The Muskrat Ramble*, an early hit by Kid

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If Sixties rock wasn't directly political, it rapidly came to cover subjects that had never been part of rock before. The Beatles are a perfect example. They had started out as an admirable bar band playing Gene Vincent and Chuck Berry for drunk American GIs in Hamburg. But in seven years they would produce *Rubber Soul* and *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, the latter the first concept album. This represented a major leap in ambition for rock. And the Beatles were by no means alone.

The single performer most responsible for this change was Bob Dylan. Even more so than the Beatles, Dylan altered the idea of what rock could be about. He extended rock's subject matter, even though his voice was so weird and nasal that it took cover versions by Peter, Paul and Mary and the Byrds to put him on the map. And famously, it was Dylan who reportedly turned the Beatles on to marijuana—since drugs also played a major role in the changes in rock during the Sixties. However they were inspired, *The Times They Are A' Changin'* and *Blowin' in the Wind* added a political agenda drawn from folk music. As no one had before, Dylan fused the two traditions. His first hit single began: "Johnny's in the basement, mixing up the medicine/I'm on the pavement, thinking 'bout the government."

Between 1962 and 1967 a new group or performer seemed to come along daily who would permanently alter the landscape. These years brought the Beatles, Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, the Who, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, the Grateful Dead, the Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Cream—each doing something distinctive, something brand-new and lasting.

•

Jazz, of course, hadn't simply withered up and died when rock came along. But it had lost its mainstream audience. The tremendous work of Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers during the Fifties, for instance, is largely unknown to rock fans who can tell you the flip side of *Gee* by the Crows (*I Love You So*). Their loss. Monk's inventively soulful piano, the exuberant wildness of Mingus, the driving bop of the Jazz Messengers, shouldn't be ignored.

Except for Dave Brubeck, whose *Take Five* played endlessly on every college jukebox in the late Fifties, virtually the only jazz musician who appealed to a mainstream audience was Miles Davis. In the late Forties he had left bebop behind to form what came to be known as cool jazz. His albums of the late Fifties—particularly *Sketches of Spain* and *Kind of Blue*—were in the collections of rock and jazz fans alike. The latter LP, from 1959, remains the best-selling jazz album of all time. Many people will tell you it's the best single jazz album ever made.

Miles is also often regarded as the savior of jazz in the late Sixties. The so-called free jazz experiments of the late Sixties had both baffled and outraged some of the most committed jazz fans. There was little chance of Albert Ayler's appealing to a larger audience. One critic called it "the squeak-honk school."

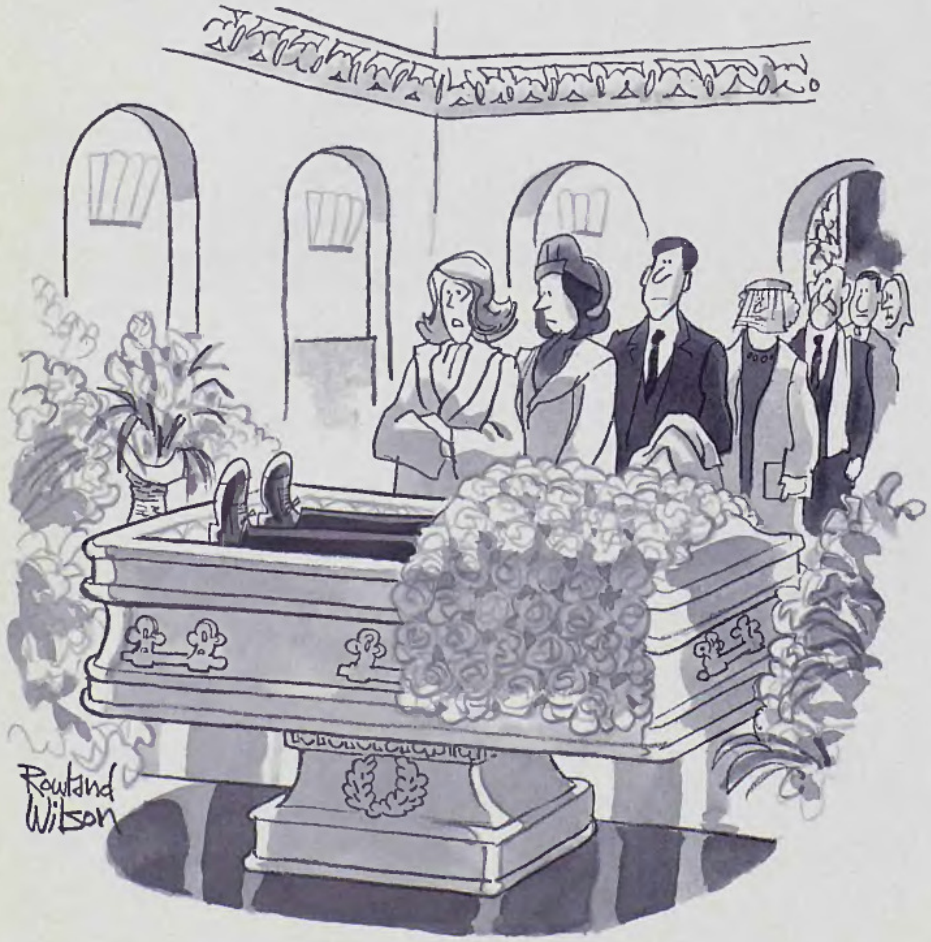
Davis had been part of a quintet of younger players since the mid-Sixties filled out by Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. And, in 1968, like Dylan several years earlier, Davis' quintet went electric. It started tentatively on *Miles in the Sky* and *Filles de Kilimanjaro* from 1968, but with more authority on 1969's *In a Silent Way* and 1970's *Bitches Brew*. It was a second revolution in jazz largely attributable to him. He embraced the devil rock and roll—or at least its electric instrumentation—and created fusion jazz. In the Seventies any number of his sidemen would step up to front fusion groups that drew a rock audience: Chick Corea, Hancock, Williams, Shorter and John McLaughlin, whose roaringly inventive electric guitar with his Mahavishnu Orchestra rivaled that of Hendrix and blew away the usual divisions between jazz and rock.

•

The Seventies brought the breakup of the Beatles, the Kent State killings, the grinding on of the Vietnam war, Nixon's resignation, gas lines, double-digit inflation, record-breaking interest rates and disco.

By the time Saigon fell in 1975, the youthful optimism of the previous decade had run out of gas. In the early Seventies you could see it in rock in two seemingly contrary but related major developments—the rise of country rock and the beginning of heavy metal or arena rock. Both represented a turning away from social concerns and marked the beginning of a long self-indulgent period that was most directly represented by the rise of the singer-songwriter. Fear and loathing had replaced passionate idealism.

If you were young enough to be really pissed off, however, Led Zeppelin was picking up from where Cream left off, refining hard rock into heavy metal. It represented new levels of teen rebellion, as the old American post–World War Two dreams soured before their eyes. It was the sound of diminished expectations. And metal continues today as part of the mix for most of the Nirvana-like alternative groups, and more directly in



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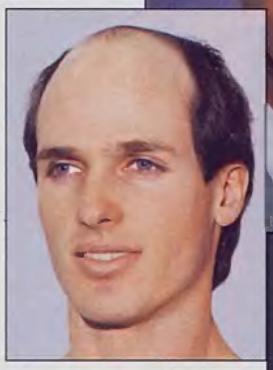

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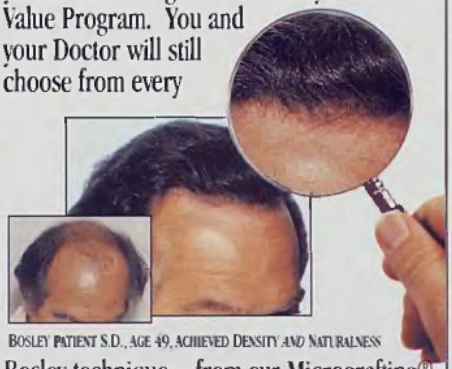

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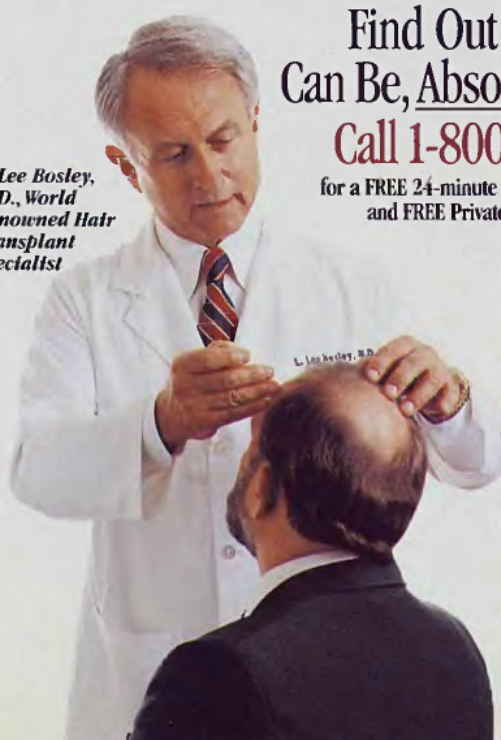

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groups such as Metallica.

Then there was the rise of disco, which, as Bill Nye said of Wagner's music, wasn't as bad as it sounded. It was, in fact, a critique of how undanceable much of rock had become. Unfortunately, if you weren't dancing at Studio 54 and staying up all night, disco became deadly pretty fast.

Mainstream rock had turned seriously bland by 1978. The Grammys set a new standard that year by awarding Billy Joel both record and song of the year. *Saturday Night Fever* was best album. Anne Murray was best pop female vocalist and Barry Manilow best pop male vocalist.

It was also the year Martin Scorsese's film *The Last Waltz*, a gala concert held two years earlier on Thanksgiving, came out. It was fitting, because the Band and friends had thrown the party to celebrate and cheerfully say goodbye to the end of an era.

But again some revolutionaries were lurking, revitalizing rock once more.

In the mid-Seventies they appeared with torn jeans and a bad attitude—led in England by the Sex Pistols and in New York by the scene surrounding the Bowery club CBGB.

The punks and new wavers yanked rock to the basics. Punk had antecedents going back to the Sixties in MC5, Iggy Pop, the Velvet Underground and the Who. And while many critics loved it when it came along in the Seventies, punk didn't make much of a dent among record buyers. With a few exceptions such as Elvis Costello and the Talking Heads, most of the original Seventies punk bands were gone by the early Eighties, sparsely replaced by second-generation groups such as the Police.

During the early Eighties punk crawled under a rock that wasn't overturned until late in the decade in Seattle, when the first grunge bands—Green River, Mudhoney, Nirvana—mutated it into what's now called alternative rock, even though it's long since ceased to be remotely alternative.

But until the grungers came along, the Eighties were one of the most forgettable and least innovative times in rock. The three music megastars of the Eighties were Michael Jackson, Madonna and Prince. All were and are wonderful pop figures, great fun to watch. But none of them finally measured up to the major acts of previous decades, whether Chuck Berry, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Led Zep or the Band.

The only truly radical music in the early Eighties was rap. Rick Rubin, who was still a student at NYU when he began putting together the Def Jam label, argues that rap is a cousin to punk. "Rap to me was always the black punk rock," Rubin told *Rolling Stone*. "Maybe it took Kurt Cobain to break down the wall and bring punk rock to the mainstream. But—to a degree—the Beastie Boys did that too. Even though they did it in the form of rap, it was really punk energy." Besides, "rock is based on alienation and disenfranchisement," he said, "and hating your parents and the man—whatever you choose."

•

Pop music now—it's hard to talk about rock and jazz and the rest of the world's music as separate categories anymore, because they have become so interbred—seems to be in hiatus.

In a recent *New York Times* article, Jon Pareles charitably called it a "lull." Billy Corgan of Smashing Pumpkins told *Rolling Stone* a year ago that he thought rock had run out of new ideas: "We're at the end of the wellspring. Maybe there will be a rebellion, kids going, 'What the fuck is this crap?' But for now, the future of rock looks bleak."

Anthropologists talk about periods of cultural continuity and cultural discontinuity. In this century we've mostly had the latter—the jolts of World War One, the 1929 stock market crash and the Depression, World War Two, atomic bombs, television, Vietnam—and it's been reflected in jolts in popular music.

But now, at least musically, we seem to be in a period of continuity. Consider the popularity of oldies stations. As the baby boomers glide into middle age, all-Seventies stations have become enormously popular. Hip sixth-graders listen to all-Sixties stations, the same music their parents grew up on. Old rock is still new.

Rock started out simple—a few chords and a backbeat—and, at its best, still is. But in its nearly 50-year history, it has absorbed bits and pieces of virtually all other music, whether Peruvian flutes and African folk choirs on Paul Simon albums, or the overblown Mussorgsky of Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

But have we gone about as far as we can go? A look at the top 20 CDs in mid-1996 shows little substantial happening.

We do have a lot of Gen-X angst out there. Nirvana and Pearl Jam defined the form, but others continue it today. Alienation is nothing new in rock. But in alternative rock, being alienated and dysfunctional—and complaining about it musically—have been quite rewarding in the Nineties. These bands seem more sadly beat up, the wry humor of earlier groups nearly punched out of them.

Band stories in *Rolling Stone* these days read like case histories for the dysfunctional. Hootie & the Blowfish are singled out for being so normal. The early lives of other Nineties artists, however, are unrelentingly grim.

One of the brighter lights on the

"I've told you, that's part of the problem, Doctor."

current scene is Alanis Morissette, whose *Jagged Little Pill* has been on the charts for more than a year. Her voice is sinuous, and her songs couldn't be more contemporary in their wry feminism: *Jagged Little Pill* could be the *Tapestry* of the Nineties. And Shania Twain's *The Woman in Me*, which had gone platinum eight times over by July, has a country cast to it, but isn't genre music. Two other female performers we're likely to still be listening to ten years from now (on some nostalgic all-Nineties station) are Tori Amos and Liz Phair. Other performers on that future playlist will include the Red Hot Chili Peppers (whose *One Hot Minute* has proved one of the decade's better albums), Smashing Pumpkins, the Fugees and the melodic hip-hop of De La Soul and Bone Thugs-N-Harmony.

Since May 1991 *Billboard* has charted what it calls catalog hits—backlist albums that continue to sell. These perennials may say more about the state of things musically than do the newest releases.

For example, Jimmy Buffett's greatest-hits CD, *Songs You Know by Heart*, had been on *Billboard*'s catalog charts for 244 consecutive weeks last March—nearly five straight years. Bob Marley's *Legend* had been there for 237 straight weeks. Carole King's *Tapestry*, which refuses to die, had been there for 63 weeks—this after a five-year marathon run in the Seventies. Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* had had 248 weeks. Journey's *Greatest Hits*, 246 weeks. Other greatest-hits albums topping 200 weeks included those by Steve Miller, Elton John, Eric Clapton, James Taylor, the Doors, the Eagles and Fleetwood Mac. And Metallica had no fewer than three different albums there for more than 200 weeks.

Clearly, rock and roll is here to stay. As is jazz, which has been having a spectacular revival in the past few years. Again, there aren't any wholesale revolutions going on. In city after city, hip clubs are popping up—offering jazz by younger players such as James Carter and drawing a primarily under-30 crowd. The now-elder statesman of this trend, which began growing in the early Eighties, is Wynton Marsalis, who helped move jazz away from fusion back to its roots.

Jazz and rock survive in part because they've kept their iconoclasm, the individualism that's been there since professional jazz began more than a century ago with Buddy Bolden and Jelly Roll Morton. The evolution of the music is a history of finding new ways of personal expression—and this evolution has long been America's richest cultural gift. Jazz and rock will never die.

This concludes our ten-part "History of Jazz & Rock."

If you haven't visited Jack Daniel's country, we hope you do soon. The hills are especially beautiful this time of year.

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE is a time to have your hay in the barn and your hound in the hills.

If you're hunting for quail, rabbit or raccoon, now is the time to get started. And the deer start running when December rolls around. Of course, these old hills are equally well known for good whiskey. We make every drop of smooth sippin' Jack Daniel's right here. And, we believe, that's worth looking for most any time of year.

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TOXIC TERROR

(continued from page 122)

A man wearing a ski mask hopped from the van and dropped a foot-long pipe bomb at the door.

Four years ago, two men were convicted of an Oklahoma bank robbery. One of the men told the *Tulsa Tribune* he had used the stolen money to support the Phineas Priesthood in Oklahoma before being captured after a gun battle with police.

This past year on April Fools' Day at 2:30 in the afternoon, ten weeks after law enforcement busted Guthrie and Langan, a custom van pulled up behind a suburban office of the Spokane, Washington *Spokesman-Review*. The van's driver wore a ski mask and camouflage. A passenger, a younger man wearing a ski mask, hopped out from the van and dropped a foot-long pipe bomb at the newspaper's back door. The resulting detonation smashed into the building, showering the parking lot with shards of glass and steel.

As police and emergency units responded to the scene, two masked men were entering a Spokane Valley bank not far from the smoldering *Spokesman-Review* office. They pulled out their weapons and relieved the tellers of nearly $100,000. They then dropped another length of galvanized pipe to the lobby floor and ran before the bomb exploded. The resulting blast took out the front of the bank.

At the first bomb site, police found copies of the computer printout scattered at the scene.

> To: the leaders and rulers of nations and people; all kindreds, nations, peoples and tongues; the sheep of his flock, who hear his voice, his remnant, wherever you may be: Greetings:
>
> Thus says Yahweh, Behold I will raise up against Babylon, and against them that dwell in the midst of them that rise up against me, a destroying wind. . . .

Three months later, in July, another bank robbery and a bombing of a Spokane Planned Parenthood clinic were linked by the FBI to groups with ties to Christian Identity—and to the Phineas Priesthood. FBI agents were struck by the similarity to the April Fools' Day bombing.

•

Get to know this.

It is the voice of America's jihad. Consider the foreword to Hoskins' *Vigilantes of Christendom*: "As the kamikaze is to the Japanese, as the Shiite is to Islam, as the Zionist is to the Jew, so the Phineas priest is to Christendom." On the Aryan Republican Army video its face is disguised. It appears wearing a begoggled, rubberized gas mask and a white biochemical-warfare protective suit. This eerie apparition is a homemade angel of the apocalypse bringing to mind words from the Phineas Priesthood's April declaration:

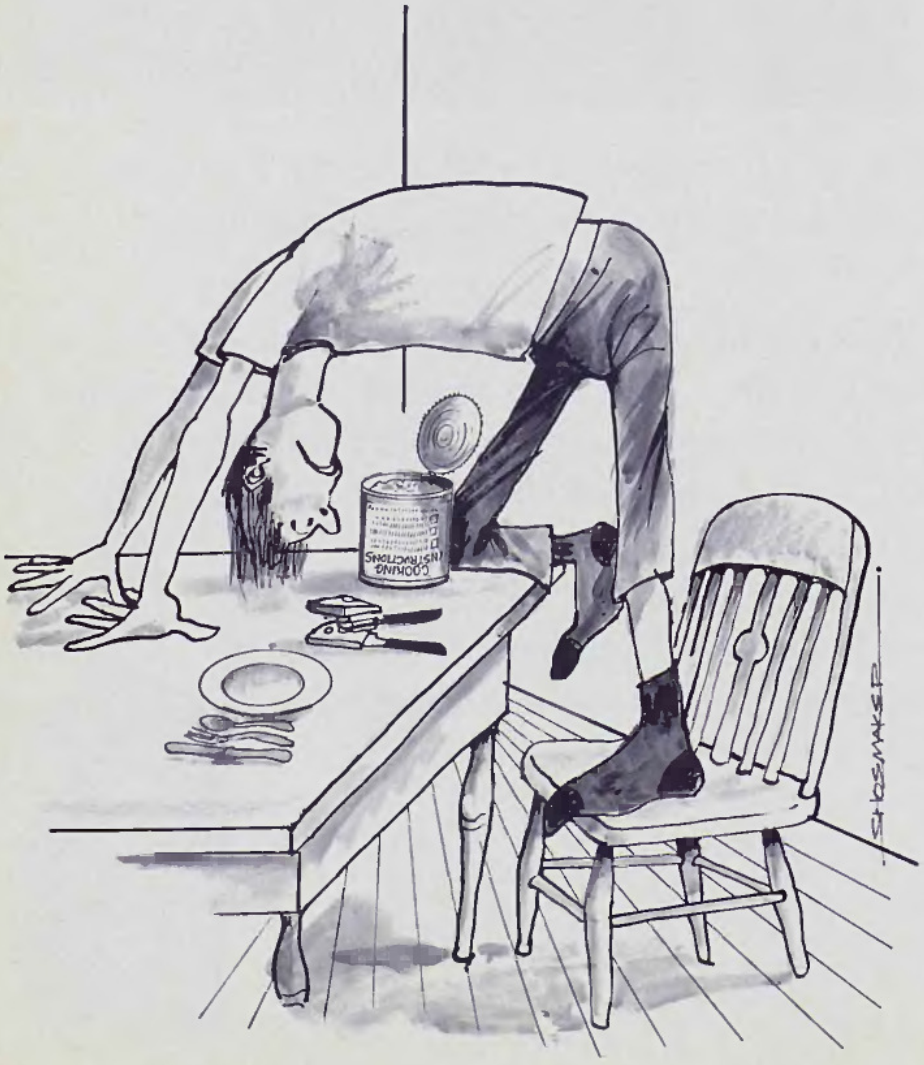
> And after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. Shall her plagues come in one day, death and mourning, and famine, and she shall be utterly burned with fire.

A year ago, right after Thanksgiving, the following message appeared on an Internet newsgroup where paramilitary extremists, white supremacists, militiamen and would-be terrorists gather:

> The smart boys who have hidden in the crowd will be walking around on the busy street looking harmless—while setting fires, planting bombs, creating sabotage, dispersing poisons.

There is a terrorist war going on in this country. It is not hypothetical and it is not symbolic. It is as obvious as more than two tons of explosives going off in Oklahoma City and as silent as a quarter pound of biotoxin riding on the seat of a rental truck. It is as real as the bombs exploding at abortion clinics and newspaper offices. Its grim clues can be found on recruitment videos and on Internet newsgroups. Do not be fooled by the ties to obscure religious sects or alien racist groups. The tools of terror have become ever more accessible and lethal.

There are vipers in the grass. And they are poised to strike.



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Great ASTON (continued from page 111)

The DB-7's shape is contemporary yet retains features that reflect past Aston styling.

By 1959, a racing DB1 had won the prestigious 24 hours of Le Mans. Remarkably, tiny Aston Martin was competing against and beating larger and better-financed firms such as Jaguar and Ferrari. In 1958, the DB4 coupe garnered rave reviews for its all-aluminum, twin-cam six engine. But you still had to be a sports car enthusiast to appreciate Astons—until 1964 and a movie titled *Goldfinger.* When Secret Service armorer "Q" presented James Bond with a gadgetized silver DB5, we all knew it was just a matter of reels before Bond would use the car's razor-edged hubs, front-mounted machine guns, smoke-screen apparatus and ejector seat to particularly good advantage.

Although Bond went on to drive a Bentley, a Toyota 2000GT convertible, a Triumph Stag, a Mustang, a Lotus Esprit S1, a Citroën 2CV, a decapitated Renault 11 and a Mercedes-Benz, nobody ever forgot his DB5. Pierce Brosnan, the latest 007, drives a new BMW Z3 roadster in *Goldeneye*, but the venerable DB5 makes a cameo appearance.

Although the Bond films helped popularize Aston Martins, the expensive, blindingly fast cars did not achieve volume sales. Brown sold his interest in the company in 1972, and thereafter, a small succession of new owners vied for control. Along the way, Aston flirted with a radical Lagonda sedan design and a limited-production Italian-built, Zagato-bodied V8 Vantage model. Overseas volumes were steady but small, and U.S. sales plummeted to just 85 units in 1985. That year, the Volante convertible retailed here for $125,000. Stiff U.S. safety and emissions regulations made future prospects dim; Aston's test expenses for just a handful of cars were prohibitive. But just as in the Bond movies, when all hope seemed lost, a rescuer appeared—here in the form of the Ford Motor Co., which purchased Aston in 1987.

At first it seemed a strange move. What did Ford, a giant that produces millions of cars annually, want with a tiny manufacturer in sleepy Newport Pagnell? Soon after, Ford also purchased Jaguar, and its plan was evident. Lacking prestige with Lincoln, unable to buy Ferrari (it had tried in the Sixties) and unwilling to build a new marque from scratch—as Toyota and Nissan had done with Lexus and Infiniti—cash-rich Ford acquired these two respected British names. Through major cash infusions it would revitalize and modernize production and attempt to compete with BMW, Mercedes-Benz and even Ferrari.

That is the provenance of the DB7—the first Ford-underwritten Aston Martin project. Judging from the car's enthusiastic worldwide reception, the new partnership will work well. The DB7's shape is contemporary yet retains features that reflect past Aston styling.

Aston Martin plans to build 600 DB7s annually. To save weight and construction time, light but strong composite hoods, doors and deck lids will be mated to a steel body. The same firm that paints Rolls-Royces sprays each DB7 in one of 19 colors. Others are done to order.

Under its tautly stretched monocoque skin, the DB7's uniqueness disappears. Remember, Ford owns Jaguar, and it is expensive to develop special engines and components for small production runs. Ergo, some of the DB7's platform emanates from the former Jaguar XJS.

The Volante's alloy engine—a supercharged, twin-cam, 3.2-liter, in-line six—develops 335 horsepower at 5750 rpm. Based on a Jaguar racing-engine block, a similar motor powers Jaguar's new high-performance XJ-R sedan, but there's considerably less weight to propel with the Volante. Maintaining an Aston tradition, each engine is hand-assembled and tested. DB7 buyers can choose from a Getrag five-speed manual or a four-speed electronic automatic transmission supplied by—would you believe?—General Motors.

On the road, the DB7's fuel-injected six is relatively quiet, but when the revs climb, a low metallic whine from the Eaton supercharger tells you that good things are happening. There is plenty of low-end power, so you can pull away smartly in almost any gear with no driveline protest. In England, we tested the DB7 on the Goodwood racetrack. At 120 miles per hour on sweeping curves, the

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Aston proved to be basically neutral with a slight tendency to understeer—exactly the way you'd want a big sports coupe to handle. The speed-sensitive rack-and-pinion steering plus a double-wishbone suspension make the DB7 predictable and surefooted. With immense antilock disc brakes, it stops as well as it goes.

The interiors of the DB7 coupe and the Volante convertible are reminiscent of a British men's club, with Connolly leather bucket seats, burl walnut trim and hand-fitted, leather-trimmed wool carpets. A six-speaker Alpine AM-FM stereo CD-cassette system is standard.

The Volante's cloth top folds into a tall stack that recalls British coaches of the prewar years. It's the one archaic styling touch on an otherwise modern sprinter, but it was designed that way to preserve room in the car's trunk. Dual air bags, side-impact door beams, remote-control locking and an onboard diagnostic system round out the car's amenities.

Aston Martin owners have a saying: "Ferrari builds mistresses; Aston Martin makes wives." Mindful of this, the company plans to increase its current ten U.S. dealers to 20. It is expected that three fourths of the 200 projected sales here will be of the Volante convertible. "We don't build for stock," says Andy Watt, Aston Martin's U.S. vice president and general manager. "All our cars are custom-ordered by people who buy what's best in their view, as opposed to what's fashionable. They've decided what their personal style is, and they don't succumb to peer pressure." Not a bad way to live, if you have the money.

"Do you mind? They won't let me smoke on this flight."

LAWS OF OUR FATHERS

(continued from page 114)

"Gorgo!" Bug calls again, and Hardcore, who has already dropped to the pavement, catches the hem of her coat and drags at it.

"Get yo fool self down," he says, and she comes to him, easy as a leaf falling from a tree, just as the first shots bolt the air. Damn guns always be louder than you expect. The reports come at once, five or six volleys, a rampage of sound. Just that quick. Afterward, it is the same as always, a moment of awful, cowering stillness—the birds gone from the trees, radios knocked silent, folks in the adjoining buildings stretched out flat along the cold floors, desperate not to stir. Caught up, the pointed scent of gunpowder embitters a sudden breath of wind. A block off, in some silly act of jubilation and relief, Gorgo cries out shrilly, and his voice trails down the distance like a ribbon.

Breathe, Ordell thinks, breathe now, nigger. He's amped: His heart is hard with panic. You OK. He talks to himself. You not hurt, stay cool, stay movin. Then he sees the blood spread darkly on the sidewalk.

He has been shot twice before, once when he was 16, that was some serious shit, sort of giving face to some dude, and the mother pulled out a .38 and boom, just like it was but a little more downtalk. Now he cool. He's checked his body twice, felt everything. He damn well knowed he was gone get hisself popped and he didn't. But Lovinia has hold of her knee, and she is moaning.

"Happenin, Bug?"

She's crying. Tears well across her smooth face and curl in silvery traces about her mouth.

"It hurt, Hardcore. Man, it hurt *real* bad."

"We gone help you, girlfriend." He crawls closer to her. She is lying on her side with her knee drawn up halfway. Her hands are covered with blood and it has turned most of the right leg of her twills brown; this close, he can detect the strange animal smell of it. He isn't going to get her to move, he can see that. How'd she go get shot in the damn leg, of all places? Ricochet, or some such. Dudes shot in the leg died, too. He'd seen that. Severed femoral artery. Leg might be broke. There was no use shoutin out for any of his people, tiny gangsters or them. Soon as the gun rang out, they sprung.

"That Gorgo. I'm gone fuck that motherfucker up bad." Gorgo is long gone—between the buildings, up an alley, down one more gangway. Somewhere along, the Tec-9 went into the backpack. Now he just some skinny kid out on his ride.

Up above, somewhere, a window screams as it's opened. "I hope all you goddamn gangbangers be dead, what I

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hope." The woman's voice carries clearly in the thin morning. "I hope you dead. Look at what you-all done."

"Call the 'mergency, bitch," he shouts.

"I already done that. Po-lice comin. They gone take yo sorry ass down to the jail where it belong, Hardcore."

With his name, he wheels and the window is slammed to, that fast, before he can see. Lovinia is still moaning.

"Gone help you, homegirl," he repeats. The white lady, he sees now, Nile's mama, she layin there, too. They's just blood, blood, all over her head. Half her brownish hair gone and she ain't moving none. Smoked, he thinks. He's seen dead before and knows it for sure.

Bug is all gone to pieces. Some is like that. Them po-lices, Tic-Tacs, they done her like they do, took her, and handcuffed her arm over her head all day, walk by her smacking them nightsticks in they palms, she be tight, like it don't bother her none. But now she cryin like a baby, she like something what got broke. She wasn't gonna hold. Nile neither. Specially Nile. His daddy gone be goin on now, *in* his shit. When them Tic-Tacs start in with questions, wasn't nobody gone ride this beef. Gone be *all* fucked up.

"Po-lice comin," he tells Bug. He's going to have to figure something. That damn woman know his name. Tic-Tac be knocking on his door. Call the attorney. Call attorney Aires, he thinks. Gone have to look after hisself. How it always be.

He stands. The white Nova is messed up. The windows, except the one that was open, are shot through, jagged pieces gone and the remainder a map of silver crazes; the tires on the side that faced Gorgo's onslaught are flattened, causing the car to list. Through one of the steel window supports, there is a single bullet hole, with the white paint burned gray about it. Damn him anyway, Hardcore thinks. Damn Nile, fuck everything up.

"Best gimme that shit, girlfriend. You got trouble enough."

She opens her mouth but cries out as she turns herself to reach.

"Here?" he asks and slips his finger quickly between her tooth and gum to pull out the little foil packet. Goddamn, what he gone catch from her mouth anyway? "This here just some damn drive-by," he tells her. "You hear? Outlaws ridin down. Po-lice gone be askin. Thass what you say. Same as we done said. Just Goobers ridin down on you." He touches her cheek. She wasn't never gone stand up to Tic-Tac. "Posse out," he says. Bye-bye.

"P.O.," she repeats.

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SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 129)

own Miss July 1989, Erika Eleniak, along with the quota of vampires in the buff. Playmate Pamela Anderson Lee was burgeoning bustily, of course, in the title role of *Barb Wire*, a sort of female James Bond crossed with an avenging Barbie. Bonding is something else in *Foxfire*, in which high school girls on a rampage against sexual harassment decide to tattoo their breasts as a symbol of togetherness. In *Two Deaths*, Michael Gambon makes Sonia Braga expose her bosom in front of his dinner guests—just to show her off as his love slave.

There was palpable sex on the screen for viewers who knew where to look. *Carried Away* offers nubile Amy Locane as a precocious high school girl making out with her teacher (Dennis Hopper), even riding her horse Lady Godiva–style to tempt him. Hopper has nude scenes with Locane, then with Amy Irving, who plays his longtime colleague and bed partner. Hopper's balls-out performance continued a trend reported from Cannes, prompting *Variety* to describe 1996 as "a year when male nudity seemed to far outweigh female clothes-shedding." *Time*'s Richard Corliss dubbed the spectacle "The Festival of Many Penises." Offered in evidence were such British-bred features as Peter Greenaway's imminent ode to body painting, *The Pillow Book*; Lars Von Trier's emotion-charged *Breaking the Waves*; and the controversial *Trainspotting*, director Danny Boyle's hot ticket about drugs, sex and dead-end kids in Scotland.

Captives offers Julia Ormond as a prison dentist who lets inmate Tim Roth do the drilling, while Australia's *Angel Baby* introduces Jacqueline McKenzie and John Lynch as a pair of avid lovers who meet in a mental hospital. In Bernardo Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty*, an idyll set in a hilltop Italian villa, gorgeous Liv Tyler (daughter of rocker Steven Tyler and PLAYBOY's Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell) wows the assembled by shedding her blouse as well as her virginity. *Caught*, an intense love triangle with plenty of erotic action, catches Maria Conchita Alonso in the act any number of times as the bored wife of a New Jersey fishmonger (Edward James Olmos), whom she cheats on with a lusty young drifter (Arie Verveen).

There's more hilarity than body heat in the year's comedy entries, with Rodney Dangerfield soon to be seen ogling the strippers in *Meet Wally Sparks*. Josh Brolin does his bit to enliven *Flirting With Disaster* as a gay federal officer whose idea of a turn-on is licking Patricia Arquette's armpit. Setting a fast pace for senior citizens, Jack Lemmon goes starkers in *Grumpier Old Men*.

Gay began to look OK this year, even viably commercial if treated with cinematic pizzazz, or maybe appropriate teehee and sympathy. By the spring of 1996, *The Birdcage* had taken wing as a surprise hit, helped a lot by Nathan Lane and Robin Williams as the high-camp couple in a remake of *La Cage aux Folles*. Already in release was *French Twist*, starring Victoria Abril as a woman who gets even with her philandering husband (Alain Chabat) by insisting that her butch female admirer (director Josiane Balasko) join their family circle.

Lesbians proliferate at home and abroad in such films as England's *Female Perversions* (with Tilda Swinton as a woman who finds Karen Sillas preferable to the man in her life), *Butterfly Kiss* (starring Amanda Plummer and Saskia Reeves as a duo of psychotics roaming the highways and byways of Britain in search of male victims) and the hypnotic *Bound* (co-stars Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon make out while screwing the Mob's wiseguys out of millions). It's the boys (some dressed as girls) acting up in *Stonewall*, a lively fictionalization of the bad old days that begat Greenwich Village's annual Lesbian and Gay Pride Parade. There was more gay support in Germany's *Maybe . . . Maybe Not*, about a philandering heterosexual who finds solace with some chums away from home when his girlfriend kicks him out. Every approach to gay life on film, from the beginning of cinema to the present, is summed up for posterity in the documentary *The Celluloid Closet*.

Eroticism in costume epics was generally in short supply and seldom upbeat. Besides *Moll Flanders*—Robin Wright is the classic prostitute making her fortune, falling in love and posing nude—the 1996 crop included Robert Downey Jr. in *Restoration*, joining the revels at the court of Charles II until the plague puts a damper on the ribaldry. In France's *The Horseman on the Roof*, Olivier Martinez gets lovely Juliette Binoche out of her clothes in an effort to bring down her fever after she is stricken with cholera. Soon to come is the American film version of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, in which sexy behavior is apt to get a person killed. Another kind of tragedy follows the coupling of Kate Winslet and Christopher Eccleston as an illicit twosome who desert their respective marriage partners in *Jude*, based on Thomas Hardy's classic novel *Jude the Obscure*. Also coming ere long to a theater near you is a brand new *Romeo and Juliet*, with Leonardo DiCaprio and Claire Danes as the star-crossed lovers—and we know what happens to them.

The next new wave in sexy cinema may be anybody's guess, but in addition to *Crash*, there is the promise of racier things to come: any day now, Abel Ferrara's *The Funeral*, offering a hot threesome among Amber Smith (our March 1995 cover girl), Vincent Gallo and Paul Hipp; a new version of *Lolita*, with Jeremy Irons as the rake enamored of a preternaturally sexy teen; a sequel to *9½ Weeks*, the sensation of 1986; a New Zealand entry called *Broken English*, said to be a sizzler; and David Lynch's imminent *Lost Highway*, which he describes as "a psychogenic fugue" that stars Bill Pullman, Patricia Arquette and various partners in lust.

We can't wait.

"Don't worry about it. I like it when you lie."

LIAM NEESON

(continued from page 60)

supposed to have said. Richard Ellmann's book, *Oscar Wilde*, is a wonderful, definitive biography, and it reads like a great novel. That kind of confirmed in me just how special this man was. And how heroic he was to pontificate about the importance of art.

PLAYBOY: He was a believer.

NEESON: He would have died for this belief. Some people said perhaps he should have died, but he went to Reading Gaol in this unbelievable servitude for two years. He suffered the horrors of being both a homosexual in jail and being a writer who in the early days was denied writing materials—he had to sew bags together to write. Hardened criminals took their hats off to Wilde. That appeals to me. And this all-encompassing love that he had for this asshole of a character, Lord Douglas, the Marquess of Queensbury's son. A total dickhead, you know, who used Oscar while everybody said, "You don't see what this cunt is doing?" But he stood by him and he loved him passionately.

PLAYBOY: Blindly.

NEESON: Yeah, he couldn't stop himself. He recognized the well of love he had for this person and knew instinctively how he would have felt if he had followed his friends' advice and skipped the country and never seen him again. He would have suffered a worse fate, he felt. It's going to be interesting to get that love in the script, to enable an audience to see that love. They've seen guys thrashing around on a bed, I certainly don't want to do that. But to show the nature of that love and to show something about the man Oscar fell in love with, instead of seeing total asshole. That's going to be the hard thing to do, because the audience is going to say, "Well, why does he love him? The guy's a jerk."

PLAYBOY: Aren't you physically too big for the part?

NEESON: No. Everybody thinks Wilde was this effete Englishman. He was a lumbering, ungainly six-foot-three Irishman. He was very strong and could box and fight and punch out people who insulted him. There's a wonderful description in Ellmann's book about how he walked. He had this ape-like gait, but then when he would get onstage he'd pull himself up and show his other side. He traveled all over America, went to little one-horse towns to give lectures on art to the miners. Stood on barroom tables. It's staggering.

PLAYBOY: You work almost constantly. What do you do to relax?

NEESON: I'm a fly fisherman. I have developed a passion for it.

PLAYBOY: What about it appeals to you?

NEESON: Yeah, I can see how this will sound, "Liam Neeson talks about his flies. Liam Neeson talks about his big rod." I must get this issue.

PLAYBOY: You said it, we didn't. How did this hobby start?

NEESON: I was doing *Nell* with Natasha and Jodie Foster a couple of years ago in South Carolina, and we were filming on this beautiful lake. Between setups the props lady, a very sweet lady who had done the props for *A River Runs Through It*, started giving me instructions on fly-fishing, and I just found myself getting more and more hooked on it. No pun intended. When we wrapped, Jodie very kindly bought me this beautiful Orvis rod, some gear to go with it and a wonderful instruction book. That had me off and running.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite part of it?

NEESON: I love the serenity. I love the absolute focus of it. It's not relaxing—you're trying to land a man-made fly delicately on the surface of some water in order to fool a fish. Each time I go out it's a new set of problems to be solved. OK, this is the water. I think there are trout over there beneath that crop of bushes. The sun is shining. Do I use a dull little fly? Do I use a wet fly that goes underneath the surface, or do I use a dry fly that's just going to sit on top and float down to where a fish may be? It's like golf, because one day you go out and have a great game, and the next day you go out and feel like throwing your gear in the closet.

PLAYBOY: Some people like fly-fishing because it incorporates solitude and a time for contemplation. But you're depicting something much more active than that.

NEESON: Well, it is. It's you and a stretch of river. You become one with the water and the land and the sky and the trees. That's kind of a hippie way of saying it, but it's true. And that rod becomes another appendage. I've seen some brilliant fly fishermen, and the rod's just an extension of their bodies. It's like seeing a wonderful painter whose brush is an extension of his mind. Also, when you're on a river or a lake and there are other fishermen around, you don't think, Oh, there's John Doe, he's a banker, or, There's Liam Neeson, the actor. You just think, There's another fisherman. I wonder what he's using. You can have some great conversations that way.

PLAYBOY: Is that important to you?

NEESON: I'm not trying to put myself on any pedestal, I promise you. But since I was a kid I've always wanted to be able to see both sides. That's why I could never be a really good boxer. I don't have that killer instinct. That's just the way I am, you know?

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DARK SNOW

(continued from page 82)

I got cold and it was time to go home. About halfway back to the house is where it happened.

Too good, I thought. "I did all right."

"You've got a few scars there."

"That I do."

She shrugged, took a lazy puff off her cigarette. "I've seen worse."

I wasn't sure where this was headed. Then she said, "When are you going to be leaving?"

Confused, I asked her, "You mean, tonight?"

"No," she said. "I mean, when are you leaving Nansen and going back home?"

I looked around the porch and said, "This is my home."

She gave me a slight smile, like a teacher correcting a fumbling but eager student. "No, it's not. This place was built by the Gerrish family. It's the Gerrish place. You're from away, and this ain't your home."

I tried to smile, though my mood was slipping. "Well, I beg to disagree."

She said nothing for a moment, just studied the trail of smoke from her cigarette. Then she said, "Some people in town don't like you. They think you're uppity, a guy that don't belong here."

I began to find it quite cool on the porch. "What kind of people?"

"The Garr brothers. Jerry Tompkins. Kit Broderick. A few others. Guys in town. They don't particularly like you."

"I don't particularly care," I shot back.

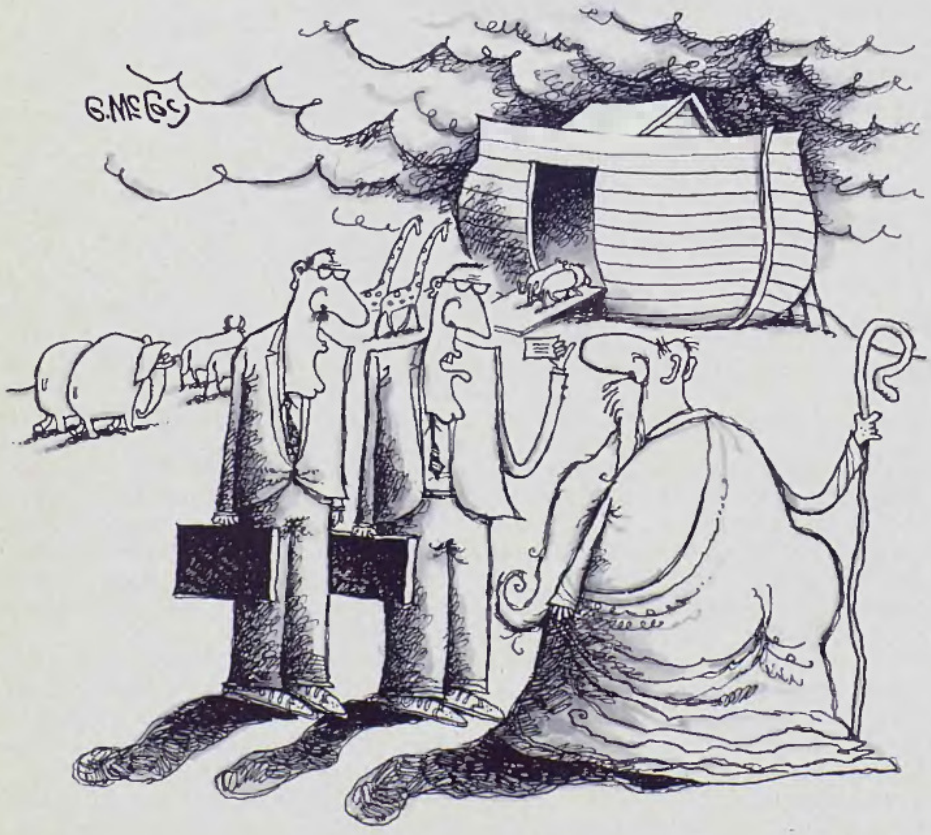
A small shrug as she stubbed out her cigarette. "You will."

The night crumbled some more after that, and the next morning, while sitting in the corner at Gretchen's, I was ignored by Sandy. One of the older waitresses served me, and my coffee arrived in a cup stained with lipstick, the bacon was charred black and the eggs were cold. I got the message. I started making breakfast at home, sitting alone on the porch, watching the leaves fall and days grow shorter.

I wondered if Sandy was on her own or if she had been scouting out enemy territory on someone's behalf.

•

At my December visit, I surprised myself by telling Ron about something that had been bothering me.



"We're from the ACLU. I understand you're not allowing same-sex couples on board."

"It's the snow," I said, leaning forward, hands clasped between my legs. "It's going to start snowing soon. And I've always hated the snow, especially since. . . ."

"Since when?"

"Since something I did once," I said. "In Serbia."

"Go on," he said, fingers making a tent in front of his face.

"I'm not sure I can."

Ron tilted his head quizzically. "You know I have the clearances."

I cleared my throat, my eyes burning a bit. "I know. It's just that it's. . . . Ever see blood on snow, at night?"

I had his attention. "No," he said, "no, I haven't."

"It steams at first, since it's so warm," I said. "And then it gets real dark, almost black. Dark snow, if you can believe it. It's something that stays with you, always."

He looked steadily at me for a moment, then said, "Do you want to talk about it some more?"

"No."

•

I spent all of one gray afternoon in my office cubbyhole, trying to get a new computer up and running. When at last I went downstairs for a quick drink, I looked outside and there they were, big snowflakes lazily drifting to the ground. Forgetting about the drink, I went out to the porch and looked at the pure whiteness of everything, of the snow covering the bare limbs, the shrubbery and the frozen lake. I stood there and hugged myself, admiring the softly accumulating blanket of white and feeling lucky.

•

Two days after the snowstorm I was out on the frozen waters of Lake Marie, breathing hard and sweating and enjoying every second of it. The day before I had driven into Manchester to a sporting goods store and had come out with a pair of cross-country skis. The air was crisp and still, and the sky was a blue so deep I half-expected to see brushstrokes. From the lake, I looked back at my home and liked what I saw. The white paint and plain construction made me smile for no particular reason. I heard not a single sound, except for the faint drone of a distant airplane. Before me someone had placed signs and orange ropes in the snow, covering an oval area at the center of the lake. Each sign said the same thing: DANGER! THIN ICE! I remembered the old-timers at Gretchen's Kitchen telling a story about a hidden spring coming up through the lake bottom, or some damn thing, that made ice at the center of the lake thin, even in the coldest weather. I got cold and it was time to go home.

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WIRED
Page 20: **Computer** by *IBM Corp.*, 800-426-7235. "Wild Things": **Computer peripherals** by *Iomega*, 800-MY-STUFF. **DSS remote control range extender** by *Terk Technologies*, 800-942-TERK.

STYLE
Page 30: "Square Deal": **Square-toed shoes:** By *Kenneth Cole*, at Bloomingdale's, Dayton's, Hudson's, Macy's and Kenneth Cole stores. By *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Neiman Marcus and Salvatore Ferragamo stores. By *To Boot*, at Scott Hill, LA, 310-777-1190 and select Nordstrom stores. By *Dolce & Gabbana*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. By *Bruno Magli*, at Bruno Magli and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *Gucci*, at Gucci stores. By *Patrick Cox*, 212-759-3910. "Mad About Plaid": **Plaid pants:** By *Nautica*, at Dillard's, Ft. Worth, 817-921-5347 and Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, 412-232-2549. By *Guess*, at Guess and Bloomingdale's stores. By *Nicole Farhi*, at Ron Ross, Studio City, CA, 818-788-8700. By *John Bartlett*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *Gaspar Saldanha*, at Rag Factory, Santa Monica, 310-656-1124. By *Klurk*, at Antique Boutique, NYC, 212-944-5950. By *DKNY*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. "Hot Shopping: Phoenix": *Precinct*, 602-371-1850. *Peter Glenn*, 602-955-5150. *Yippie-ei-o*, 602-495-1048. *Jetaune's Fine Sports Art*, 602-277-1185. *Lazy Bones*, 602-253-5123. "Eye Like It": **Contact lenses:** Acuvue by *Johnson & Johnson*, from eye-care professionals. Soflens66 and Occasions by *Bausch & Lomb*, 800-552-7388. Freshlook by *Wesley-Jessen*, from eye-care professionals.

TRAVEL
Page 32: "CD-ROAMS": **Software:** From *Creative Multimedia*, 800-262-7668. From *Simon & Schuster*, 800-910-0099. From *CD-ROM Travel Planners*, 800-472-3478. By *Otterstream Multimedia*, 206-226-6305. From *Rand McNally*, 800-671-5006. "Road Stuff": **Digital AM-FM cassette Walkman** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. **Security kit** from *Tracker*, 800-361-8725. **Cap** by *Merge Left*, 800-500-MERG. *Travel Health Clinic Pocket Guide to Healthy Travel*, 800-776-9119.

A KNACK FOR KNITS
Pages 76–79: **Sweaters:** By *Malo*, at Malo, NYC, 212-712-1766 and Chicago, 312-440-1060, and Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, 212-753-7300. By *Richard Edwards*, at Bloomingdale's, NYC, 212-705-2000 and Charivari, NYC, 212-333-4040. By *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900 and Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. By *Nicole Farhi*, at Marshall Field's stores. By *Richard Edwards*, at Rolo, San Francisco, 415-989-7656 and Camouflage, NYC, 212-691-1750. By *Massimo*, at Nordstrom, Dayton's and Hudson's stores. By *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores. By *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani. By *Cesarani*, at fine specialty stores. By *Iceberg*, at Iceberg and Saks Fifth Avenue stores, and at Mario's, Portland, Oregon, 503-227-3477, and Seattle, 206-223-1461. By *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, NYC, 212-627-9770.

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Page 110: **Automobile** by *Aston Martin*, 201-818-8351.

TICKET TO RIDE
Page 120: **Snowmobiles:** By *Arctic Cat*, 800-327-2842. By *Bombardier*, 800-3-SKIDOO. By *Polaris*, 800-POLARIS. By *Yamaha Corp.*, 714-761-7800.

ON THE SCENE
Page 169: "A Manly Kitchen": **Interactive cookbook** by *Brother International*, 200 Cottontail Lane, Somerset, NJ 08875, 800-284-1739. **Microwave** by *Samsung*, 800-SO-SIMPLE. **Cookware** by *Luci & Ombre*, from Porsche Design, 9595 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212, 800-521-5152. **Chinese cleaver** from *Lamson & Goodnow Mfg.*, 45 Conway Street, Shelburne Falls, MA 01370, 800-872-6564. **Knives** by *Spyderco*, 4565 North Highway 93, Golden, CO 80402-0800, 800-525-7770.

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About halfway back to the house is where it happened.

•

At first it was a quiet sound, and I thought that it was another airplane. Then the noise got louder and louder, and separated, becoming distinct. Snowmobiles, several of them. I turned and they came speeding out of the woods, tossing up great rooster tails of snow and ice. They were headed straight for me. I turned away and kept up a steady pace, trying to ignore the growing loudness of the approaching engines. An itchy feeling crawled up my spine to the base of my head, and the noise exploded in pitch as they raced by me.

Even over the loudness of the engines I could make out the yells as the snowmobiles roared by, hurling snow in my direction. There were two people to each machine and they didn't look human. Each was dressed in a bulky jumpsuit, heavy boots and a padded helmet. They raced by and, sure enough, circled around and came back at me. This time I flinched. This time, too, a couple of empty beer cans were thrown my way.

By the third pass, I was getting closer to my house. I thought it was almost over when one of the snowmobiles broke free from the pack and raced across about 50 feet in front of me. The driver turned so that the machine was blocking me and sat there, racing the throttle. Then he pulled off his helmet, showing an angry face and thick mustache, and I recognized him as the man on the powerboat a few months earlier. He handed his helmet to his passenger, stepped off the snowmobile and unzipped his jumpsuit. It took only a moment as he marked the snow in a long, steaming stream, and there was laughter from the others as he got back on the machine and sped away. I skied over the soiled snow and took my time climbing up the snow-covered shore. I entered my home, carrying my skis and poles like weapons over my shoulder.

•

That night, and every night afterward, they came back, breaking the winter stillness with the throbbing sounds of engines, laughter, drunken shouts and music from portable stereos. Each morning I cleared away their debris and scuffed fresh snow over the stains. In the quiet of my house, I found myself constantly on edge, listening, waiting for the noise to suddenly return and break up the day. Phone calls to the police department and town hall confirmed what I already knew: Except for maybe littering, no ordinances or laws were being broken.

On one particularly loud night, I broke a promise to myself and went to

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the tiny, damp cellar to unlock the green metal case holding a pistol-shaped device. I went back upstairs to the enclosed porch, and with the lights off, I switched on the night-vision scope and looked at the scene below me. Six snowmobiles were parked in a circle on the snow-covered ice, and in the center, a fire had been made. Figures stumbled around in the snow, talking and laughing. Stereos had been set up on the seats of two of the snowmobiles, and the loud music with its bass thump-thump-thump echoed across the flat ice. Lake Marie is one of the largest bodies of water in this part of the country, but the camp was set up right below my windows.

I watched for a while as they partied. Two of the black-suited figures started wrestling in the snow. More shouts and laughter, and then the fight broke up and someone turned the stereos even louder. Thump-thump-thump.

I switched off the nightscope, returned it to its case in the cellar and went to bed. Even with foam rubber plugs in my ears, the bass noise reverberated inside my skull. I put the pillow across my face and tried to ignore the sure knowledge that this would continue all winter, the noise and the littering and the aggravation, and when the spring came, they would turn in their snowmobiles for boats, and they'd be back, all summer long.

Thump-thump-thump.

•

At the next session with Ron, we talked about the weather until he pierced me with his gaze and said, "Tell me what's wrong."

I went through half a dozen rehearsals of what to tell him, and then skated to the edge of the truth and said, "I'm having a hard time adjusting, that's all."

"Adjusting to what?"

"To my home," I said, my hands clasped before me. "I never thought I would say this, but I'm really beginning to get settled, for the first time in my life. You ever been in the military, Ron?"

"No, but I know——"

I held up my hand. "Yes, I know what you're going to say. You've worked as a consultant, but you've never been one of us, Ron. Never. You can't know what it's like, constantly being ordered to uproot yourself and go halfway across the world to a new place with a different language, customs and weather, all within a week. You never settle in, never really get into a place you call home."

He swiveled a bit in his black leather chair. "But that's different now?"

"It sure is," I said.

There was a pause as we looked at each other, and Ron said, "But something is going on."

"Something is."

"Tell me."

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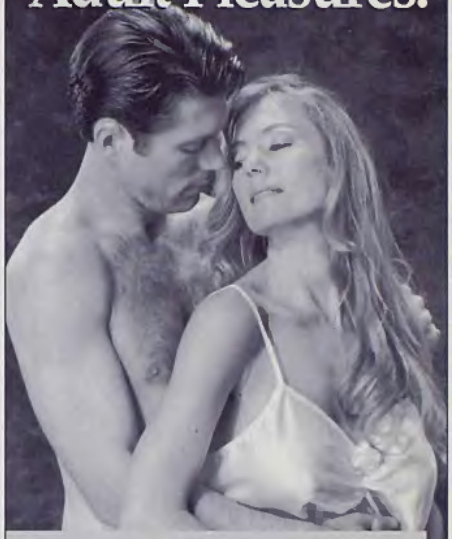

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And then I knew I wouldn't. A fire wall had already been set up between Ron and the details of what was going on back at my home. If I let him know what was really happening, I knew that he would make a report, and within the week I'd be ordered to go somewhere else. If I'd been younger and not so dependent on a monthly check, I would have put up a fight.

But now, no more fighting. I looked past Ron and said, "An adjustment problem, I guess."

"Adjusting to civilian life?"

"More than that," I said. "Adjusting to Nansen. It's a great little town, but . . . I feel like an outsider."

"That's to be expected."

"Sure, but I still don't like it. I know it will take some time, but . . . well, I get the odd looks, the quiet little comments, the cold shoulders."

Ron seemed to choose his words carefully. "Is that proving to be a serious problem?"

Not even a moment of hesitation as I lied: "No, not at all."

"And what do you plan on doing?"

An innocent shrug. "Not much. Just try to fit in, try to be a good neighbor."

"That's all?"

I nodded firmly. "That's all."

•

It took a bit of research, but eventually I managed to put a name to the face of the mustached man who had pissed on my territory. Jerry Tompkins. Floor supervisor for a computer firm outside Manchester, married with three kids, an avid boater, snowmobiler, hunter and all-around guy. His family had been in Nansen for generations, and his dad was one of the three selectmen who ran the town. Using a couple of old skills, I tracked him down one dark afternoon and pulled my truck next to his in the snowy parking lot of a tavern on the outskirts of Nansen. The tavern was called Peter's Pub and its windows were barred and blacked out.

I stepped out of my truck and called to him as he walked to the entrance of the pub. He turned and glared at me. "What?"

"You're Jerry Tompkins, aren't you."

"Sure am," he said, hands in the pockets of his dark-green parka. "And you're the fella that's living up in the old Gerrish place."

"Yes, and I'd like to talk with you for a second."

His face was rough, like he had spent a lot of time outdoors in the wind and rain and an equal amount indoors, with cigarette smoke and loud country music. He rocked back on his heels with a little smile and said, "Go ahead. You got your second."

"Thanks," I said. "Tell you what, Jerry, I'm looking for something."

"And what's that?"

"I'm looking for a treaty."

He nodded, squinting his eyes. "What kind of treaty?"

"A peace treaty. Let's cut out the snowmobile parties on the lake by my place and the trash dumped in the driveway and the hang-up calls. Let's start fresh and just stay out of each other's way. What do you say? Then, this summer, you can all come over to my place for a cookout. I'll even supply the beer."

He rubbed at the bristles along his chin. "Seems like a one-sided deal. Not too sure what I get out of it."

"What's the point in what you're doing now?"

A furtive smile. "It suits me."

I felt like I was beginning to lose it. "You agree with the treaty, we all win."

"Still don't see what I get out of it," he said.

"That's the purpose of a peace treaty," I said. "You get peace."

"Feel pretty peaceful right now."

"That might change," I said, instantly regretting the words.

His eyes darkened. "Are you threatening me?"

A retreat, recalling my promise to myself when I'd come here. "No, not a threat, Jerry. What do you say?"

He turned and walked away, moving his head to keep me in view. "Your second got used up a long time ago, pal. And you better be out of this lot in another minute, or I'm going inside and coming out with a bunch of my friends. You won't like that."

No, I wouldn't, and it wouldn't be for the reason Jerry believed. If they did come out I'd be forced into old habits and old actions, and I'd promised myself I wouldn't do that. I couldn't.

"You got it," I said, backing away. "But remember, Jerry. Always."

"What's that?"

"The peace treaty," I said, going to the door of my pickup truck. "I offered."

•

Another visit to Ron, on a snowy day. The conversation meandered along, and I don't know what got into me, but I looked out the old mill windows and said, "What do people expect, anyway?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You take a tough teenager from a small Ohio town, and you train him and train him and train him. You turn him into a very efficient hunter, a meat eater. Then, after 20 or 30 years, you say thank you very much and send him back to the world of quiet vegetarians, and you expect him to start eating cabbages and carrots with no fuss or muss. A hell of a thing, thinking you can expect him to put away his tools and skills."

"Maybe that's why we're here," he suggested.

"Oh, please," I said. "Do you think this makes a difference?"

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Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

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When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

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As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

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Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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I kept looking out the window. "Too soon to tell, I'd say. Truth is, I wonder if this is meant to work, or is just meant to make some people feel less guilty. The people who did the hiring, training and discharging."

"What do you think?"

I turned to him. "I think for the amount of money you charge Uncle Sam, you ask too many damn questions."

•

Another night at two A.M. I was back outside, beside the porch, again with the nightscope in my hands. They were back, and if anything, the music and the engines blared even louder. A fire burned merrily among the snowmobiles, and as the revelers pranced and hollered, I wondered if some base part of their brains was remembering thousand-year-old rituals. As I looked at their dancing and drinking figures, I kept thinking of the long case at the other end of the cellar. Nice heavy-duty assault rifle with another night-vision scope, this one with crosshairs. Scan and track. Put a crosshair across each one's chest. Feel the weight of a fully loaded clip in your hand. Know that with a silencer on the end of the rifle, you could quietly take out that crew in a fistful of seconds. Get your mind back into the realm of possibilities, of cartridges and windage and grains and velocities. How long could it take between the time you said go and the time you could say mission accomplished? Not long at all.

"No," I whispered, switching off the scope.

I stayed on the porch for another hour, and as my eyes adjusted, I saw more movements. I picked up the scope. A couple of snow machines moved in, each with shapes on the seats behind the drivers. They pulled up to the snowy bank and the people moved quickly, intent on their work. Trash bags were tossed on my land, about eight or nine, and to add a bit more fun, each bag had been slit several times with a knife so it could burst open and spew its contents when it hit the ground. A few more hoots and hollers and the snowmobiles growled away, leaving trash and the flickering fire behind. I watched the lights as the snowmobiles roared across the lake and finally disappeared, though their sound did not.

The nightscope went back onto my lap. The rifle, I thought, could have stopped the fun right there with a couple of rounds through the engines. Highly illegal, but it would get their attention, right?

Right.

•

In my next session with Ron, I got to the point. "What kind of reports are you sending south?"

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I think I might have surprised him. "Reports?"

"How I'm adjusting, that sort of thing."

He paused for a moment, and I knew there must be a lot of figuring going on behind those smiling eyes. "Just the usual things, that's all. That you're doing fine."

"Am I?"

"Seems so to me."

"Good." I waited for a moment, letting the words twist about on my tongue. "Then you can send them this message. I haven't been a hundred percent with you during these sessions, Ron. Guess it's not in my nature to be so open. But you can count on this. I won't lose it. I won't go into a gun shop and then take down a bunch of civilians. I'm not going to start hanging around 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. I'm going to be all right."

He smiled. "I have never had any doubt."

"Sure you've had doubts," I said, smiling back. "But it's awfully polite of you to say otherwise."

•

On a bright Saturday, I tracked down the police chief of Nansen at one of the two service stations in town, Glen's Gas & Repair. His cruiser, ordinarily a dark blue, was now a ghostly shade of white from the salt used to keep the roads clear. I parked at the side of the garage, and walking by the service bays, I could sense that I was being watched. I saw three cars with their hoods up, and I also saw a familiar uniform: black snowmobile jumpsuits.

The chief was overweight and wearing a heavy blue jacket with a black Navy watch cap. His face was open and friendly, and he nodded in all the right places as I told him my story.

"Not much I can do, I'm afraid," he said, leaning against the door of his cruiser, one of two in the entire town. "I'd have to catch 'em in the act of trashing your place, and that means surveillance, and that means overtime hours, which I don't have."

"Surveillance would be a waste of time anyway," I replied. "These guys, they aren't thugs, right? For lack of a better phrase, they're good old boys, and they know everything that's going on in Nansen, and they'd know if you were setting up surveillance. And then they wouldn't show."

"You might think you're insulting me, but you're not," he said gently. "That's just the way things are done here. It's a good town and most of us get along, and I'm not kept that busy, not at all."

"I appreciate that, but you should also appreciate my problem," I said. "I live here and pay taxes, and people are harassing me. I'm looking for some assistance, that's all, and a suggestion of what I can do."

"You could move," the chief said, raising his coffee cup.

"Hell of a suggestion."

"Best one I can come up with. Look, friend, you're new here, you've got no family, no ties. You're asking me to take on some prominent families just because you don't get along with them. So why don't you move on? Find someplace smaller, hell, even someplace bigger, where you don't stand out so much. But face it, it's not going to get any easier."

"Real nice folks," I said, letting an edge of bitterness into my voice.

That didn't seem to bother the chief. "That they are. They work hard and play hard, and they pay taxes, too, and they look out for one another. I know they look like hell-raisers to you, but they're more than that. They're part of the community. Why, just next week, a bunch of them are going on a midnight snow run across the lake and into the mountains, raising money for the children's camp up at Lake Montcalm. People who don't care wouldn't do that."

"I just wish they didn't care so much about me."

He shrugged and said, "Look, I'll see what I can do. . . ." but the tone of his voice made it clear he wasn't going to do a damn thing.

The chief clambered into his cruiser and drove off, and as I walked past the bays of the service station, I heard snickers. I went around to my pickup truck and saw the source of the merriment.

My truck was resting heavily on four flat tires.

•

At night I woke up from cold and bloody dreams and let my thoughts drift into fantasies. By now I knew who all of them were, where all of them lived. I could go to their houses, every one of them, and bring them back and bind them in the basement of my home. I could tell them who I was and what I've done and what I can do, and I would ask them to leave me alone. That's it. Just give me peace and solitude and everything will be all right.

And they would hear me out and nod and agree, but I would know that I had to convince them. So I would go to Jerry Tompkins, the mustached one who enjoyed marking my territory, and to make my point, break a couple of his fingers, the popping noise echoing in the dark confines of the tiny basement.

Nice fantasies.

•

I asked Ron, "What's the point?"

He was comfortable in his chair, hands clasped over his little potbelly. "I'm sorry?"

"The point of our sessions."

His eyes were unflinching. "To help

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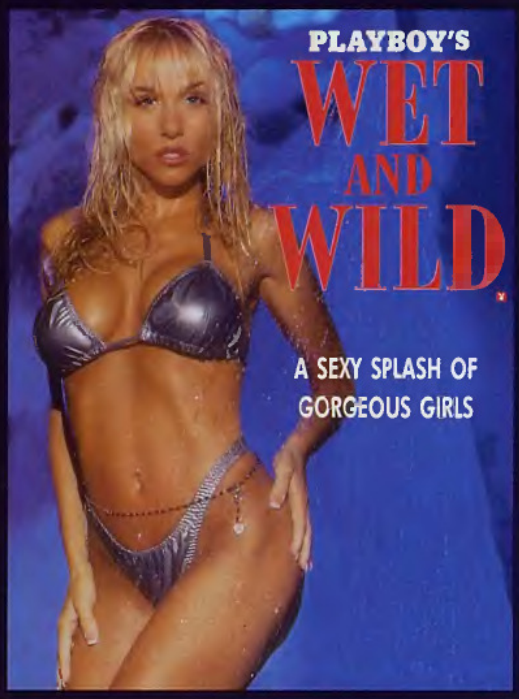

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you adjust."

"Adjust to what?"

"To civilian life."

I shifted on the couch. "Let me get this. I work my entire life for this country, doing service for its civilians. I expose myself to death and injury every week, earning about a third of what I could be making in the private sector. And when I'm through, I have to adjust, I have to make allowances for civilians. But civilians, they don't have to do a damn thing. Is that right?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Hell of a deal."

He continued a steady gaze. "Only one you've got."

•

So here I am, in the smelly rubble that used to be my home. I make a few half-hearted attempts to turn the furniture back over and do some cleanup work, but I'm not in the mood. Old feelings and emotions are coursing through me, taking control. I take a few deep breaths and then I'm in the cellar, switching on the single lightbulb that hangs down from the rafters by a frayed black cord. As I maneuver among the packing cases, undoing combination locks, my shoulder strikes the lightbulb, causing it to swing back and forth, casting crazy shadows on the stone walls.

The night air is cool and crisp, and I shuffle through the snow around the house as I load the pickup truck, making three trips in all. I drive under the speed limit and halt completely at all stop signs as I go through the center of town. I drive around, wasting minutes and hours, listening to the radio. This late at night and being so far north, a lot of the stations that I can pick up are from Quebec, and there's a joyous lilt to the French-Canadian music and words that makes something inside me ache with longing.

When it's almost a new day, I drive down a street called Mast Road. Most towns around here have a Mast Road, where colonial surveyors marked tall pines that would eventually become masts for the Royal Navy. Tonight there are no surveyors, just the night air and darkness and a skinny rabbit racing across the cracked asphalt. When I'm near the target, I switch off the lights and engine and let the truck glide the last few hundred feet or so. I pull up across from a darkened house. A pickup truck and a Subaru station wagon are in the driveway. Gray smoke is wafting up from the chimney.

I roll down the window, the cold air washing over me like a wave of water. I pause, remembering what has gone on these past weeks, and then I get to work.

The nightscope comes up and clicks into action, and the name on the mailbox is clear enough in the sharp green

light. TOMPKINS, in silver and black stick-on letters. I scan the two-story Cape Cod, checking out the surroundings. There's an attached garage to the right and a sunroom to the left. There is a front door and two other doors in a breezeway that runs from the garage to the house. There are no rear doors.

I let the nightscope rest on my lap as I reach toward my weapons. The first is a grenade launcher, with a handful of white phosphorus rounds clustered on the seat next to it like a gathering of metal eggs. Next to the grenade launcher is a 9mm Uzi, with an extended wooden stock for easier use. Another night-vision scope with crosshairs is attached to the Uzi.

Another series of deep breaths. Easy enough plan. Pop a white phosphorus round into the breezeway and another into the sunroom. In a minute or two both ends of the house are on fire. Our snowmobiler friend and his family wake up and, groggy from sleep and the fire and the noise, stumble out the front door onto the snow-covered lawn.

With the Uzi in my hand and the crosshairs on a certain face, a face with a mustache, I take care of business and drive to the next house.

I pick up the grenade launcher and rest the barrel on the open window. It's cold. I rub my legs together and look outside at the stars. The wind comes up and snow blows across the road. I hear the low hoo-hoo-hoo of an owl.

I bring the grenade launcher up, resting the stock against my cheek. I aim. I wait.

It's very cold.

The weapon begins trembling in my hands and I let it drop to the front seat.

I sit on my hands, trying to warm them while the cold breeze blows. Idiot. Do this and how long before you're in jail, and then on trial before a jury of friends or relatives of those fine citizens you gun down tonight?

I start up the truck and let the heater sigh itself on, and then I roll up the window and slowly drive away, lights still off.

"Fool," I say to myself, "remember who you are." And with the truck's lights now on, I drive home. To what's left of it.

•

Days later, there's a fresh smell to the air in my house, for I've done a lot of cleaning and painting, trying not only to bring everything back to where it was but also to spruce up the place. The only real problem has been in the main room, where the words GO HOME were marked in bright red on the white plaster wall. It took me three coats to cover that up, and of course I ended up doing the entire room.

The house is dark and it's late. I'm waiting on the porch with a glass of wine in my hand, watching a light snow fall on Lake Marie. Every light in the house is off and the only illumination comes from the fireplace, which needs more wood.

But I'm content to dawdle. I'm finally at peace after these difficult weeks in Nansen. Finally, I'm beginning to remember who I really am.

I sip my wine, waiting, and then comes the sound of the snowmobiles. I see their wavering dots of light racing across the lake, doing their bit for charity. How wonderful. I raise my glass in salute, the noise of the snowmobiles getting louder as they head across the lake in a straight line.

I put the wineglass down, walk into the living room and toss the last few pieces of wood onto the fire. The sudden heat warms my face in a pleasant glow. The wood isn't firewood, though. It's been shaped and painted by man, and as the flames leap up and devour the lumber, I see the letters begin to fade: DANGER! THIN ICE!

I stroll back to the porch, pick up the wineglass and wait.

Below me, on the peaceful ice of Lake Marie, my new home for my new life, the headlights go by.

And then, one by one, they blink out, and the silence is wonderful.

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Ulrika Eriksson, Miss November

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A MANLY KITCHEN

Half the fun of fooling around in the kitchen is having an excuse to stock up on macho gear and gadgets. Porsche Design's Luci & Ombre by Barazzoni line of cookware pictured here is made of stainless steel, aluminum and titanium and is as tough and sleek as a 911. Computer technology has been given a culinary spin in microwave ovens, which now come programmed to cook the perfect baked potato or bag of popcorn, as well as in Brother International's Kitchen Assistant, a 6"x8" electronic cookbook in which you can store, organize and access recipes. (It will even print out a shopping list.) Or make like a ninja chef wielding high-carbon stainless-steel cutlery from Lamson Sharp or Spyderco. Tonight, let her take out the garbage.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Top left: This interactive cookbook by Brother International uses computer technology to access recipes at the push of a button. Or enter ingredients you have and it will find a recipe for you ($350). Bottom left: Samsung's guy-friendly midsize microwave features ten power levels, eight instant cookpads, auto defrost and auto reheat, as well as a start-cooking function that allows you to preset your oven up to 12 hours in advance (about $200). Top right: Pictured here are three items from Porsche Design's extensive Luci & Ombre by Barazzoni line of Italian-made cookware—boiling pot ($200), stockpot ($258) and saucepan ($184). Bottom right: Lamson Sharp's rosewood-handle version of a classic Chinese cleaver ($44), plus Spyderco's 17" chef's knife with an ebony handle ($260) and its small kitchen knife with a nonslip rubber grip ($23).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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Mira, Mira on the Ball

We like looking at MIRA SORVINO in her *Mighty Aphrodite* attire. More recently, she starred in *Beautiful Girls* and *Romy and Michele's High School Reunion*. Next up is *Dreaming of Julia* with Harvey Keitel. We dream of Mira.

MARCEL THOMAS SIPA PRESS

It's a Wonder-ful Life

It's Wonderbra model EVA HERZIGOVA reminding us once again why we love sheer material for a night on the town. The Czech beauty, who lives in Europe, is currently engaged to an American, Bon Jovi drummer Tico Torres. How's that for multinational?

© LEWETT GIARDLY

Michelle Is Looking Swell

MICHELLE CSITOS is all in bloom. She was featured in both *Schindler's List* and *Baywatch Nights*. Michelle can now be seen as a hooker in Nick Nolte's *Nightwatch*.

© JOAN MARCUS

A Comedy Tonight

Fresh from *The Birdcage*, NATHAN LANE won a Tony for his role in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. Here with concubines LORI WERNER (left) and SUSAN MISER, Lane shows how Rome could be built in a day.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

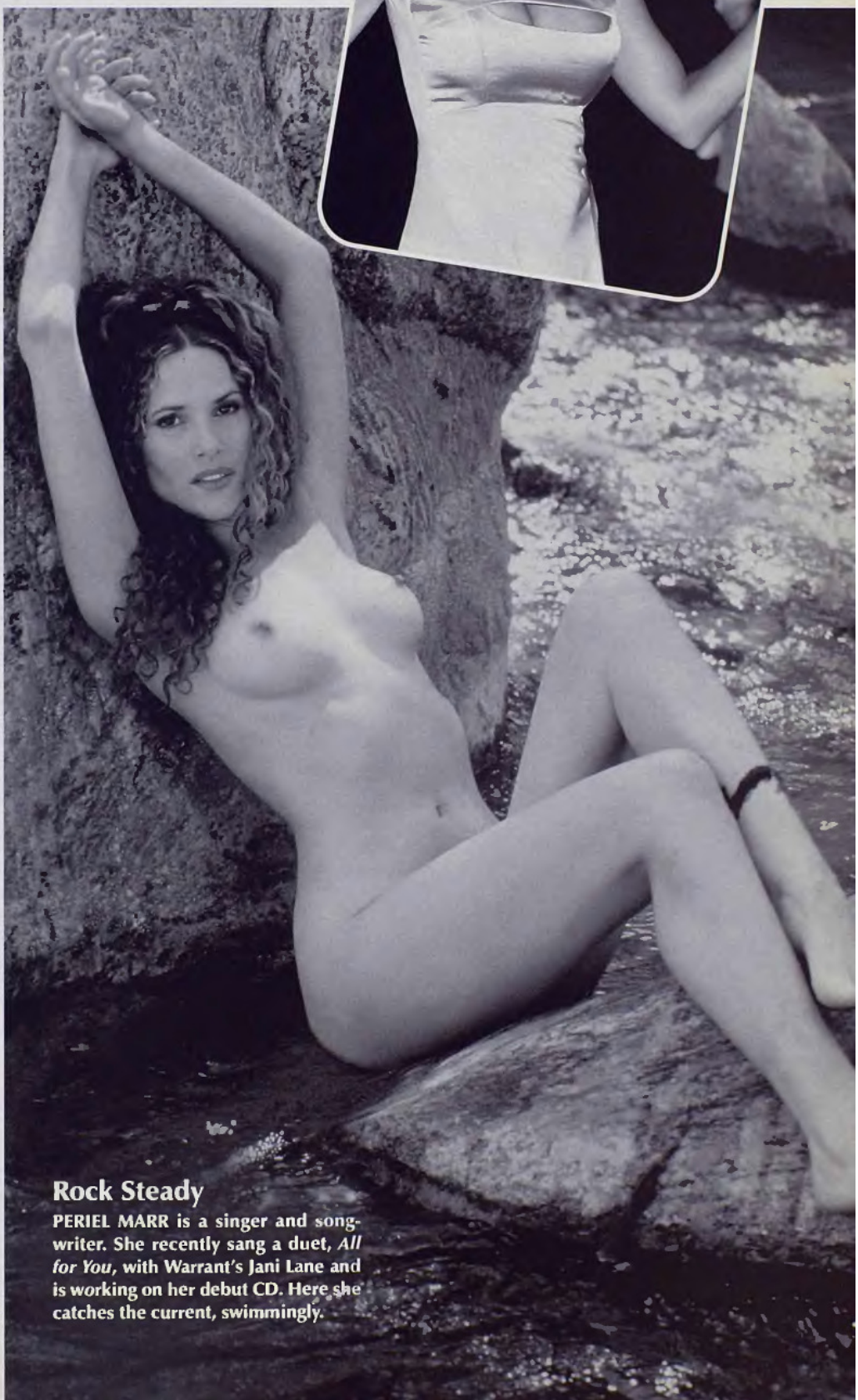
Wild Thing

We suppose there are some people who know HANK WILLIAMS JR. only from his stint on *Monday Night Football*, but the rest of us know him as party animal number one. Get *Hog Wild* or catch him, mid-flight, in concert.

Waiting to Exhale

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, but in VANESSA WILLIAMS' mouth it's much more. The singer recently struck gold with Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Eraser* and is now in *Hoods* with Laurence Fishburne. She knows how to glow.

© JANET GOUIN/CELEBRITY PHOTO



© LEVERETT BRADLEY

Rock Steady

PERIEL MARR is a singer and songwriter. She recently sang a duet, *All for You*, with Warrant's Jani Lane and is working on her debut CD. Here she catches the current, swimmingly.

PASTA THE SAUCE, PLEASE

Rising Moon is a gourmet business out of Eugene, Oregon that specializes in exotic ravioli and sauce. Its Belly-Dance peanut curry sauce, which contains 25 ingredients, can be used on pasta or sandwiches or as a dip. The best way to try Rising Moon's wares is to order its sampler boxes. The marinara box contains all six varieties ($25). The three-jar nut sauce box costs $13, while the primo ravioli selection with eight 12-ounce bags costs $48. Call 800-766-6679.

BONDED WARDROBE

Dressed to Kill: James Bond, the Suited Hero is a fashion book to die for. From a Nehru jacket in *Dr. No* to a Brioni suit in *Goldeneye*, 007's sartorial taste gets the spy treatment in words and pictures. There's also a chapter by Jay McInerney and an introduction by Cubby Broccoli, who produced the Bond films. Bond wasn't the only runway rogue—check out the killer fashions from *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* Price: $45. Flammarion is the publisher.

GOT THE JIGGLES

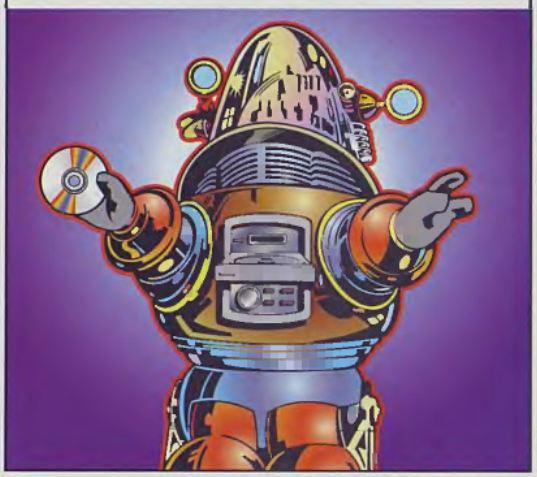
Think all that bounce on *Baywatch* is true to life? Think again. Curves, a breast enhancer made of medical-grade silicone gel and polyurethane, is right up there on the show's list of props (along with bikinis and sunscreen). Curves' secret is in how it molds to the shape of a woman's breasts while maintaining the look, feel, weight and "jiggle factor" of the real thing. Price: $129 a pair for small, large or extra large. Call 800-5CURVES.

LITTLEARTH MOVERS AND SHAKERS

Littlearth Productions in Pittsburgh modestly claims to make the "coolest recycled accessories on the planet." In 1995 it turned about 73,000 old license plates into ultracool road journals, photo albums and bags. The inner-tube belt studded with beer-bottle caps collected from bars and restaurants (pictured here) is $38, as is the road journal made from recycled license plates (also shown). The Rock-n-Road CD holder on the right is $45. There are also backpacks, wallets, clipboards, checkbook covers, messenger bags and stationery items. Call 412-471-0909 for information on stores or the various products.

SCI-FI GOES HI-FI

Lost in Space, *The Time Tunnel*, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* and other Irwin Allen shows were to Sixties television what *Independence Day* is to current movies. *The Fantasy Worlds of Irwin Allen*, a boxed set of six CDs featuring the original soundtracks from these and other series, is now available from GNP Crescendo Records for $79.95. Call 800-654-7029 to order, and ask about the *Star Trek* soundtracks.



BUC ROGERS

BOOK OF THE YEAR

The Playmate Book: Five Decades of Centerfolds contains 356 pages and more than 1000 photos of 512 gorgeous centerfolds. In addition to interviews, current pictures and updates, *The Playmate Book* also features never-before-seen photos from Hef's personal albums. Price: $50. Call the Playboy Catalog at 800-423-9494 and ask for item JB5328.

LIGHTING BUG

The world's smallest 14-kt.-gold cigarette lighter, pictured here, may be pint-size in stature, but it still packs the firepower of full-size models. (It burns gasoline, not butane, and is also available in a combination of gold and white gold.) And since it's available only in a limited edition of 50, the $950 you'll spend on it buys you into an exclusive club. (Each lighter is individually numbered.) Wear it as a pendant on a chain, attach it to a key fob as shown or just slip it into your pocket. Call All American at 800-672-7296 to order, then request the $5 catalog of gold and white gold cars, motorcycles and other tiny goodies.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

DRUM SHTICK

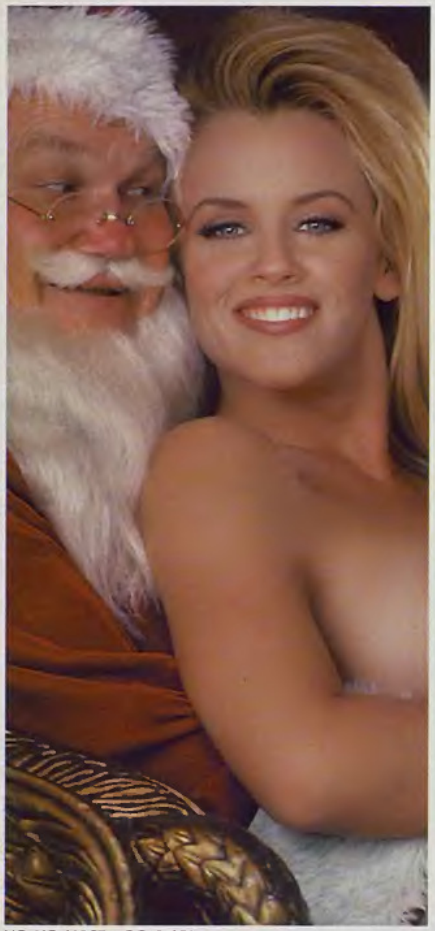
"When storing Rohöl, avoid areas such as the garage or workshop where the casual drinker may mistakenly try to consume motor oil or transmission fluid" is how Millennium Imports' tongue-in-cheek ad copy reads. But take a sip of this 70-proof herbal-cinnamon-mint-flavored German "industrial strength" liqueur and you know you're not drinking Bardahl or Texaco 10W-30. Rohöl's delicate flavor and rich amber hue belie its metal container. The distiller also suggests: "To avoid head injuries, never store it in high places." Available at liquor stores for about $18 per 750-ml drum.

DO THE TWIST

Flexon, one of those weird materials created for the aerospace industry, makes Autoflex and Accuflex eyewear practically indestructible. Wrap the temple piece around your finger, bend the nose bridge up to 90 degrees, fall asleep facedown while wearing a pair or even sit on them and—voila!—the glasses will magically snap back into shape. Furthermore, the frames rarely need to be adjusted or refitted. David Letterman, Harrison Ford and Bill Gates wear glasses that are made of Flexon. Many styles, including sunglasses, ovals and aviators, are available for about $200 in eyeglass stores.

STEVE BOSWICK

NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE



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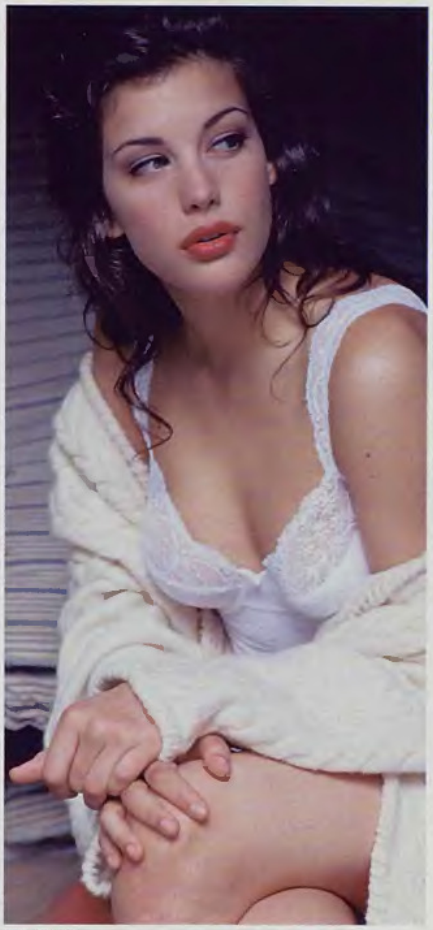

SEX STARS

MIKE WALLACE—THE DEAN OF *60 MINUTES* TALKS ABOUT TRAVAILS AT CBS, HIS BOUTS OF DEPRESSION, HIS FOUR WIVES AND INHALING IN THE SIXTIES—A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **PETER ROSS RANGE**

JENNY MCCARTHY—SANTA GETS UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH OUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE AND MTV HOST. WOULDN'T YOU?

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THE BURGLAR AND THE WHATSIT—A SANTA SUIT IS THE PERFECT DISGUISE FOR A HARDWORKING BURGLAR WHO NEEDS A SACK TO CARRY THE SWAG—A CHRISTMAS STORY BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

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CLINTON TAKES THE GOLD—WHAT'S THE DEGREE OF DIFFICULTY INVOLVED IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT? ASK **GEORGE PLIMPTON,** WHO HAD CLINTON'S PRIVATE EAR DURING THE OLYMPICS

BLACK ALLEY—MIKE HAMMER IS BACK, AND FIGHTING THE MOB FOR HARD CASH IN HARD-BOILED FICTION BY **MICKEY SPILLANE**

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—IT'S HOOPS TIME AGAIN, AND OUR CANNY PROGNOSTICATOR HAS MAJOR NEWS—SPORTS BY **GARY COLE**

PLUS: SHEL SILVERSTEIN ON THE NEW, WITH-IT ST. NICK; **LOUNGE,** THE LOOK THAT'S TAKING OVER THE NINETIES; A WARM HOLIDAY WELCOME TO THIS YEAR'S **SEX STARS;** OUR FABULOUS **CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION;** AND ADULT TV'S HOTTEST FARE—**WOMEN ON WOMEN**

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